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THE ART OF LIVING

INCOME

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

I

ROGERS, the book-keeper for the past twenty-two years of my friend Patterson, the banker, told me the other day that he had reared a family of two boys and three girls on his annual salary of two thousand two hundred dollars; that he had put one of the boys through college, one through the School of Mines, brought up one of the girls to be a librarian, given one a coming-out party and a trousseau, and that the remaining daughter, a home body, was likely to be the domestic sunshine of his own and his wife's old age. All this on two thousand two hundred dollars a year.

Rogers told me with perfect modesty, with just a tremor of self-satisfaction in his tone, as though, all things considered, he felt that he had managed creditably, yet not in the least suggesting that he regarded his performance as out of the common run of happy household annals. He is a neat-looking, respectable, quiet, conservative little man, rising fifty, who, while in the bank, invariably wears a nankeen jacket all the year round, a narrow black necktie in winter, and a narrow yellow and red pongee wash tie in summer, and whose watch is no less invariably right to a second. As I often drop in to see Patterson, his employer, I depend upon it to keep mine straight, and it was while I was setting my chronometer the other day that he made me the foregoing confidence.

Frankly, I felt as though I had been struck with a club. It happened to be the first of the month. Every visit of the postman had brought me a fresh batch of bills, each one of which was a little larger than I had expected. I was correspondingly depressed and remorseful, and had been asking myself from time to time during the day why it need cost so much to live. Yet here was a man who was able to give his daughter a coming-out party and a trousseau on two thousand two hundred dollars a year. I opened my mouth twice to ask him how in the name of thrift he had managed to do it, but somehow the discrepancy between his expenditures and mine seemed such a gulf that I was tongue-tied. "I suppose," he added modestly, "that I have been very fortunate in my little family. It must indeed be sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child." Gratitude too! Gratitude and Shakespeare on two thousand two hundred dollars a year. I went my way without a word.

There are various ways of treating remorse. Some take a Turkish bath or a pill. Others, while the day lasts, trample it under foot, and shut it out at night with the bed-clothes. Neither course has ever seemed to me exactly satisfactory or manly. Consequently I am apt to entertain my self-reproach

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and reason with it, and when one begins to wonder why it costs so much to live, he finds himself grappling with the entire problem of civilization, and presently his hydra has a hundred heads. The first of the month is apt to be a sorry day for my wife as well as for me, and I hastened on my return home to tell her, with just a shadow of reproach in my tone, what Mr. Rogers had confided to me. Indeed I saw fit to ask, "Why can't we do the same?"

"We could," said Barbara.

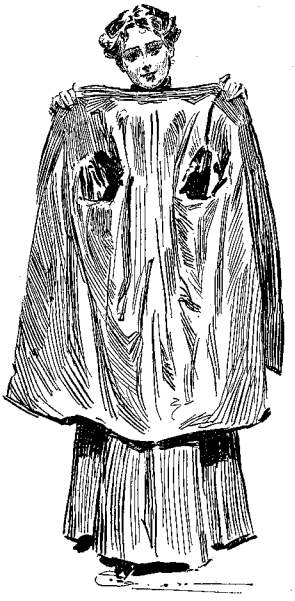
"Then why don't we?"

"Because you wouldn't."

I had been reflecting in the brief interval between my wife's first and second replies that, in the happy event of our imitating Rogers's example from this time forth and forever more, I should be able to lay up over five thousand dollars a year, and that five thousand dollars a year saved for ten years would be fifty thousand dollars—a very neat little financial nest egg. But Barbara's second reply upset my calculation utterly, and threw the responsibility of failure on me into the bargain.

"Mr. Rogers is the salt of the earth, a highly respectable man and, if I am not mistaken, the deacon of a church," I remarked not altogether relevantly. "Why should we spend four times as many thousand dollars a year as he?"

"I wonder," answered my wife, "if you really do appreciate how your friend Mr. Rogers lives. I am quite aware that you are talking now for effect—talking through your hat as the children say—because it's the first of the month and you're annoyed that the bills are worse than ever, and I understand that you don't for one moment seriously entertain the hope that our establishment can be conducted on the same basis as his. But I should just like to explain to you for once how people who have only twenty-two hundred dollars a year and are the salt of the earth do live, if only to convince you that the sooner we stop comparing ourselves with them the better. I say 'we' because in my moments of depression over the household expenses I catch myself doing the same thing. Our butcher's bill for this month is huge, and when you came in I was in the throes of despair over a letter in the newspaper from a woman who contends that a good housekeeper in modest circumstances can provide an excellent dinner for her family of six persons, including soup, fish, an entrée, meat,



"The remaining daughter—a home body."

pudding, dessert, and coffee, for fifty-three cents. And she gives the dinner, which at first sight takes one's breath away. But after you prune it of celery, parsley, salted peanuts, raisins, red cabbage, salad, and cheese, all there is left is bean-soup, cod sounds, fried liver, hot gingerbread, and apples."

"I should dine down town, if you set such repasts before me," I answered.

"Yes," said Barbara. "And there is a very good point of departure for illustrating the domestic economies of the Rogers family. Mr. Rogers does dine down town. Not to avoid the fried liver and cod sounds, for probably he is partial to them, but because it is cheaper. When you take what you call your luncheon, and which is apt to include as much as he eats in the entire course of the day, Mr. Rogers dines; dines at a restaurant where he

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can get a modest meal for from fifteen to twenty-five cents. Sometimes it is pea-soup and a piece of squash-pie. The next day perhaps a mutton-stew and a slice of water-melon, or boiled beef and an éclair. Mrs. Rogers and the children have a pick-up dinner at home, which lasts them very well until night, when they and Rogers sit down to browned-hash mutton and a head of lettuce, or honey-comb tripe and corn-cake, and apple-sauce to wind up with."

"That isn't so very bad."

"Why, they have a splendid time. They can abuse their social acquaintance and discuss family secrets without fear of being overheard by the servants because they don't keep any servants to speak of. Probably they keep one girl. Or perhaps Mr. Rogers had a spinster sister who helped with the work for her board. Or it may be Mrs. Rogers kept one while the children were little; but after the daughters were old enough to do it themselves, they preferred not to keep anybody. They live extremely happily, but the children have to double up, for in their small house it is necessary to sleep two in a room if not in a bed. The girls make most of their dresses, and the boys never dream of buying anything but ready-made clothing. By living in the suburbs they let one establishment serve for all seasons, unless it be for the two weeks when Rogers gets his vacation. Then, if nobody has been ill during the year, the family purse may stand the drain of a stay at the humblest watering-place in their vicinity, or a visit to the farm-house of some relative in the country. An engagement with the dentist is a serious disaster, and the plumber is kept at a respectable distance. The children go to the public schools, and the only club or organization to which Mr. Rogers belongs is a benefit association, which pays him so much a week if he is ill, and would present his family with a few hundred dollars if he were to die. The son who went through college must have got a scholarship or taken pupils. The girl who married undoubtedly made the greater portion of her trousseau with her own needle; and as to the coming-out party, some of the effects of splendor and all the delights of social intercourse can be produced by laying a white drugget on the parlor carpet, the judicious use of half a dozen lemons and a mould of ice-cream with angel-cake, and by imposing on the good nature of a friend who can play the piano for dancing. There, my dear, if you are willing to live like that, we should be able to get along on from twenty-two to twenty-five hundred dollars quite nicely."

"Gratitude and Shakespeare."

My wife was perfectly correct in her declaration that I did not seriously entertain the hope of being able to imitate Mr. Rogers, worthy citizen and upright man as I believe him to be. I certainly was in some measure talking through my hat. This was not the first time I had brought home a Rogers to confront her. She is used to them and aware that they are chiefly bogies. I, as she knows, and indeed both of us, are never in quite a normal condition on the first day of the month, and are liable, sometimes

"A Spinster Sister."

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the one of us and sometimes the other, to indulge in vagaries and resolutions which by the tenth, when the bills are paid, seem almost uncalled for or impracticable. One thing is certain, that if a man earns only twenty-two hundred dollars a year, and is an honest man withal, he has to live on it, even though he dines when others take luncheon, and is forced to avoid the dentist and the plumber. But a much more serious problem confronts the man who earns four times as much as Rogers, more serious because it involves an alternative. Rogers could not very well live on less if he tried, without feeling the stress of poverty. He has lived at hard pan, so to speak. But I could. Could if I would, as my wife has demonstrated. I am perfectly right, as she would agree, in being unwilling to try the experiment; and yet the consciousness that we spend a very large sum of money every year, as compared with Rogers and others like him, remains with us even after the bills are paid and we have exchanged remorse for contemplation.

The moralist, who properly is always with us, would here insinuate, perhaps, that Rogers is happier than I. But I take issue with him promptly and deny the impeachment. Rogers may be happier than his employer Patterson, because Patterson, though the possessor of a steam-yacht, has a son who has just been through the Keeley cure and a daughter who is living apart from her husband. But there are no such flies in my pot of ointment. I deny the superior happiness of Rogers in entire consciousness of the moral beauty of his home. I recognize him to be an industrious, self-sacrificing, kind-hearted, sagacious husband and father, and I admit that the pen-picture which the moralist could draw of him sitting by the evening lamp in his well-worn dressing gown, with his well-darned feet adorned by carpet-slippers of filial manufacture supported by the table or a chair, would be justly entitled to kindle emotions of respect and admiration. But why, after all, should Rogers, ensconced in the family sitting-room with the cat on the hearth, a canary twittering in a cage and scattering seed in one corner, a sewing-machine in the other, and surrounded by all the comforts of home, consisting prominently of a peach-blow vase, a Japanese sun umbrella and engravings of George Washington and Horace Greeley, be regarded as happier than I in my modern drawing-room in evening dress? What is there moral in the simplicity of his frayed and somewhat ugly establishment except the spirit of contentment and the gentle feelings which sanctify it? Assuming that these are not lacking in my home, and I believe they are not, I see no reason for accepting the conclusion of the moralist. There is a beauty of living which the man with a small income is not apt to compass un-

"The good nature of a friend."

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der present social conditions, the Declaration of Independence to the contrary notwithstanding. The doctrine so widely and vehemently promulgated in America that a Spartan inelegance of life is the duty of a leading citizen, seems to be dying from inanition ; and the descendants of favorite sons who once triumphed by preaching and practising it are now outvying those whom they were taught to stigmatize as the effete civilizations of Europe, in their devotion to creature comforts.

"My wife was perfectly correct."

It seems to me true that in our day and generation the desire to live wisely here has eclipsed the desire to live safely hereafter. Moreover, to enjoy the earth and the fulness thereof, if it be legitimately within one's reach, has come to be recognized all the world over, with a special point of view for each nationality, as a cardinal principle of living wisely. We have been the last to recognize it here for the reason that a contrary theory of life was for several generations regarded as one of the bulwarks of our Constitution. Never was the sympathy for the poor man greater than it is at present. Never was there warmer interest in his condition. The social atmosphere is rife with theories and schemes for his emancipation, and the best brains of civilization are at work in his behalf. But no one wishes to be like him. Canting churchmen still gain some credence by the assertion that indigence here will prove a saving grace in the world to come ; but the American people, quick, when it recognizes that it has been fooled, to discard even a once sacred conviction, smiles to-day at the assumption that the owner of a log cabin is more inherently virtuous than the owner of a steam-yacht. Indeed the present signal vice of democracy seems to be the fury to grow rich, in the mad struggle to accomplish which character and happiness are too often sacrificed. But it may be safely said that, granting an equal amount of virtue to Rogers and to me, and that each pays his bills promptly, I am a more enviable individual in the public eye. In fact the pressing problem which confronts the civilized world to-day is the choice of what to have, for so many things have become necessaries of existence which were either done without or undiscovered in the days of our grandmothers, that only the really opulent can have everything. We sometimes hear it said that this or that person has too much for his own good. The saying is familiar, and doubtless it is true that luxury unappreciated and abused will cause degeneration ; but the complaint seems to me to be a Sunday-school consoler for those who have too little rather than a sound argument against great possessions. Granting that this or that person referred to had the moral fibre of Rogers or of me, and were altogether an unexceptionable character, how could he have too much for his own good ? Is the best any too good for any one of us ?

The sad part of it is, however, that even those of us who have four times, or thereabouts, the income of Rogers, are obliged to pick and choose and cannot have everything. Then is the opportunity for wisdom to step in and make her abode with us, if she only will. The perplexity, the distress, and

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too often the downfall of those who would fain live wisely, are largely the direct results of foolish or unintelligent selection on their part. And conversely, is not the secret of happy modern living, the art of knowing what to have when one cannot have everything there is?

I coupled just now, in allusion to Rogers and myself, virtue and punctuality in the payment of bills, as though they were not altogether homogeneous. I did so designedly, not because I question that prompt payment is in the abstract a leading virtue, nor because I doubt that it has been absolutely imperative for Rogers, and one of the secrets of his happiness; but because I am not entirely sure whether, after ten years of prompt payment on the first of every month on my part, I have not been made the sorry victim of my own righteousness, self-righteousness I might say, for I have plumed myself on it when comparing myself with the ungodly. Although virtuous action looks for no reward, the man who pays his bills as soon as they are presented has the right to expect that he will not be obliged to pay anything extra for his honesty. He may not hope for a discount, but he does hope and believe — at least for a time — that beefsteak paid for within thirty days of purchase will not be taxed with the delinquencies of those who pay tardily or not at all. Slowly but sadly I and my wife have come to the conclusion that the butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers of this great Republic who provide for the tolerably well-to-do make up their losses by assessing virtue. It is a melancholy conclusion for one who has been taught to believe that punctual payment is the first great cardinal principle of wise living, and it leaves one in rather a wobbly state of mind, not as regards the rank of the virtue in question, but as regards the desirability of strictly living up to it in practice. I have heard stated with authority that the leading butchers, grocers, stable-keepers, dry-goods dealers, dress-makers, florists, and plumbers of our great cities divide

"There is a beauty of living."

the customers on their books into sheep and goats, so to speak; and the more prompt and willing a sheep, the deeper do they plunge the knife. Let one establish a reputation for prompt payment and make a purchase on the twenty-fifth of the month, he will receive on the first of the following a bill, on the twentieth, if this be not paid, a bill for "account rendered," on the first of the next month a bill for "account rendered, please remit," and on the tenth a visit from a collector. On the other hand I have known people who seem to live on the fat of the land, and to keep the tradesfolk in obsequious awe of them by force of letting their bills run indefinitely. Abroad, as many of us know, the status of the matter is very different. There interest is fig-

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ured in advance, and those who pay promptly get a handsome discount on the face of their bills. While this custom may seem to encourage debt, it is at least a mutual arrangement, and seems to have proved satisfactory, to judge from the fact that the fashionable tailors and dress-makers of London and Paris are apt to demur or shrug their shoulders at immediate payment, and to be rather embarrassingly grateful if their accounts are settled by the end of a year. No one would wish to change the national inclination of upright people on this side of the water to pay on the spot, but the master and mistress of an establishment may well consider whether the fashionable tradesmen ought to oblige them to bear the entire penalty of being sheep instead of goats. With this qualification, which is set forth rather as a caveat than a doctrine, the prompt payment of one's bills seems to be strictly co-ordinate with virtue, and may be properly described as the corner-stone of wise modern living.

There are so many things which one has to have nowadays in order to be comfortable that it seems almost improvident to inquire how much one ought to save before facing the question of what one can possibly do without. Here the people who are said to have too much for their own good have an advantage over the rest of us. The future of their children is secure. If they dread death it is not because they fear to leave their wives and children unprovided for. Many of them go on saving, just the same, and talk poor if a railroad lowers a dividend, or there is not a ready market for their real estate at an exalted profit. Are there more irritating men or women in the world than the over-conservative persons of large means who are perpetually harping on saving, and worrying lest they may not be able to put by for a rainy day, as they call it, twenty-five per cent. or more of their annual income? The capitalist, careworn by solicitude of this sort is the one fool in creation who is not entitled to some morsel of pity.

How much ought the rest of us to save? I know a man—now you do not know him, and there is no use in racking your brains to discover who he is,

"Sheep and goats."

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which seems to be a principal motive for reading books nowadays, as though we writers had a cabinet photograph in our mind's eye whenever we took a pen in hand. I know a man who divides his income into parts. "All Gaul is divided into three parts," you will remember we read in the classics. Well, my friend, whom we will call Julius Cæsar for convenience and mystification, divides his income, on the first of January, into a certain number of parts or portions. He and his wife have a very absorbing and earnest powwow over it annually. They take the matter very seriously, and burn the midnight oil in the sober endeavor to map and figure out in advance a wise and unselfish exhibit. So much and no more for rent, so much for servants, so much for household supplies, so much for clothes, so much for amusements, so much for charity, so much to meet unlooked-for contingencies, and so much for investment. By the time the exhibit is finished it is mathematically and ethically irreproachable, and, what is more, Julius Cæsar and his wife live up to it so faithfully that they are sure to have some eight or ten dollars to the good on the morning of December thirty-first, which they commonly expend in a pair of canvas-back ducks and a bottle of champagne, for which they pay cash, in reward for their own virtue and to enable them at the stroke of midnight to submit to their own consciences a trial balance accurate to a cent. Now it should be stated that Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar are not very busy people in other respects, and that their annual income, which is fifteen thousand dollars, and chiefly rent from improved real estate in the hands of a trustee, flows on as regularly and surely as a river. Wherefore it might perhaps be argued, if one were disposed to be sardonic, that this arithmetical system of life under the circumstances savors of a fad, and that Julius and his wife take themselves and their occupation a trifle too seriously, especially as they have both been known to inform, solemnly and augustly, more than one acquaintance who was struggling for a living, that it is every one's duty to lay up at least one-tenth of his income and give at least another tenth in charity. And yet, when one has ceased to smile at the antics of this pair, the consciousness remains that they are right in their practice of foresight and arithmetical apportioning, and that one who would live wisely should, if possible, decide in advance how much he intends to give to the poor or put into the bank. Otherwise he is morally, or rather immorally, certain to spend everything, and to suffer disagreeable qualms instead of enjoying canvas-back ducks and a bottle of champagne on December thirty-first. As to what that much or little to be given and to be saved shall be, there is more room for discussion. Julius Cæsar and his wife have declared in favor of a tenth for each, which in their case means fifteen hundred dollars given, and fifteen hundred dollars saved, which leaves them a net income of twelve thousand dollars to spend, and they have no children. I am inclined to think that if every man with ten thousand dollars a year and a family were to give away three hundred dollars, and prudently invest seven hundred dollars, charity would not suffer so long as at present, and would be no less kind. Unquestionably those of us who come out on December thirty-first just even, or eight or nine dollars behind instead of ahead, and would have been able to spend a thousand or two more, are the ones who find charity and saving so difficult. Our friends who are said to have too much for their own good help to found a hospital or send a deserving youth through college without winking. It costs them merely the trouble of signing a check. But it behooves those who have only four instead of forty times as much as Rogers, if they wish to do their share in relieving the needs of others, to do so promptly and systematically before the fine edge of the good resolutions formed on the first of January is dulled by the pressure of a steadily depleted bank account, and a steadily increasing array of bills. Charity, indeed, is more difficult for us to practise than saving, for the simplest method of saving, life insurance, is enforced by the "stand and deliver" argument of an annual premium. Only he, who before the first crocus thrusts

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"Worrying lest they may not be able to put by for a rainy day."

its gentle head above the winter's snow has sent his check to the needy, and who can conscientiously hang upon his office door "Fully insured; life insurance agents need not apply," is in a position to face with a calm mind the fall of the leaf and the December days when conscience, quickened by the dying year, inquires what we have done for our neighbor, and how the wife and the little ones would fare if we should be cut down in the strength of our manhood.

And yet, too, important as saving is, there are so many things which we must have for the sake of this same wife and the little ones that we cannot afford to save too much. Are we to toil and moil all our days, go without fresh butter and never take six weeks in Europe or Japan because we wish to make sure that our sons and daughters will be amply provided for, as the obituary notices put it? Some men with daughters only have a craze of saving so that this one earthly life becomes a rasping, worrying ordeal, which is only too apt to find an end in the coolness of a premature grave. My friend Perkins—here is another chance, identity seekers, to wonder who Perkins really is—the father of four girls, is a thin, nervous lawyer, who ought to take a proper vacation every summer; but he rarely does, and the reason seems to be that he is saddled by the idea that to bring a girl up in luxury and leave her with anything less than five thousand dollars a year is a piece of paternal brutality. It seems to me that a father ought in the first place to remember that some girls marry. I reminded Perkins of this one day. "Some don't," he answered mournfully. "Marriage does not run in the female Perkins line. The chances are that two of my four will never marry. They might be able to get along, if they lived together and were careful, on seven thousand dollars a year, and I must leave them that somehow." "Hoot toot," said I, "that seems to me nonsense. Don't let the spectre of decayed gentlewomen hound you into dyspepsia or Bright's disease, but give yourself a chance and trust to your girls to look out for themselves. There are so many things for women to do now besides marry or pot jam, that a fond father ought to let his nervous system recuperate now and then."

"I suppose you mean that they might become teachers or physicians or hospital nurses or type-writers," said Perkins. "Declined with thanks."

"Don't you think," I inquired with a little irritation, "that they would be happier so than in doing nothing on a fixed income, in simply being mildly cultivated and philanthropic on dividends, in moving to the sea-side in summer and back again in the autumn,

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and in dying at the last of some fashionable ailment?"

"No I don't," said Perkins. "Do you?"

Were I to repeat my answer to this inquiry I should be inviting a discussion on woman, which is not in place at this stage of our reflections. Let me say, though, that I am still of the opinion that Perkins ought to give his nervous system a chance and not worry so much about his daughters.

"'Some don't.'"

II

Seeing that there are so many things to have and that we cannot have everything, what are we to choose? I have sometimes, while trudging along in the sleighing season, noticed that many men, whose income I believed to be much smaller than mine, were able to ride behind fast trotters in fur overcoats. The reason upon reflection was obvious to me. Men of a certain class regard a diamond pin, a fur overcoat, and a fast horse as the first necessaries of existence after a bed, a hair-brush and one maid-of-all-work. In other words, they are willing to live in an inexpensive locality, with no regard to plumbing, society, or art, to have their food dropped upon the table, and to let their wives and daughters live with shopping as the one bright spot in the month's horizon, if only they, the husbands and fathers, can satisfy the three-headed ruling ambition in question. The men to whom I am referring have not the moral or æsthetic tone of Rogers and myself, and belong to quite a distinct class of society from either of us. But among the friends of both of us there are people who act on precisely the same principle. A fine sense of selection ought to govern the expenditure of income, and the wise man will refrain from buying a steam-yacht for himself or a diamond crescent for his wife before he has secured a home with modern conveniences, an efficient staff of servants, a carefully chosen family physician, a summer home, or an ample margin wherewith to hire one, the best educational advantages for his children which the community will afford, and choice social surroundings. In order to have these comfortably and completely, and still not to be within sailing distance, so to speak, of a steam-yacht, one needs to have nowadays an income of from seven thousand to eleven thousand dollars, according to where one lives.

I make this assertion in the face of the fact that our legislators all over the country annually decree that from four to five thousand dollars a year is a fat salary in reward for public service, and that an official with a family who is given twenty-five hundred or three thousand is to be envied. Envied by whom, pray? By the ploughman, the horse-car conductor, and the corner grocery man, may be, but not by the average business or professional man who is doing well. To be sure, five thousand dollars in a country town *is* affluence, if the beneficiary is content to stay there; but in a city the family man with only that income, provided he is ambitious, can only just live, and might fairly be described as the cousin german to a mendicant. And yet there are some worthy citizens still, who doubtless would be aghast at these statements, and would wish to know how one is to spend five thousand dollars a year without extravagance. We certainly did start in this country on a very different basis, and the doctrine of plain living was written in between the lines of the Constitution. We were practically to do our own work, to be content with pie and doughnuts as the staple articles of nutrition, to abide in

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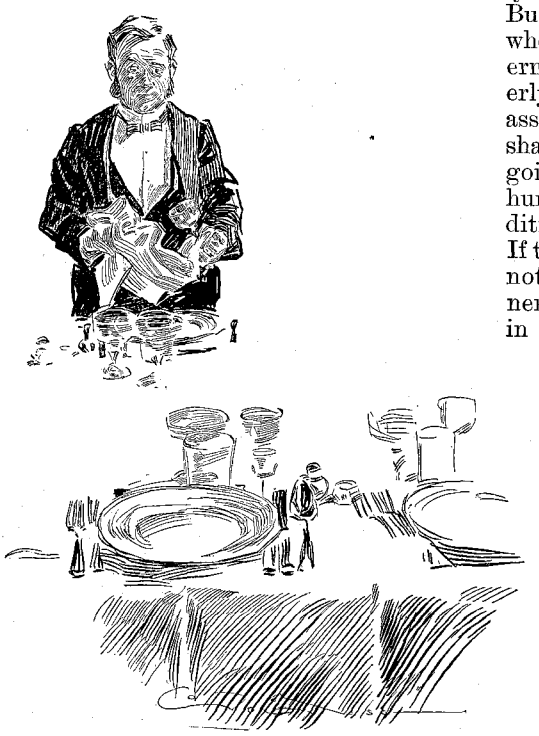
one locality all the year round, and to eschew color, ornament, and refined recreation. All this as an improvement over the civilization of Europe and a rebuke to it. Whatever the ethical value of this theory of existence in moulding the national character may have been, it has lost its hold to-day, and we as a nation have fallen into line with the once sneered-at older civilizations, though we honestly believe that we are giving and going to give a peculiar redeeming brand to the adopted, venerable customs which will purge them of dross and bale. Take the servant question, for instance. We are perpetually discussing how we are to do away with the social reproach which keeps native American women out of domestic service; yet at the same time in actual practice the demand for servants grows more and more urgent and wide-spread, and they are consigned still more hopelessly, though kindly, to the kitchen and servants' hall in imitation of English upper-class life. In the days when our Emerson sought to practise the social equality for which he yearned, by requiring his maids to sit at his own dinner-table, a domestic establishment was a modest affair of a cook and a second girl. Now, the people who are said to have too much for their own good, keep butlers, ladies' maids, governesses, who like Mahomet's coffin hover between the parlor and the kitchen, superfine laundresses, pages in buttons, and other housekeeping accessories, and domestic life grows bravely more and more complex. To be sure, too, I am quite aware that, as society is at present constituted, only a comparatively small number out of our millions of free-born American citizens have or are able to earn the seven to eleven thousand dollars a year requisite for thorough comfort, and that the most interesting and serious problem which confronts human society to-day is the annihilation or lessening of the terrible existing inequalities in estate and welfare. This problem, absorbing as it is, can scarcely be solved in our time. But, whatever the solution, whether by socialism, government control, or brotherly love, is it not safe to assume that when every one shares alike, society is not going to be satisfied with humble, paltry, or ugly conditions as the universal weal? If the new dispensation does not provide a style and manner of living at least equal in comfort, luxury, and refinement to that which exists among the well-to-do to-day, it will be a failure. Humanity will never consent to be shut off from the best in order to be exempt from the worst. The millennium must supply not merely bread and butter, a house, a pig, a cow, and a sewing-machine for every one, but attractive homes, gardens, and galleries, litera-



"Butlers and other housekeeping accessories."

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ture and music, and all the range of æsthetic social adjuncts which tend to promote healthy bodies, delightful manners, fine sensibilities, and noble purposes, or it will be no millennium.

Therefore one who would live wisely and has the present means, though he may deplore existing misery and seek to relieve it, does not give away to others all his substance but spends it chiefly on himself and his family until he has satisfied certain needs. By way of a house he feels that he requires not merely a frail, unornamental shelter, but a carefully constructed, well ventilated, cosily and artistically furnished dwelling, where his family will neither be scrimped for space nor exposed to discomforts, and where he can entertain his friends tastefully if not with elegance. All this costs money and involves large and recurrent outlays for heating, lighting, upholstery, sanitary appliances, silver, china, and glass. It is not sufficient for him that his children should be sure of their own father; he is solicitous, besides, that they should grow up as free as possible from physical blemishes, and mentally and spiritually sound and attractive. To promote this he must needs consult or engage from time to time skilled specialists, dentists, oculists, dancing and drawing masters, private tutors, and music-teachers. To enable these same sons and daughters to make the most of themselves, he must, during their early manhood and womanhood, enable them to pursue professional or other studies, to travel, and to mingle in cultivated and well-bred society. He must live in a choice neighborhood that he may surround himself and his family with refining influences, and accordingly he must pay from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars a year for rent, according to the size and desirability of the premises. Unless he would have his wife and daughters merely household factors and drudges, he must keep from three to five or six servants, whose wages vary from four to six or seven dollars a week, and feed them. Nor can the athletic, æsthetic, or merely pleasurable needs of a growing or adolescent household be ignored. He must meet the steady and relentless drain from each of these sources, or be conscious that his flesh and blood have not the same advantages and opportunities which are enjoyed by their contemporaries. He must own a pew, a library share, a fancy dress costume and a cemetery lot, and he must always have loose change on hand for the hotel waiter and the colored railway porter. The family man in a large city who meets these several demands to his entire satisfaction will have little of ten thousand dollars left for the purchase of a trotter, a fur overcoat, and a diamond pin.

The growing consciousness of the value of these complex demands of our modern civilization, when intelligently gratified, acts at the present day as a cogent incentive to make money, not for the mere sake of accumulation, but to spend. Gross accumulation with scant expenditure has always been sanctioned here; but to grow rich and yet be lavish has only within a comparatively recent period among us seemed reconcilable with religious or national principles. Even yet he who many times a millionaire still walks unkempt, or merely plain and honest, has not entirely lost the halo of hero worship. But, though the old man is permitted to do as he prefers, better things are demanded of his sons and daughters. Nor can the argument that some of the greatest men in our history have been nurtured and brought up in cabins and away from refining influences be soundly used against the advisability of making the most of income, even though we now and then ask ourselves whether modern living is producing statesmen of equally firm mould. But we thrill no longer at mention of a log cabin or rail splitting, and the very name of hard cider suggests rather unpleasantly the corner grocery store and the pie-permeated, hair-cloth suited New England parlor.

Merely because other nations have long been aware that it was wise and not immoral to try to live comfortably and beautifully our change of faith is no less absorbing to us. We confidently expect to win fresh laurels by our originality, intelligence, and unselfishness in this new old field. Already

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"All this costs money."

have we made such strides that our establishments on this side of the water make up in genuine comfort what they lack in ancient manorial picturesqueness and ghost-haunted grace. Each one of us who is in earnest is asking how he is to make the most of what he has or earns, so as to attain that charm of refined living which is civilization's best flower—living which if merely material and unanimated by intelligence and noble aims is without charm, but which is made vastly more difficult of realization in case we are without means or refuse to spend them adequately.

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A FORGOTTEN TALE

By A. Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD PYLE

SAY, what saw you on the hill,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"I saw my brindled heifer there,
A trail of bowmen, spent and bare
A little man on a roan mare
And a tattered flag before them."

SAY, what saw you in the vale,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"There I saw my lambing ewe,
And an army riding through,
Thick and brave the pennons flew
From the lance-heads o'er them."

SAY, what saw you on the hill,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"I saw beside the milking byre,
White with want and black with mire,
A little man with face afire
Marshalling his bowmen."

*** *There still remains in one of the valleys of the Cantabrian mountains in northern Spain a small hill called "Colla de los Inglesos." It marks the spot where three hundred bowmen of the Black Prince's army were surrounded by several thousand Spanish cavalry, and after a long and gallant resistance, were entirely destroyed.*

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SAY, what saw you in the vale,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"There I saw my bullocks twain
And the hardy men of Spain
With bloody heel and slackened rein,
Closing on their foemen."

NAY, but there is more to tell,
Garcia, the herdsman.
"More I might not bide to view,
I had other things to do,
Tending on the lambing ewe,
Down among the clover."

PRITHEE tell me what you heard,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Shouting from the mountain side,
Shouting until eventide,
But it dwindled and it died
Ere milking time was over."

AH, but saw you nothing more,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Yes, I saw them lying there,
The little man and roan mare,
And in their ranks the bowmen bare
With their staves before them."

AND the hardy men of Spain,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Hush, but we are Spanish too,
More I may not say to you,
May God's benison, like dew,
Gently settle o'er them."

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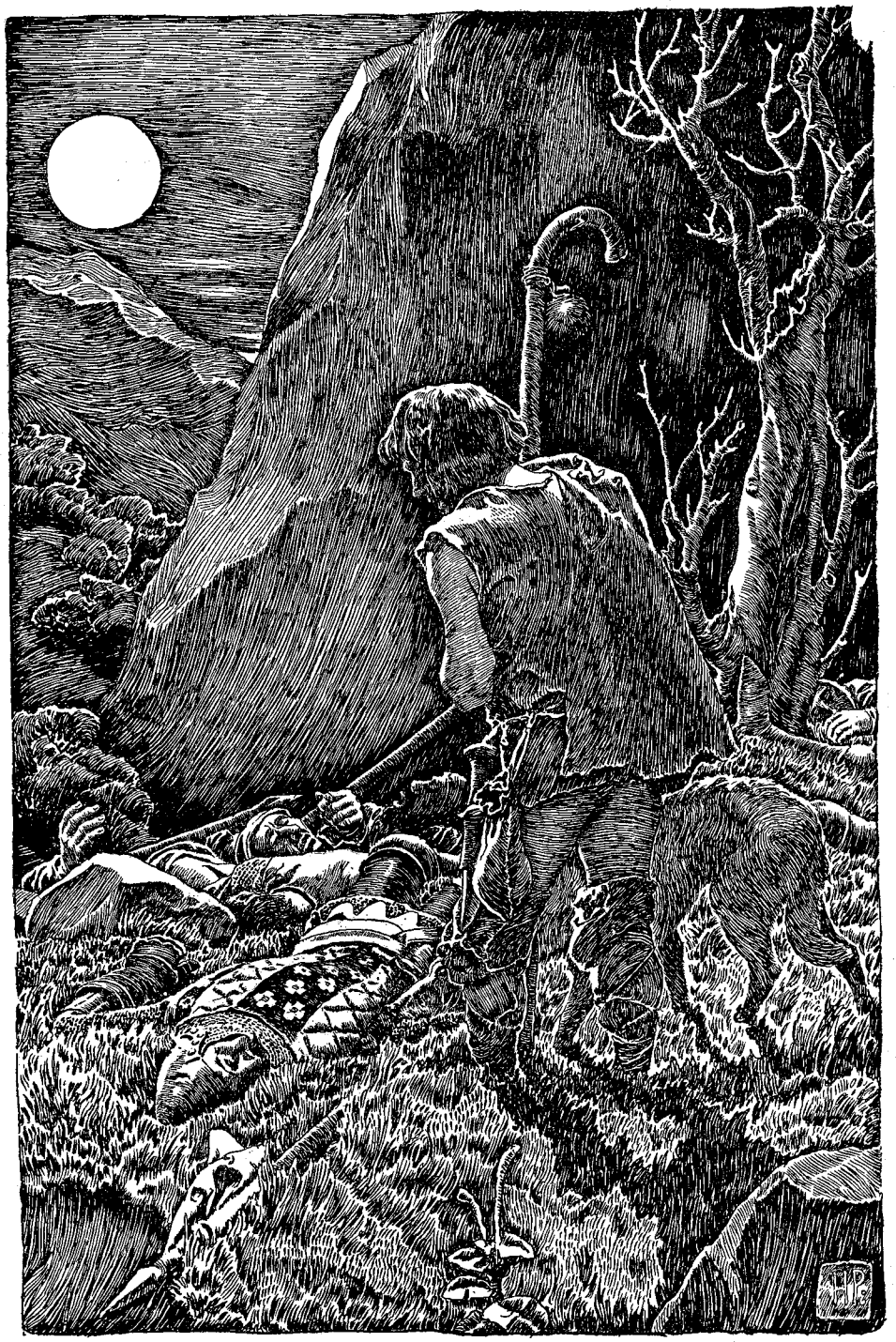

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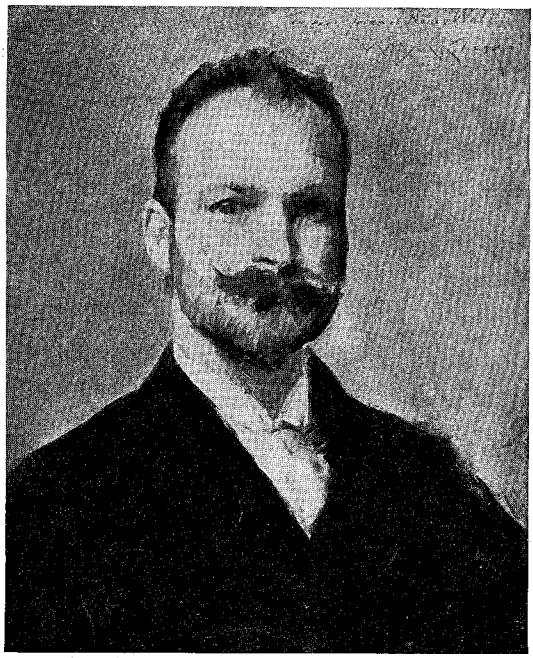

Henry Wolf, from the painting by William M. Chase.

AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS — HENRY WOLF

IN 1867 Henry Wolf was at Strasbourg serving an apprenticeship to become a mechanic when he made the acquaintance of an engraver on wood, and having always had a fondness for drawing was easily persuaded to leave the machine-shop and take up the graver. His newly made friend presented him to the important M. Jacques Levy, artist-engraver, contributor to illustrated Parisian periodicals, and sole illustrator of a summer-season paper, *L'Illustration de Bade.* M. Levy, after the fashion still prevailing among the great commercial engravers of Europe, had a studio full of young fellows who executed under his direction the work which he signed, and for which he monopolized all the credit and the largest part of the remuneration. Young Wolf, with an artistic instinct which needed only a chance to assert itself, found readily enough a place among M. Levy's boys. Chance had it that one of the first things in which he distinguished himself was in carefully copying a drawing on wood, using pen-and-ink lines which needed only to be faithfully followed by the engraver in cutting the block. The sad result naturally followed that Wolf was kept at that special thing until a new turn of chance unexpectedly enlarged his horizon. The Franco-German War came, and the severe manner in which, as he says, "the Germans tried to win over their lost brethren the Alsatians," the bombardment of Strasbourg, which destroyed so many fine old buildings and damaged the great cathedral were too much for Wolf. Like thousands of his compatriots he left his desolated home.

In the United States he experienced

*** The illustrations in this article are typical bits of engraving from blocks by Henry Wolf.

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no difficulty in finding the work he was accustomed to do, and besides attending life classes at night and otherwise improving every chance he had to study, he began in earnest to try his hand at engraving. With Frederick Juengling, the enthusiastic engraver, who put his whole heart and soul in his work, he stayed four fruitful years. After gradual stages of development Wolf found himself with decided notions of his own, radically rebelling against the conventional style of engraving prevalent at that epoch—"the style of the wood-cutter;" against those cuts which were primarily composed of lines run in certain directions according to set rules, and which were never free, elastic, and yet faithful interpretations and renderings of an original. Under the patronage of *Scribner's Monthly* (afterward the *Century Magazine*) and *Harper's Magazine* the new school proved, by a succession of splendid examples, its right to contend that in each case the manner of the engraving ought to be made subservient to, and lose itself in, the subject. The photographing of originals on wood, the perfection in printing and in paper, have been powerful factors in the advance of modern engraving, but it would be irrelevant to attribute this to such purely material causes.

Art, like every other expression of life, varies its garbs but not its substance, but because of its close adaptation to the conditions of our day it is the more readily appreciated by the people of our day. The American art of wood-engraving, in its variety, its delicacy and finish, set off as it is by fine paper and printing, is probably the most popular as well as one of the most worthy and refined expressions of the æsthetic sense. The unexpectedness, the grace, and the resourcefulness of Mr. Wolf's technique are matters in which the craft find much to admire. However, technique being but the means to an end, what is important, after all, is the motive for, and the result of, technique.

To his constant and conscientious efforts, to the man's respect for his instinct of the best, and his ever striving to follow it unmindful of considerations for money and time, Wolf owes his success. Growing steadily he has advanced step by step to the very front ranks of the great engravers of the world, and within the lines he has chosen, as an interpreter of the works of modern painters, if he has peers, he has no superiors. With respect for each new subject and the fear that though trying his best he will not suc-

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ceed in doing justice to it, Wolf seeks to enter into the personality of the artist whom he is to engrave. He sees not simply all that the painter has put into his work, but he feels what he has wanted to put in it. Going from ensemble to details, and details to ensemble, his work ends by giving the sensation of the original. It is obvious that black and white can never be the copy but only a translation of a painting; and besides, the block being so much smaller than the original, makes it impossible to go into details—essentials alone can be there, and with them the spirit of the thing. The size of the frontispiece, the engraving of the portrait of Mrs. C——, is in a proportion to the painting as 1 to 121, and yet it is that painting; it gives its tone, its colors, its quiet values, the delicate lineaments of the face and hands, the expression! and done in a manner which is Mr. Wolf's own. It also suggests admirably Mr. Chase's handling. Examine it closely—it is composed of simple black lines. What gives them such life and significance, what makes them tremble with suggestiveness before our eyes is the clear vision, the fine artistic perception, the quick responsive sympathy, the striving for perfection of the engraver. Such an engraving is no chance production of a professional hand. It is the work of a great artist.

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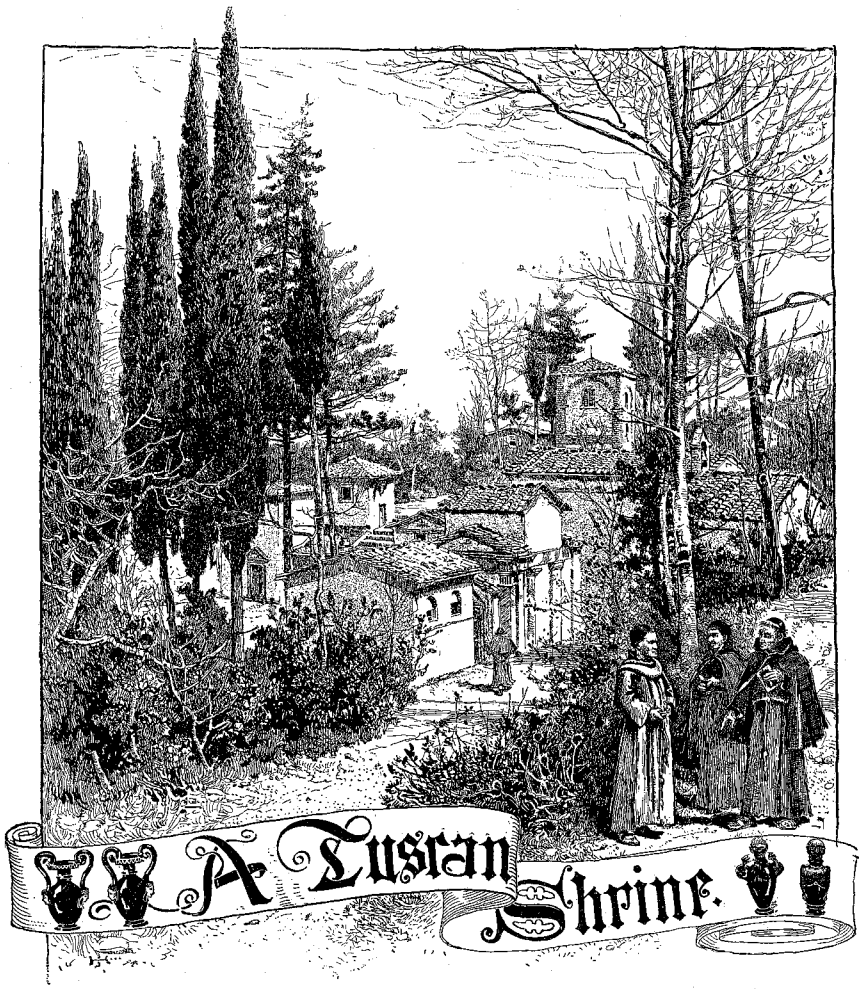

By Edith Wharton

ONE of the rarest and most delicate pleasures of the continental tourist is to defy Murray. That admirable cicerone has so completely anticipated the most whimsical impulses of his readers that (especially in Italy) it is now almost impossible to plan a tour of exploration without finding, on reference to one of his indispensable volumes, that he has already been over the ground, has tested the inns, measured the kilometres, and distilled from the heavy tomes of Kugler, Burckhardt, and Cavalcaselle a portable estimate of the local art and architecture. Even the subsequent discovery of his incidental lapses scarcely consoles the traveller for the habitual accuracy of his statements; and the only refuge left from his oppressive omniscience lies in approaching the places he describes by a route which he has not taken.

Those to whom one of the greatest charms of travel in over-civilized countries consists in such momentary escapes from the obvious will still find here and there, even in Italy, a few miles unmeasured by Murray's seven-leagued boots; and it was to enjoy the brief exhilaration of such a discovery that we stepped out of the train one morning at Certaldo, determined to find our way thence to San Vivaldo.

Even Mr. Murray does not know much of San Vivaldo, and such infor-

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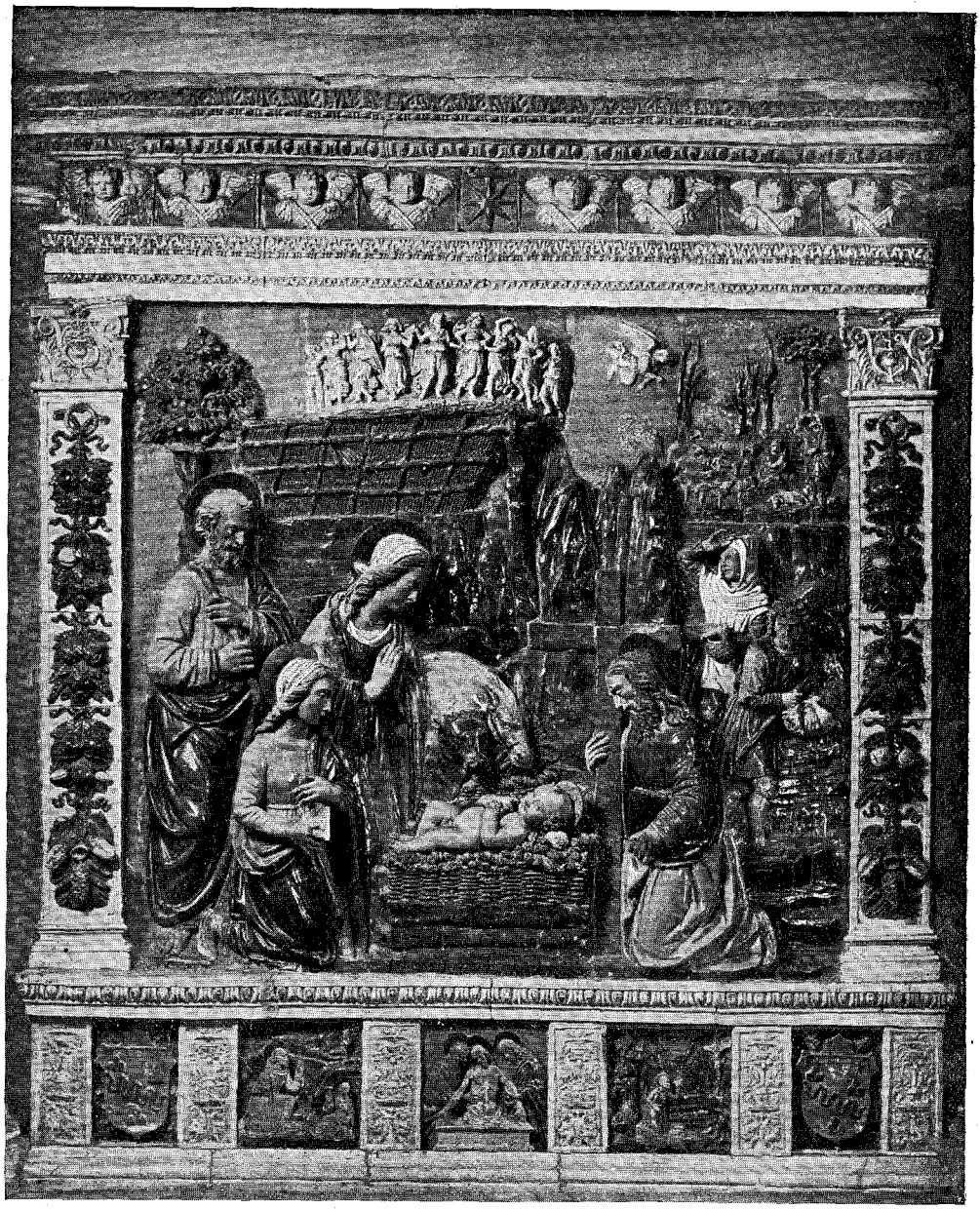
mation as he gives on the subject is refreshingly inaccurate; but that is less remarkable than his knowing of it at all, since we found, on inquiry in Florence, that even among *amateurs* of Tuscan art its name is unfamiliar.

For some months we had been vaguely aware that, somewhere among the hills between Volterra and the Arno, there lay an obscure monastery containing a series of terra-cotta groups which were said to represent the scenes of the Passion. No one in Florence, however, seemed to know much about



The Presepio of San Vivaldo.
(Now in the Bargello.)

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them ; and many of the people whom we questioned had never even heard of San Vivaldo. Professor Enrico Ridolfi, director of the Royal Museums at Florence, knew by hearsay of the existence of the groups, and assured me that there was every reason to credit the local tradition which has always attributed them to Giovanni Gonnelli, the blind modeller of Gambassi, an artist of the seventeenth century. Professor Ridolfi had, however, never seen any photographs of the groups, and was, in fact, not unnaturally disposed to believe that they were of small artistic merit, since Gonnelli worked even later, and in a more debased period of taste, than the modeller of the well-known groups at Varallo. Still, even when Italian sculpture was at its lowest, a spark of its old life smouldered here and there in the improvisations of the *plasticatore ;* and I hoped to find, in the despised groups of San Vivaldo, something of the coarse näivete and brutal energy which animate their more famous rivals of Varallo. In this hope we started in search of San Vivaldo ; and as Murray had told us that it could only be reached by way of Castel Fiorentino, we promptly determined to attack it from San Gimignano.

At Certaldo, where the train left us one April morning, we found an archaic little carriage, whose coachman entered sympathetically into our plan for defying Murray. He said there was a road, with which he declared himself familiar, leading in about four hours across the mountains from San Gimignano to San Vivaldo ; and in his charge we were soon crossing the poplar-fringed Elsa and climbing the steep road to San Gimignano, where we intended to spend the night.

The next morning before sunrise the little carriage awaited us at the inn-door ; and as we dashed out under the gate-way of San Gimignano we felt the thrill of explorers sighting a new continent. It seemed in fact an unknown world which lay beneath us in the new light. The hills, so firmly etched at mid-day, at sunset so softly modelled, had melted into a silver sea whose farthest waves were indistinguishably merged in billows of luminous mist. Only the near foreground retained its precision of outline, and that too had assumed an air of unreality. Fields, hedges, and cypresses were tipped with an aureate brightness which recalled the golden ripples running over the grass in the foreground of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus." The sunshine had the density of gold-leaf ; we seemed to be driving through the landscape of a missal.

At first we had this magical world to ourselves, but, as the light broadened, groups of laborers began to appear under the olives and between the vines ; shepherdesses, distaff in hand, drove their flocks along the roadside, and yokes of white oxen, with scarlet fringes above their meditative eyes, moved past us with such solemn deliberateness of step that fancy transformed their brushwood laden carts into the sacred *caroccio* of the past. Ahead of us the road wound through a district of vineyards and orchards, but north and east the panorama of the Tuscan hills unrolled itself, range after range of treeless undulations outlined one upon the other, as the sun grew high, with the delicate precision of a mountainous background in a print of Sebald Beham's. Behind us the fantastic towers of San Gimignano dominated each bend of the road like some persistent mirage of the desert ; to the north lay Castel Fiorentino, and far away other white villages, embedded like fossil shells in the hillsides.

The elements composing the foreground of such Tuscan scenes are almost always extremely simple—slopes trellised with vine and mulberry, under which the young wheat runs like green flame ; stretches of ash-colored olive-orchard ; and here and there a farmhouse with projecting eaves and open loggia, sentinelled by its inevitable group of cypresses. These cypresses, with their velvety-textured spires of rusty black, acquire an extraordinary expressiveness against the neutral-tinted breadth of the landscape ; distributed with the sparing hand with which a practised writer uses his exclamation points they seem, as it were, to emphasize the more intimate meaning of

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the scene; calling the eye here to a shrine, there to a homestead, or testifying by their mere presence to the lost tradition of some barren knoll. But this significance of detail is one of the chief charms of the mid-Italian landscape. It has none of the purposeless prodigality, the extravagant climaxes of what is called "fine scenery;" nowhere is there any obvious largesse to the eye; but the very reticence of its delicately moulded lines, its seeming disdain of facile effects, almost give it the quality of a work of art, make it appear the crowning production of centuries of plastic expression.

For some distance the road from San Gimignano to San Vivaldo winds continuously up-hill, and our ascent at length brought us to a region where agriculture ceases and the way lies across heathery uplands, with a scant growth of oaks and ilexes in their more sheltered hollows. As we drove on, these in turn gave way to stone-pines, and presently we dipped over the yoke of the highest ridge and saw below us another sea of hills, with a bare mountain-spur rising from their midst like a scaly monster floating on the waves, its savage spine bristling with the walls and towers of Volterra.

For nearly an hour we skirted the edge of this basin of hills, in sight of the ancient city on its livid cliff; then we turned into a gentler country, through woods starred with primroses, with a flash of streams in the hollows, and presently a murmur of church-bells came like a mysterious welcome through the trees. At the same moment we caught sight of a brick campanile rising above oaks and ilexes on a slope just ahead of us, and our carriage turned from the high-road up a lane with scattered chapels showing their white façades through the foliage. This lane, making a sudden twist, descended abruptly between mossy banks and brought us out upon a grass-plot before a rectangular monastery adjoining the church whose bells had welcomed us. Here was San Vivaldo, and the chapels we had passed doubtless concealed beneath their cupolas "more neat than solemn" the terra-cottas of which we were in search.

The monastery of San Vivaldo, at one time secularized by the Italian Government, has now been restored to the Franciscan order, of which its patron saint was a member. San Vivaldo was born in San Gimignano in the latter half of the thirteenth century, and after joining the Tertiary Order of Saint Francis in his youth, retired to a hollow chestnut-tree in the forest of Camporeno (the site of the present monastery), in which exiguous hermitage he spent the remainder of his life "in continual macerations and abstinence." After his death the tree which had been sanctified in so extraordinary a manner became an object of devotion among the neighboring peasantry, and when it disappeared they raised an oratory to the Virgin on the spot where it had stood. It is doubtful, however, if this memorial, which fell gradually into neglect, would have preserved San Vivaldo from oblivion, had not that Senancour of a saint found a Matthew Arnold in the shape of a Franciscan friar, a certain Fra Cherubino of Florence, who early in the sixteenth century was commissioned by his Order to watch over and restore the abandoned sanctuary. Fra Cherubino, with his companions, took possession of the forest of Camporeno, and proceeded to lay the foundation stone of a monastery which was to commemorate the hermit of the chestnut-tree. Such was the eloquence of Fra Cherubino that he speedily restored to popular favor the forgotten merits of San Vivaldo, and often after one of his sermons three thousand people might be seen marching in procession to the river Evola to fetch building materials for the monastery. Meanwhile, Fra Tommaso, another of the friars, struck by the resemblance of the hills and valleys of Camporeno to the holy places of Palestine, began the erection of the "devout chapels" which were to contain the representations of the Passion; and thus arose the group of buildings now forming the monastery of San Vivaldo.

As we drove up we saw several friars at work in the woods and in the vegetable garden below the monastery. These took no notice of us, but in

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answer to our coachman's summons there appeared another friar, whose Roman profile might have emerged from one of those great portrait groups of the sixteenth century, where grave-featured monks and chaplains are gathered about a seated pope. He greeted us courteously, and assuring us that it was his duty to conduct visitors to the different shrines, proceeded at once to lead us to the nearest chapel, with as little evidence of surprise as though the grassy paths of San Vivaldo were invaded by daily hordes of sight-seers. The chapels, about twenty in number (as many more are said to have perished), are scattered irregularly through the wood. Our guide, who manifested a most intelligent interest in the works of art in his charge, affirmed that these were undoubtedly due to the genius of Giovanni Gonnelli. Some of the master's productions had indeed been destroyed, or replaced by the work of *qualche muratore;* but in those which survived he assured us that we should at once recognize the touch of an eminent hand. As he led the way he alluded smilingly to the legendary blindness of Giovanni Gonnelli, which plays a most picturesque part in the artist's biography. The friar assured us that Gonnelli was only blind of one eye, thus demolishing Baldinucci's charming tradition of portrait busts executed in total darkness to the admiring amazement of popes and princes. Still, we suspected him of adapting his hero's exploits to the delicate digestion of the unorthodox, and perhaps secretly believing in the delightful anecdotes over which he affected to smile. On the threshold of the first chapel he paused to explain that some of the groups had been irreparably injured during the period of neglect and abandonment which followed upon the suppression of the monastery. The Government, he added, had seized the opportunity to carry off from the church the "Presepio," which was Gonnelli's *chef-d'œuvre*, and to strip many of the chapels of the escutcheons in Robbia ware which formerly adorned their ceilings. "Even then, however," he concluded, "our good fathers were keeping secret watch over the shrines, and they saved some of the escutcheons by covering them with whitewash; but the Government has never given us back our 'Presepio.'"

Having thus guarded us against possible disillusionment he unlocked the door of the chapel upon what he declared to be an undoubted work of the master—"The Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Disciples." This group, like all the others at San Vivaldo, is set in a little apsidal recess at one end of the chapel. I had expected, at best, an inferior imitation of the groups of Varallo; and my surprise was great when I found myself in presence of a much finer and, as it seemed to me, a much earlier work. The illustration on page 30 shows the general disposition of the group, though the defective lighting of the chapel has made it impossible for the photographer to reproduce the more delicate details of the original. The central figure, that of the Virgin, is one of the most graceful at San Vivaldo; her face austerely tender, with lines of grief and age furrowing the wimpled cheeks; her hands, like those of all the figures attributed to Gonnelli, singularly refined and expressive. The same air of unction, of what the French call *recueillement*, distinguishes the face and attitude of the kneeling disciple on the extreme left; indeed what chiefly struck me in the group was that air of devotional simplicity which we are accustomed to associate with an earlier and purer period of art.

Next to this group the finest is perhaps that of "Lo Spasimo," the swoon of the Virgin at the sight of Christ bearing the cross. Unfortunately, owing to the narrow, corridor-like shape of the chapel in which it is placed, it is that which the photographer has been least successful in reproducing. It is the smallest of the groups, being less than life-size, and comprising only the figure of the Virgin supported by the Maries, with a Saint John kneeling at her side. In it all the best attributes of the artist are conspicuous; careful modelling, reticence of expression, and, above all, that "gift of tears" which is the last quality we look for in the plastic art of the seventeenth century.

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Among other groups undoubtedly due to the same hand are those of "Christ Before Pilate," of the "Ascension," and of the "Magdalen Bathing the Feet of Christ." In the group of the "Ascension" the upper part has been grotesquely restored; but the figures of the Virgin and disciples, kneeling below, are intact. On their faces is seen that look of wondering ecstasy, "the light which never was on sea or land" which the artist excelled in representing. In every group his Saint John has this luminous look; and in that of the "Ascension" it brightens even the shrewd, bearded countenances of the older disciples. In the group of "Christ Before Pilate" the figure of Pilate is especially noteworthy; his delicate, incredulous lips seem just framing the melancholy "What is truth?" As we stood before this scene our guide pointed out to us that the handsome Roman lictor who raises his arm to strike the Saviour has had his hand knocked off by the indignant zeal of the faithful. The representation of the "Magdalen Bathing the Feet of Christ" is noticeable for the fine assemblage of heads about the supper-table. That of Christ and his host are peculiarly expressive; and Saint John's look of tranquil tenderness contrasts almost girlishly with the clustered majesty of the neighboring faces. The Magdalen is less happily executed; she is probably by another hand. In the group of the "Crucifixion," for the most part of inferior workmanship, the figures of the two thieves are finely modelled, and their expression of anguish has been achieved with the same sobriety of means which marks all the artist's effects. The remaining groups in the chapels are without merit, but under the portico of the church there are three fine figures, possibly by the same artist, representing Saint Roch, Saint Linus, of Volterra, and one of the Fathers of the Church.

There are, then, among the groups of San Vivaldo, five which appear to be by the same master, in addition to several scattered figures presumably by his hand; all of which tradition has always attributed to Giovanni Gonnelli, the blind pupil of Pietro Tacca. The figures in these groups are nearly, if not quite, as large as life; they have all been rudely repainted, and are entirely unglazed, though framed in glazed mouldings.

As I have said, Professor Ridolfi, in reply to my inquiries, had confirmed the local tradition, and there seemed no doubt that the groups had always been regarded as the work of Gonnelli, an obscure artist living at a time when the greatest masters produced little to which posterity has conceded any artistic excellence. But my first glance at the groups assured me that if they were modelled in mid-seventeenth century, then I knew nothing of the Italian sculpture of that period. Neither their merits nor defects seemed to me to belong to it. I recalled the gigantic swollen limbs and small insipid heads of the pupils of Giovanni Bologna; the smooth, heavy Flemish touch, mingled with a shallow affectation of refinement, which peopled every church and palace in Italy with an impersonal flock of Junos and Virgin Marys, Venuses and Magdalens, distinguishable only by their official attributes. What had the modeller of San Vivaldo in common with such art? The more closely I examined the terra-cottas the more the assurance grew that they were the work of an artist trained in an earlier tradition, the tradition of the later Robbias, whose hand, closely associated with that of the modeller, is everywhere visible in the mouldings which frame the groups and the medallions in the ceilings of the chapels. The careful modelling of the hands, the quiet grouping, so free from a distorted agitation, the simple draperies, the devotional expression of the faces, all seemed to me to point to the lingering influence of the fifteenth century; not, indeed, to the incomparable charm of its prime, but the refinement, the severity of its close. As I looked at the groups I was haunted by a confused recollection of a "Presepio" seen at the Bargello, attributed to Giovanni della Robbia or his school: could it be the one which had been removed from San Vivaldo?

My first thought on returning to Florence was to satisfy my curiosity on this point. I went at once to the Bargello, and found, as I had expected,

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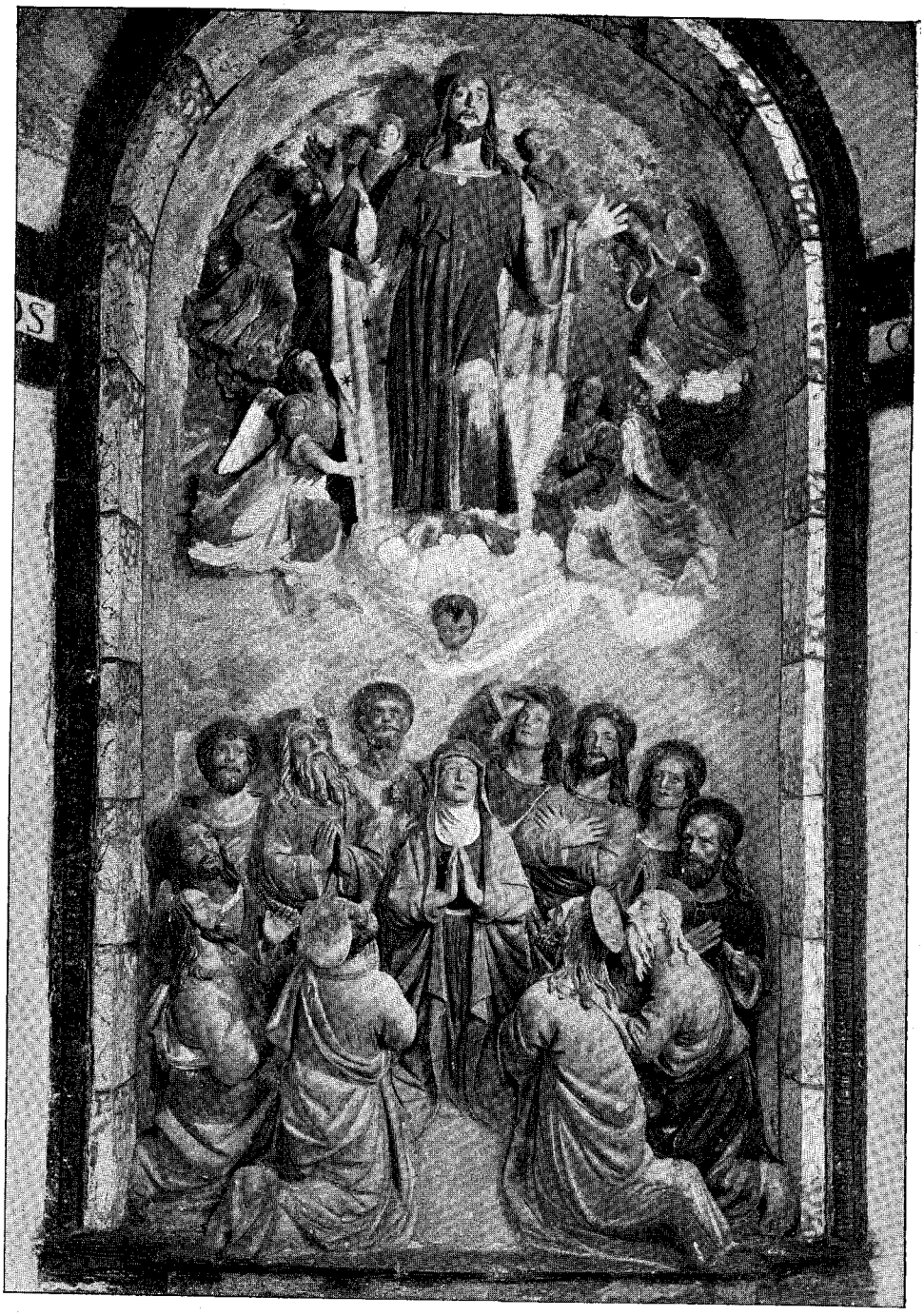

The Ascension.

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Descent of the Holy Spirit.

that the "Presepio" of San Vivaldo was the one I had in mind. But I was startled, on seeing it, by the extraordinary resemblance of the heads to some of those in the groups ascribed to Gonnelli. I had fancied that the modeller of San Vivaldo might have been inspired by the "Presepio;" but I was unprepared for the absolute identity of treatment in certain details of the hair and drapery, and for the recurrence of the same type of face. Undoubtedly, the "Presepio" shows greater delicacy of treatment; but then the figures are smaller, and it is a relief, whereas at San Vivaldo the figures are so much detached from the background that they may be regarded as groups of statuary. Then the glaze which covers all but the faces of the "Presepio" has preserved its original beauty of coloring, while the groups of San Vivaldo have been crudely daubed with fresh coats of paint, and even whitewash; and, lastly, the "Presepio" is enhanced by an excessively ornate frame of fruit-garlanded pilasters, as well as by its charming predella, subdivided by panels of arabesque. Altogether it is a far more elaborate production than the terra-cottas of San Vivaldo, and some of its most graceful details, such as the dance of angels on the stable roof, are evidently borrowed from the earlier *répertoire* of the Robbias; but, in spite of these incidental archaisms, who can fail to be struck by the likeness of the central figures to certain of the statues at San Vivaldo? The head of Saint Joseph, in the "Presepio," for instance, with its wrinkled penthouse forehead and curled and parted beard, suggests at once that of the disciple seated on the right of Saint John in the house of the Pharisee; the same face, though younger, occurs again in the Pentecostal group, and the kneeling female figure in the "Presepio" is treated in the same manner as the youngest Mary in the group of

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The Magdalen in the House of the Pharisee.

,' Lo Spasimo." Even the long, rolled-back tresses, with their shell-like convolutions are the same.

To a person without technical competence it was naturally bewildering to trace such resemblances between works of art differing almost a hundred and fifty years in age. It was impossible not to reject at once the theory of a seventeenth century artist content to imitate, with Chinese accuracy, the manner of the Robbias; yet, how fall back upon the more improbable hypothesis that the terra-cottas of San Vivaldo were really a century older than was popularly supposed? I had been too much impressed by the beauty of the groups to let the question rest, and I therefore determined to have them photographed, that they might be submitted to a more critical examination than mine. As soon as the photographs were finished I sent them to Professor Ridolfi, who had listened with the greatest courtesy and patience, but with some natural incredulity, to my description of the terra-cottas. He was kind enough to send me at once an exhaustive opinion of the groups; and I have no hesitation in quoting from his letter, as I had previously told him that I hoped to publish the result of my investigations.

"No sooner," Professor Ridolfi writes, "had I seen the photographs than I became convinced of the error of attributing them to Giovanni Gonnelli, called *Il Ciceo di Gambassi*. I saw at once that they are not the work of an artist of the seventeenth century, but of one living at the close of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century; of an artist of the school of the Robbias, who follows their precepts and possesses their style . . . the figures are most beautifully grouped, and modelled with profound sentiment and not a little *bravura*. They do not appear to me to be all by the same author, for the Christ in the house of the Pharisee seems earlier and purer in style, and more robust in manner; also the

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Lo Spasimo.

swoon of the Madonna . . . which is executed in a grander style than the other reliefs and seems to belong to the first years of the sixteenth century.

"The fact that these terra-cottas are not glazed does not prove that they are not the work of the Robbia school; for Giovanni della Robbia, for example, sometimes left the flesh of his figures unglazed, painting them with the brush; and this is precisely the case in a 'Presepio' of the National Museum" (this is the "Presepio" of San Vivaldo), "a work of the Robbias, in which the flesh is left unglazed.

"I therefore declare with absolute certainty that it is a mistake to attribute these beautiful works to Giovanni Gonnelli, and that they are a century earlier in date."

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THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER I

ENTER DAME GOSSIP AS CHORUS

EVERYBODY has heard of the beautiful Countess of Cressett, who was one of the lights of this country at the time when crowned heads were running over Europe, crying out for charity's sake to be amused, after their tiresome work of slaughter; and you know what a dread they have of moping. She was famous for her fun and high spirits, besides her good looks, which you may judge of for yourself on a walk down most of our great noblemen's collections of pictures in England, where you will behold her as the Goddess Diana fitting an arrow to a bow; and elsewhere an Amazon holding a spear; or a lady with dogs, in the costume of the day; and in one place she is a nymph, if not Diana herself, gazing at her naked feet before her attendants loosen her tunic for her to take the bath, and her hounds are pricking their ears, and you see antlers of a stag behind a block of stone. She was a wonderful swimmer, among other things; and one early morning, when she was a girl, she did really swim, they say, across the Shannon and back, to win a bet for her brother, Lord Levellier, the colonel of cavalry, who left an arm in Egypt, and changed his way of life to become a wizard, as the common people about his neighborhood supposed, because he foretold the weather and had cures for aches and pains without a doctor's diploma. But we know now that he was only a mathematician and astronomer, all for inventing military engines. The brother and sister were great friends in their youth, when he had his right arm to defend her reputation with; and she would have done anything on earth to please him.

There is a picture of her in an immense flat white silk hat, trimmed with pale blue, like a pavilion, the broadest brim ever seen, and she simply sits on a chair; and Venus the Queen of Beauty would have been extinguished under that hat, I am sure; and only to look at Countess Fanny's eye beneath the brim she has tipped ever so slightly in her artfulness makes the absurd thing graceful and suitable. Oh! she was a cunning one. But you must be on your guard against the scandalmongers and collectors of anecdotes, and worst of any, the critic of our Galleries of Art; for she being in almost all of them (the principal painters of the day were on their knees for the favor of a sitting), they have to speak of her pretty frequently, and they season their dish, the coxcombs do, by hinting a knowledge of her history.

"Here we come to another portrait of the beautiful but, we fear, naughty Countess of Cressett."

You are to imagine that they know everything. And they are so indulgent when they drop their blot on a lady's character!

They can boast of nothing more than having read Nymney's "Letters and Correspondence," published, fortunately for him, when he was no longer to be called to account below for his malicious insinuations, pretending to decency in initials and dashes. That man was a hater of women and the clergy. He was one of the horrid creatures who write with a wink at you, which sets the wicked part of us on fire; I have known it myself and I own it to my shame; and if I happened to be ignorant of the history of Countess Fanny, I could not refute his wantonness. He has just the same benevolent leer for a bishop. Give me, if we are to make a choice, the beggar's breech for decency, I say; I like it vastly in preference to a Nymney who leads you up to the curtain and agitates it, and bids you retire on tiptoe. You cannot help being angry with the man for both reasons. But he is the writer Society delights in,

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to show what it is composed of. A man brazen enough to declare that he could hold us in suspense about the adventures of a broomstick, with the aid of a yashmak and an ankle, may know the world; you had better not know him—that is my remark; and do not trust him.

He tells the story of the Old Buccaneer in fear of the public, for it was general property; but, of course, he finishes with a Nymney touch: "So the Old Buccaneer is the doubloon she takes in exchange for a handful of silver pieces." There was no such handful to exchange—not of the kind he sickeningly nudges at you. I will prove to you it was not the Countess Fanny's naughtiness, though she was, indeed, very blamable. Women should walk in armor, as if they were born to it; for those cold sneerers will never waste their darts on cuirasses. An independent brave young creature exposing herself thoughtlessly in her reckless innocence is the victim for them. They will bring all Society down on her with one of their explosive sly words, appearing so careless, the cowards. I say without hesitation, her conduct with regard to Kirby, the Old Buccaneer, as he was called, however indefensible in itself, warrants her at heart an innocent young woman, much to be pitied. Only to think of her, I could sometimes drop into a chair for a good cry. And of him too! and their daughter Carinthia Jane was the pair of them, as to that, and so was Chillon John, the son.

Those critics quoting Nymney should look at the portrait of her in the Long Saloon of Cressett Castle, where she stands in blue and white, completely dressed, near a table supporting a couple of holster pistols; and then let them ask themselves whether they would speak of her so if her little hand could move.

Well, and so the tale of her swim across the Shannon River and back drove the young Earl of Cressett straight over to Ireland to propose for her, he saying that she was the girl to suit his book; not allowing her time to think of how much he might be the man to suit hers. The marriage was what is called a good one: both full of frolic, and he wealthy and rather handsome, and she quite lovely and spirited. No wonder the whole town was very soon agog about the couple, until at the end of a year people began to talk of them separately, she going her way, and he his. She could not always be on the top of a coach, which was his throne of happiness.

Plenty of stories are current still of his fame as a four-in-hand coachman. They say he once drove an Emperor and a King, a Prince Chancellor and a pair of Field-Marshals, and some ladies of the day, from the metropolis to Richmond Hill in fifty or sixty odd minutes, having the ground cleared all the way by bell and summons, and only a donkey-cart and man, and a deaf old woman, to pay for; and went, as you can imagine, at such a tearing gallop that these Grand Highnesses had to hold on for their lives and lost their hats along the road; and a publican at Kew exhibits one above his bar to the present hour. And Countess Fanny was up among them, they say. She was equal to it. And some say that was the occasion of her meeting the Old Buccaneer.

She met him at Richmond, in Surrey, we know for certain. It was on Richmond Hill, where the old King met his Lass. They say Countess Fanny was parading the Hill to behold the splendid view, always admired so much by foreigners, with their Achs and Hechs! and surrounded by her crowned courtiers in frogged uniforms and mustachioed like sea-horses, a little before dinner-time, when Kirby passed her, and the Emperor made a remark on him, for Kirby was a magnificent figure of a man, and used to be compared to a three-decker entering harbor after a victory. He stood six feet four, and was broad-shouldered and deep-chested to match, and walked like a king who has humbled his enemy. You have seen big dogs. And so Countess Fanny looked round. Kirby was doing the same. But he had turned right about, square-chested, and appeared transfixed, and like a royal beast angry with his wound. If ever there was love at first sight, and a dreadful love, like a runaway mail-coach in a storm of wind and lightning at black midnight by the banks of a

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flooded river, which was formerly our comparison for terrible situations, it was when those two met.

And, What! you exclaim, Buccaneer Kirby, full sixty-five, and Countess Fanny, no more than three-and-twenty, a young beauty of the world of fashion, courted by the highest, and she in love with him! Go and gaze at one of our big ships coming out of an engagement home with all her flags flying and her crew manning the yards. That will give you an idea of a young woman's feelings for an old warrior never beaten down an inch by anything he had to endure; matching him, I dare say, in her woman's heart, with the Mighty Highnesses who had only smelt the outside edge of battle. She did rarely admire a valiant man. Old as Methuselah, he would have made her kneel to him. She was all heart for a real hero.

The story goes that Countess Fanny sent her husband to Captain Kirby, at the Emperor's request, to inquire his name; and on hearing it, she struck her hands on her bosom, telling his Majesty he saw there the bravest man in the King's dominions; which the Emperor scarce crediting, and observing that the man must be, then, a superhuman being to be so distinguished in a nation of the brave, Countess Fanny related the well-known tale of Captain Kirby and the shipful of mutineers; and how when not a man of them stood by him, and he in the service of the first insurgent State of Spanish America, to save his ship from being taken over to the enemy, he blew her up, fifteen miles from land; and so he got to shore swimming and floating alternately, and was called "Old-Sky-High" by English sailors, any number of whom could always be had to sail under Buccaneer Kirby. He fought on shore as well; and once he came down from the tops of the Andes with a black beard turned white, and went into action with the title of *Kirby's Ghost.*

But his heart was on salt water; he was never so much at home as in a ship foundering or splitting into the clouds. We are told that he never forgave the Admiralty for striking him off the list of English naval captains: which is no doubt why in his old age he nursed a grudge against his country.

Ours, I am sure, was the loss; and many have thought so since. He was a mechanician, a master of stratagems, and would say, that brains will beat Grim Death, *if we have enough of them.* He was a standing example of the lessons of his own "Maxims for Men," a very curious book, that fetches a rare price now wherever a copy is put up for auction. I shudder at them as if they were muzzles of firearms pointed at me; but they were not addressed to my sex; and still they give me an interest in the writer who would declare that "*he had never failed in an undertaking without stripping bare to expose to himself where he had been wanting in Intention and Determination.*"

There you may see a truly terrible man!

So the Emperor, being immensely taken with Kirby's method of preserving discipline on board ship, because (as we say to the madman, *Your strait-waistcoat is my easy-chair*) monarchs have a great love of discipline, he begged Countess Fanny's permission that he might invite Captain Kirby to his table; and Countess Fanny (she had her name from the ballad:

I am the star of Prince and Czar,
My light is shed on many,
But I wait here till my bold Buccaneer,
Makes prize of Countess Fanny:

for the popular imagination was extraordinarily roused by the elopement, and there were songs and ballads out of number) Countess Fanny despatched her husband to Captain Kirby again, meaning no harm, though the poor man is laughed at in the songs for going twice upon his mission.

None of the mighty people repented of having the Old Buccaneer—for that night, at all events. He sat in the midst of them, you may believe, like the lord of that table, with his great white beard and hair—not a lock of it shed—and his bronzed lion-face, and a resolute but a merry eye that he had. He was no deep drinker of wine, but when he did drink, and the wine champagne, he drank to show his disdain of its powers; and the Emperor wishing for a narrative of some of his exploits, particularly the blowing up of the ship, Kirby paid his

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Majesty the compliment of giving it him as baldly as an official report to the Admiralty. So disengaged and calm was he, with his bottle of champagne in him, where another would have been sparkling and laying on the color, that he was then and there offered Admiral's rank in the Imperial Navy; and the Old Buccaneer, like a courtier of our best days, bows to Countess Fanny, and asks her if he is a free man to go; and, "No," says she, "we cannot spare you!" And there was a pretty wrangle between Countess Fanny and the Emperor, each pulling at the Old Buccaneer to have possession of him.

He was rarely out of her sight after their first meeting, and the ridiculous excuse she gave to her husband's family was she feared he would be kidnapped and made a Cossack of. And young Lord Cressett, her husband, began to grumble concerning her intimacy with a man old enough to be her grandfather. As if the age were the injury! He seemed to think it so, and vowed he would shoot the old depredator dead if he found him on the grounds of Cressett, "like vermin," he said; and it was considered that he had the right, and no jury would have convicted him. You know what those days were.

He had his opportunity one moonlight night, not far from the castle, and peppered Kirby with shot from a fowling-piece at, some say, five paces' distance, if not point-blank.

But Kirby had a maxim, *Steady shakes them,* and he acted on it to receive his enemy's fire; and the young lord's hand shook, and the Old Buccaneer stood out of the smoke not much injured, except in the coat-collar, with a pistol cocked in his hand, and he said:

"Many would take that for a declaration of war, but I know it's only your lordship's diplomacy;" and then he let loose to his mad fun, astounding Lord Cressett and his gamekeeper, and vowed, as the young lord tried to relate subsequently, as well as he could recollect the words — here I have it in print: "*That he was a man pickled in saltpetre when an infant, like Achilles, and proof against powder and shot not marked with cross and key, and fetched up from the square magazine in the central depôt of the infernal factory, third turning to the right off the grand arcade in Kingdom-come, where the night-porter has to wear wet petticoats, like a Highland chief, to make short work of the sparks flying about, otherwise this world and many another would not have to wait long for combustion.*"

Kirby had the wildest way of talking when he was not issuing orders under fire, best understood by sailors. I give it you as it stands here printed. I do not profess to understand.

So Lord Cressett said: "Diplomacy and infernal factories be hanged! Have your shot at me; it's only fair." And Kirby discharged his pistol at the top-twigs of an old oak-tree, and called the young lord a Briton, and proposed to take him in hand and make a man of him, as nigh worthy of his wife as anyone not an Alexander of Macedon could be.

So they became friendly, and the young lord confessed it was his family that had urged him to the attack; and Kirby abode at the castle, and all three were happy, in perfect honor, I am convinced; but such was not the opinion of the Cressetts and Levelliers. Down they trooped to Cressett Castle with a rush and a roar, crying on the disgrace of an old desperado like Kirby living there; dukes, marchionesses, cabinet ministers, leaders of fashion, and fire-eating colonels of the King's body-guard, one of whom Captain John Peter Kirby laid on his heels at ten paces on an April morning, when the duel was fought, as early as the blessed heavens had given them light to see to do it. Such days those were!

There was talk of shutting up the infatuated lady. If not incarcerated, she was rigidly watched. The Earl, her husband, fell altogether to drinking and coaching, and other things. The ballad makes her say:

My family my gaolers be,
My husband is a zany;
Naught see I clear save my bold Buccaneer
To rescue Countess Fanny.

And it goes on:

O little lass, at play on the grass,
Come earn a silver penny,
And you'll be dear to my bold Buccaneer
For news of his Countess Fanny.

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In spite of her bravery that poor woman suffered!

We used to learn by heart the ballads and songs upon famous events in those old days when poetry was worshipped.

But Captain Kirby gave provocation enough to both families when he went among the taverns and clubs, and vowed before Providence over his big fist that they should rue their interference, and he would carry off the lady on a day he named; he named the hour as well, they say, and that was midnight of the month of June. The Levelliers and Cressetts foamed at the mouth in speaking of him, so enraged they were on account of his age and his passion for a young woman. As to blood, the Kirbys of Lincolnshire were quite equal to the Cressetts of Warwick. The Old Buccaneer seems to have had money too. But you can see what her people had to complain of; his insolent contempt of them was unexampled. And their tyranny had roused my lady's high spirit not a bit less, and she said right out: "When he comes I am ready and will go with him."

There was boldness for you on both sides! All the town was laughing and betting on the event of the night in June; and the odds were in favor of Kirby, for though Lord Cressett was quite the popular young English nobleman, being a capital whip and free of his coin, in those days men who had smelt powder were often prized above titles, and the feeling, out of society, was very strong for Kirby, even previous to the fight on the heath. And the age of the indomitable adventurer must have contributed to his popularity. He was the hero of every song.

"What's age to me!" cries Kirby;
"Why, young and fresh let her be,
But it's mighty better reasoned
For a man to be well seasoned,
And a man she has in me," cries Kirby.

As to his exact age:

"Write me down sixty-three," cries Kirby.

I have always maintained that it was an understatement. We must remember, it was not Kirby speaking, but the song-writer. Kirby would not, in my opinion, have numbered years he was proud of below their due quantity. He was more, if he died at ninety-one; and Chillon Switzer John Kirby, born eleven months after the elopement, was, we know, twenty-three years old when the old man gave up the ghost and bequeathed him little besides a law-suit with the Austrian Government, and the care of Carinthia Jane, the second child of this extraordinary union; both children born in wedlock, as you will hear. Sixty-three, or sixty-seven, near upon seventy, when most men are reaping and stacking their sins with groans and weak knees, Kirby was a match for his juniors, which they discovered.

CHAPTER II

MISTRESS GOSSIP TELLS OF THE ELOPEMENT OF THE COUNTESS OF CRESSETT WITH THE OLD BUCCANEER, AND OF CHARLES DUMP, THE POSTILION, CONDUCTING THEM, AND OF A GREAT COUNTY FAMILY

THE twenty-first of June was the day appointed by Captain Kirby to carry off Countess Fanny, and the time, midnight; and ten minutes to the stroke of twelve, Countess Fanny, as if she scorned to conceal that she was in a conspiracy with her gray-haired lover, notwithstanding that she was watched and guarded, left the Marchioness of Arpington's ball-room and was escorted downstairs by her brother, Lord Levellier, sworn to baffle Kirby. Present with him in the street, and witness of the shutting of the carriage-door on Countess Fanny, were brother officers of his, General Abrane, Colonel Jack Potts, and Sir Upton Tomber.

The door fast shut, Countess Fanny kissed her hand to them and drew up the window, seeming merry, and as they had expected indignation, and perhaps resistance, for she could be a spitfire in a temper, and had no fear whatever of firearms, they were glad to have her safe on such good terms; and so General Abrane jumped up on the box beside the coachman, Jack Potts jumped up between the footmen, and Sir Upton Tom-

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ber and the one-armed lord, as soon as the carriage was disengaged from the ruck two deep, walked on each side of it in the road all the way to Lord Cressett's town-house. No one thought of asking where that silly young man was —probably under some table.

Their numbers were swelled by quite a host going along, for heavy bets were on the affair, dozens having backed Kirby; and it must have appeared serious to them, with the lady in custody, and constables on the lookout, and Kirby and his men nowhere in sight. They expected an onslaught at some point of the procession, and it may be believed they wished it, if only that they might see something for their money. A beautiful bright moonlight night it happened to be. Arm in arm among them were Lord Pitscrew, and Russell, Earl of Fleetwood, a great friend of Kirby's; for it was a device of the Old Buccaneer's that helped the Earl to win the great Welsh heiress who made him, even before he took to hoarding and buying, one of the wealthiest noblemen in England; but she was crazed by her marriage, or the wild scenes leading to it; she never presented herself in Society. She would sit on the top of Estlemont Towers—as they formerly spelt it—all day and half the night in midwinter, often, looking for the mountains down in her native West country, covered with an old white flannel cloak, and on her head a tall hat of her Welsh womenfolk; and she died of it, leaving a son in her likeness, of whom you will hear. Lord Fleetwood had lost none of his faith in Kirby, and went on booking bets, giving him huge odds, thousands!

He accepted fifty to one when the carriage came to a stop at the steps of Lord Cressett's mansion; but he was anxious, and well he might be, seeing Countess Fanny alight and pass up between two lines of gentlemen, all bowing low before her: not a sign of the Old Buccaneer anywhere to right or left! Heads were on the lookout, and vows offered up for his appearance.

She was at the door and about to enter the house. Then it was that, with a shout of the name of some dreadful heathen god, Colonel Jack Potts roared out: "She's half a foot short o' the mark!"

He was on the pavement, and it seems he measured her as she slipped by him, and one thing and another caused him to smell a cheat; and General Abrane, standing beside her near the door, cried: "Where art flying now, Jack?"

But Jack Potts grew more positive and bellowed: "Peel her wig! we're done!"

And she did not speak a word, but stood huddled-up and hooded; and Lord Levellier caught her by the arm as she was trying a dash into the hall, and Sir Upton Tomber plucked at her veil and raised it, and whistled "Phew!"—which struck the rabble below with awe of the cunning of the Old Buccaneer; and there was no need for them to hear General Abrane say: "Right! Jack; we've a dead one in hand," or Jack Potts's reply: "It's ten thousand pounds clean winged away from my pocket, like a string of wild geese!"

The excitement of the varletry in the square, they say, was fearful to hear. So the principal noblemen and gentlemen concerned thought it prudent to hurry the young woman into the house and bar the door; and there she was very soon stripped of veil and blonde false wig with long curls, the whole framing of her artificial resemblance to Countess Fanny, and she proved to be a good-looking foreign maid, a dark one, powdered, trembling very much, but not so frightened upon hearing that her penalty for the share she had taken in the horrid imposture practised upon them was to receive and return a salute from each of the gentlemen in rotation, which the hussy did with proper submission; and Jack Potts remarked that "it was an honest buss, but dear at ten thousand!"

When you have been the victim of a deceit, the explanation of the simplicity of the trick turns all the wonder upon yourself, you know, and the backers of the Old Buccaneer and the wagerers against him crowed and groaned in chorus at the maid's narrative of how the moment Countess Fanny had thrown up the window of her carriage she sprang out to a carriage on the off side, containing Kirby, and how she, this little French jade, sprang in to take her place.

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One snap of the fingers and the transformation was accomplished. So for another kiss all round they let her go free, and she sat at the supper-table prepared for Countess Fanny and the party by order of Lord Levellier, and amused the gentlemen with stories of the ladies she had served, English and foreign. And that is how men are taught to think they know our sex and may despise it! I could preach them a lesson. Those men might as well not believe in the steadfastness of the very stars because one or two are reported lost out of the firmament, and now and then we behold a whole shower of fragments descending. The truth is, they have taken a stain from the life they lead, and are troubled puddles, incapable of clear reflection.

All that Lord Cressett said, on the announcement of the flight of his wife, was: "Ah! Fan, she never would run in my ribands."

He positively declined to pursue. Lord Levellier would not attempt to follow her up without him, as it would have cost money, and he wanted all that he could spare for his telescopes and experiments. Who, then, was the gentleman who stopped the chariot, with his three mounted attendants, on the road to the sea, on the heath by the great Punch-Bowl?

That has been the question for now longer than half a century, in fact, approaching seventy mortal years. No one has ever been able to say for certain.

It occurred at six o'clock on the summer morning. Countess Fanny must have known him, and not once did she open her mouth to breathe his name. Yet she had no objection to talk of the adventure, and how Simon Fettle, Captain Kirby's old ship's-steward in South America, seeing horsemen stationed on the ascent of the high road bordering the Bowl, which is miles round and deep, made the postilion cease jogging, and sang out to his master for orders, and Kirby sang back to him to look to his priming, and then the postilion was bidden proceed; and he did not like it, but he had to deal with pistols behind, where men feel weak, and he went bobbing on the saddle in dejection, as if upon his very heart he jogged, and soon the fray commenced. There was very little parleying between determined men.

Simon Fettle was a plain, kindly creature without a thought of malice, who kept his master's accounts. He fired the first shot at the foremost man, as he related in after days, "to reduce the odds." Kirby said to Countess Fanny, just to comfort her, never so much as imagining she would be afraid: "The worst will be a bloody shirt for Simon to mangle;" for they had been arranging to live cheaply in a cottage on the Continent, and Simon Fettle to do the washing. She could not help laughing outright. But when the Old Buccaneer was down striding in the battle, she took a pistol and descended likewise; and she used it, too, and loaded again.

She had not to use it a second time. Kirby pulled the gentleman off his horse, wounded in the thigh, and while dragging him to Countess Fanny to crave her pardon, a shot intended for Kirby hit the poor gentleman in the breast, and Kirby stretched him at his length, and Simon and he disarmed the servant who had fired. One was insensible, one flying, and those two on the ground. All in broad daylight; but so lonely is that spot nothing might have been heard of it, if at the end of the week the postilion, who had been bribed and threatened with terrible threats to keep his tongue from wagging, had not begun to talk. So the scene of the encounter was examined, and on one spot, carefully earthed over, blood-marks were discovered in the green sand. People in the huts on the hill-top a quarter of a mile distant spoke of having heard sounds of firing while they were at breakfast, and a little boy named Tommy Wedger said he saw a dead body go by in an open coach, that morning, all bloody and mournful. He had to appear before the magistrates, crying terribly, but did not know the nature of an oath, and was dismissed. Time came when the boy learned to swear, and he did, and that he had seen a beautiful lady firing and killing men like pigeons and partridges; but that was after Charles Dump, the postilion, had been telling the story.

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Those who credited Charles Dump's veracity speculated on dozens of great noblemen and gentlemen known to be dying in love with Countess Fanny. And this brings us to another family.

I do not say I know anything; I do but lay before you the evidence we have to fix suspicion upon a notorious character, perfectly capable of trying to thwart a man like Kirby, and with good reason to try, if she had bewitched him to a consuming passion, as we are told.

About eleven miles distant, as the crow flies and a bold huntsman will ride in the heath country, from the Punch-Bowl, right across the mounds and the broad water, lies the estate of the Fakenhams, who intermarried with the Coplestones of the iron-mines, and were the wealthiest of the old county-families until Curtis Fakenham entered upon his inheritance. Money with him was like the farm-wife's dish of grain she tosses in showers to her fowls. He was more than what you call a lady-killer, he was a woman-eater. His pride was in it as well as his taste, and when men are like that, indeed they are devourers!

Curtis was the elder brother of Commodore Baldwin Fakenham, whose offspring, like his own, were so strangely mixed up with Captain Kirby's children by Countess Fanny, as you will hear. And these two brothers were sons of Geoffrey Fakenham, celebrated for his devotion to the French Countess Jules d'Andreuze, or some such name, a courtly gentleman, who turned Papist on his death-bed in France, in Brittany somewhere, not to be separated from her in the next world, as he solemnly left word; wickedly, many think.

To show the oddness of things and how opposite to one another brothers may be, his elder, the uncle of Curtis and Baldwin, was the renowned old Admiral Fakenham, better known along our sea-coasts and ports among sailors as Old Showery, because of a remark he once made to his flag-captain when cannon-balls were coming thick on them in a hard-fought action. "Hot work, sir," his captain said. "Showery," replied the admiral, as his cocked-hat was knocked off by the wind of a cannon-ball. He lost both legs before the war was over, and said, merrily, "*Stumps for life!*" while they were carrying him below to the cockpit.

Well now, the Curtis Fakenham of Captain Kirby's day had a good deal of his uncle as well as his father in him—the spirit of one and the outside of the other—and favored or not, he had been distinguished among Countess Fanny's adorers; she certainly chose to be silent about the name of the assailant. And it has been attested on oath that two days and a night subsequent to the date furnished by Charles Dump, Curtis Fakenham was brought to his house, Hollis Grange, lame of a leg, with a shot in his breast that he carried to the family vault; and his head gamekeeper, John Wiltshire, a resolute fellow, was missing from that hour. Some said they had a quarrel, and Curtis was wounded and John Wiltshire killed. Curtis was known to have been extremely attached to the man. Yet when Wiltshire was inquired for, he let fall a word of "*having more of Wiltshire than was agreeable to Hampshire*"—his county. People asked what that meant. Yet, according to the tale, it was the surviving servant by whom he, or whoever it may have been, was accidentally shot.

We are in a perfect tangle. On the other hand, it was never denied that Curtis and John Wiltshire were in London together at the time of Countess Fanny's flight; and Curtis Fakenham was one of the procession of armed gentlemen conducting her in her carriage, as they supposed; and he was known to have started off, on the discovery of the cheat, with horrible imprecations against Frenchwomen. It became known, too, that horses of his were standing saddled in his inn-yard at midnight. And more, Charles Dump, the postilion, was taken secretly to set eyes on him as they wheeled him in his garden walk, and he vowed it was the identical gentleman. But this coming by and by to the ear of Curtis, he had Charles Dump fetched over to confront him; and then the man made oath that he had never seen Mr. Curtis Fakenham anywhere but there, in his own house at Hollis! One does not really know what to think of it!

This postilion made a small fortune.

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He was everywhere in request. People were never tired of asking him how he behaved while the fight was going on, and he always answered that he sat as close to his horse as he could, and did not dream of dismounting; for, he said, "*He was a figure on a horse and naught when off it.*" His repetition of the story, with some adornments, and that same remark, made him the popular man of the county; people said he might enter Parliament, and I think at one time it was possible. But a great success is full of temptations. After being hired at inns to fill them with his account of the battle, and tipped by travellers from London to show the spot, he set up for himself as innkeeper, and would have flourished, only he had contracted habits on his rounds, and he fell to contradicting himself, so that he came to be called *Lying Charley;* and the people of the county said it was "*he who drained the Punch-Bowl, for though he helped to put the capital into it, he took all the interest out of it.*"

Yet we have the doctor of the village of Ipley, Dr. Cawthorne, a noted botanist, assuring us of the absolute credibility of Charles Dump, whom he attended in the poor creature's last illness, when Charles Dump confessed he had lived in mortal terror of Squire Curtis, and had got the trick of lying through fear of telling the truth. Hence his ruin.

So he died delirious and contrite. Cawthorne, the great turfman, inherited a portrait of him from his father, the doctor. It was often the occasion of the story being told over again, and used to hang in the patients' reception-room, next to an oil-painting of the Punch-Bowl, an admired landscape picture by a local artist, highly toned and true to every particular of the scene, with the bright yellow road winding uphill, and the banks of brilliant purple heath, and a white thorn in bloom quite beautiful, and the green fir-trees, and the big Bowl, black as a caldron—indeed, a perfect feast of harmonious contrasts in colors.

And now you know how it is that the names of Captain Kirby and Curtis Fakenham are alive to the present moment in the district.

We lived a happy domestic life in those old coaching days, when county affairs and county people were the topics of firesides, and the country inclosed us, to make us feel snug in our own importance. My opinion is, that men and women grow to their dimensions only where such is the case. We had our alarms from the outside now and again, but we soon relapsed to dwell upon our private business and our pleasant little hopes and excitements; the courtships and the crosses and the scandals, the tea-parties and the dances, and how the morning looked after the stormy night had passed, and the coach coming down the hill with a box of news, and perhaps a curious passenger to drop at the inn. I do believe we had a liking for the very highwaymen, if they had any reputation for civility. What I call human events, things concerning you and me, instead of the deafening catastrophes now afflicting and taking all conversation out of us, had their natural interest then. We studied the face of each morning as it came, and speculated upon the secret of the thing it might have in store for us or our heroes and heroines; we thought of them more than of ourselves. Long after the adventures of the Punch-Bowl, our county was anxious about Countess Fanny and the Old Buccaneer, wondering where they were and whether they were prospering, whether they were just as much in love as ever, and which of them would bury the other, and what the foreign people abroad thought of that strange pair.

CHAPTER III

CONTINUATION OF THE INTRODUCTORY MEANDERINGS OF DAME GOSSIP, TOGETHER WITH HER SUDDEN EXTINCTION

I HAVE still time before me, according to the terms of my agreement with the person to whom I have, I fear foolishly, entrusted the letters and documents of a story surpassing ancient as well as modern in the wonderment it causes; that would make the law courts bless their hearts, judges no less than the barristers, to have it running through them

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day by day, with every particular to wrangle over, and many to serve as a text for the pulpit. So to proceed.

Charles Dump left a child, Mary Dump, who grew up to become lady's-maid to Livia Fakenham, daughter of Curtis, the Beauty of Hampshire, equalled by no one save her cousin, Henrietta Fakenham, the daughter of Commodore Baldwin; and they were two different kinds of beauties, not to be compared, and different were their fortunes; for this lady was likened to the sun going down on a cloudy noon, and that lady to the moon, riding through a stormy night. Livia was the young widow of Lord Duffield when she accepted the old Earl of Fleetwood, and was his third Countess, and again a widow at eight-and-twenty, and stepmother to young Crœsus, the Earl of Fleetwood of my story. Mary Dump testifies to her kindness of heart to her dependants. If we are to speak of goodness, I am afraid there are other witnesses.

I resent being warned that my time is short, and that I have wasted much of it over "the attractive Charles." What I have done I have done with a purpose, and it must be a story-teller devoid of the rudiments of his art who can complain of my dwelling on Charles Dump, for the world to have a pause and pin its faith to him, which it would not do to a grander person—that is, as a peg. Wonderful events, however true they are, must be attached to something common and familiar, to make them credible. Charles Dump, I say, is like a front-page picture to a history of those old, quiet, yet exciting days in England; and when once you have seized him the whole period is alive to you, as it was to me in the delicious dulness I loved, that made us thirsty to hear of adventures and able to enjoy to the utmost every thing occurring. The man is no more attractive to me than a lump of clay. How could he be? But supposing I took up the lump and told you that there where I found it, *that lump of clay had been rolled over and flung off by the left wheel of the prophet's chariot of fire before it mounted aloft and disappeared in the heavens above!*—you would examine it and cherish it, and have the scene present with you, you may be sure; and magnificent descriptions would not be one-half so persuasive. And that is what we call in my profession, Art, if you please.

So to continue. The Earl of Cressett fell from his coach-box in a fit, and died of it, a fortnight after the flight of his wife; and the people said she might as well have waited. Kirby and Countess Fanny were at Lucerne, or Lausanne, or some such place—they are so near upon alike in sound—in Switzerland when the news reached them, and Kirby, without losing an hour, laid hold of an English clergyman of the Established Church, and put him through the ceremony of celebrating his lawful union with the beautiful young creature he adored. And this he did, he said, for the world to guard his Fan in a wider circle than his two arms could compass, if not quite so well.

So the Old Buccaneer was ever after that her lawful husband, and as his wedded wife, not wedded to a fool, she was an example to her sex, like many another woman who has begun badly with a light-headed mate. It is hard enough for a man to be married to a fool, but a man is only half-cancelled by that burden, it has been said; whereas a woman finds herself on board a rudderless vessel, and often the desperate thing she does is to avoid perishing! Ten months, or eleven, some say, following the proclamation of the marriage-tie, a son was born to Countess Fanny, close by the castle of Chillon on the lake, and he had the name of Chillon Switzer John Kirby given to him to celebrate the fact. Two years later the girl was born, and for the reason of her first seeing the light in that Austrian province, she was christened Carinthia Jane. She was her old father's pet; but Countess Fanny gloried in the boy. She had fancied she would be a childless woman before he gave sign of coming; and they say she wrote a little volume of "Meditations in Prospect of Approaching Motherhood," for the guidance of others in a similar situation.

I have never been able to procure the book or pamphlet, but I know she was the best of mothers, and of wives too. And she, with her old husband, growing like a rose out of a weather beaten

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rock, proved she was that, among those handsome foreign officers poorly remarkable for their morals. Nor once had the Old Buccaneer to teach them a lesson. Think of it and you will know that her feet did not stray—nor did her pretty eyes. Her heart was too full for the cravings of vanity. Innocent ladies who get their husbands into scrapes, are innocent perhaps; but knock you next door in their bosoms, where the soul resides, and ask for information of how innocence and uncleanness may go together. Kirby purchased a mine in Carinthia, on the borders of Styria, and worked it himself. His native land displeased him, so that he would not have been unwilling to see Chillon enter the Austrian service, which the young man was inclined for, subsequent to his return to his parents from one of the English public schools, notwithstanding his passionate love for Old England. But Lord Levellier explained the mystery in a letter to his half-forgiven sister, praising the boy for his defence of his mother's name at the school, where a big brutal fellow sneered at her, and Chillon challenged him to sword or pistol; and then he walked down to the boy's home in Staffordshire to force him to fight; and the father of the boy made him offer an apology. That was not much balm to Master Chillon's wound. He returned to his mother quite heavy, unlike a young man; and the unhappy lady, though she knew him to be bitterly sensitive on the point of honor, and especially as to everything relating to her, saw herself compelled to tell him the history of her life, to save him, as she thought, from these chivalrous vindications of her good name. She may have even painted herself worse than she was, both to excuse her brother's miserliness to her son and the world's evil speaking of her. Wisely or not, she chose this course devotedly to protect him from the perils she foresaw in connection with the name of the once famous Countess Fanny in the British Isles. And thus are we stricken by the days of our youth. It is impossible to moralize conveniently when one is being hurried by a person at one's elbow.

So the young man heard his mother out and kissed her, and then he went secretly to Vienna and enlisted and served for a year as a private in the regiment of hussars called, my papers tell me, Liechtenstein, and what with his good conduct and the help of Kirby's friends, he would have obtained a commission from the Emperor, when, at the right moment to keep a sprig of Kirby's growth for his country, Lord Levellier sent word that he was down for a cornetcy in a British regiment of dragoons. Chillon came home from a garrison town, and there was a consultation about his future career. Shall it be England? Shall it be Austria? Countess Fanny's voice was for England, and she carried the vote, knowing though she did that it signified separation, and it might be alienation—where her son would chance to hear things he could not refute. She believed that her son by such a man as Kirby would be of use to his country, and her voice, against herself, was for England.

It broke her heart. If she failed to receive the regular letter, she pined and was disconsolate. He has heard more of me! was in her mind. Her husband sat looking at her with his old, large, gray, glassy eyes. You would have fancied him awaiting her death as the signal for his own release. But she, poor mother, behind her weeping lids beheld her son's filial love of her wounded and bleeding. When there was anything to be done for her, old Kirby was astir. When it was nothing, either in physic or assistance, he was like a great corner of rock. You may indeed imagine grief in the very rock that sees its flower fading to the withered shred. On the last night of her life this old man of past ninety carried her in his arms up a flight of stairs to her bed.

A week after her burial Kirby was found a corpse in the mountain forest. His having called the death of his darling his lightning-stroke must have been the origin of the report that he died of lightning. He touched not a morsel of food from the hour of the dropping of the sod on her coffin of ebony wood. An old crust of their mahogany bread, supposed at first to be a specimen of quartz, was found in one of his coat pockets. He kissed his

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girl Carinthia before going out on his last journey from home, and spoke some wandering words. The mine had not been worked for a year. She thought she would find him at the mouth of the shaft, where he would sometimes be sitting and staring, already dead at heart with the death he saw coming to the beloved woman. They had to let her down with ropes, that she might satisfy herself he was not below. She and her great dog and a faithful manservant discovered the body in the forest. Chillon arrived from England to see the common grave of both his parents.

And now good-by to sorrow for a while. Keep your tears for the living. And first I am going to describe to you the young Earl of Fleetwood, son of the strange Welsh lady, the richest nobleman of his time, and how he pursued and shunned the lady who had fascinated him, Henrietta the daughter of Commodore Baldwin Fakenham; and how he met Carinthia Jane; and concerning that lovely Henrietta and Chillon Kirby-Levellier; and of the young poet of ordinary parentage, and the giant Captain Abrane, and Livia the widowed Countess of Fleetwood, Henrietta's cousin, daughter of Curtis Fakenham, and numbers of others; Lord Levellier, Lord Brailstone, Lord Simon Pitscrew, Chumley Potts, young Ambrose Mallerd, and the English pugilist, such a man of honor though he drank; and the adventures of Madge, Carinthia Jane's maid. Just a few touches. And then the marriage dividing Great Britain into halves, taking sides. After that, I trust you may go on as I would (say you) were we all twenty years younger, had I but sooner been in possession of these treasured papers. I promise you excitement enough, if justice is done to them. But I must and will describe the wedding. This young Earl of Fleetwood, you should know, was a very powder-magazine of ambition, and never would he break his word: which is right, if we are properly careful; and so he. . . .

She ceases. According to the terms of the treaty the venerable lady's time has passed. An extinguisher descends on her, giving her the likeness of one under condemnation of the Most Holy Inquisition, in the ranks of an auto da fé: and singularly resembling that victim at the first sharp bite of the flames she will be when she hears the version of her story.

CHAPTER IV

MORNING AND FAREWELL TO AN OLD HOME

BROTHER and sister were about to leave the mountain-land for England. They had not gone to bed overnight, and from the windows of their deserted home, a little before dawn, they saw the dwindled moon, a late riser, break through droves of hunted cloud, directly topping their ancient guardian height, the triple peak and giant of the range, friendlier in his name than in aspect for the two young people clinging to the scene they were to quit. His name recalled old days—the apparition of his head among the heavens drummed on their sense of banishment.

To the girl this parting was a division of her life, and the dawn held the sword. She felt herself midswing across a gulf that was the grave of one half, without a light of promise for the other. Her passionate excess of attachment to her buried home robbed the future of any colors it might have worn to bid a young heart quicken. And England, though she was of British blood, was a foreign place to her, not alluring; her brother had twice come out of England reserved in speech; her mother's talk of England had been unhappy; her father had suffered ill-treatment there from a brutal institution termed the Admiralty, and had never regretted the not seeing England again. The thought that she was bound thitherward enfolded her like a frosty mist. But these bare walls, these loud floors, chill rooms, dull windows, and the vault-sounding of the ghostly house, everywhere the absence of the faces in the house, told her she had no choice, she must go. The appearance of her old friend the towering mountain-height, up a blue night-sky, compelled her swift mind to see herself

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far away, yearning to him out of exile, an exile that had no local features; she would not imagine them to give a centre of warmth, her wilful grief preferred the blank. It resembled death in seeming some hollowness behind a shroud, which we shudder at.

The room was lighted by a stable-lantern on a kitchen-table. Their seat near the window was a rickety garden-bench rejected in the headlong sale of the furniture; and when she rose, unable to continue motionless while the hosts of illuminated cloud flew fast, she had to warn her brother to preserve his balance. He tacitly did so, aware of the necessity.

She walked up and down the long seven-windowed saloon, haunted by her footfall, trying to think, chafing at his quietness and acknowledging that he did well to be quiet. They had finished their packing of boxes and of wearing apparel for the journey. There was nothing to think of, nothing further to talk of, nothing for her to do save to sit and look, and deaden her throbs by counting them. She soon returned to her seat beside her brother, with the marvel in her breast that the house she desired so much to love should be cold and repel her now it was a vacant shell. Her memories could not hang within it anywhere. She shut her eyes to be with the images of the dead, conceiving the method as her brother's happy secret, and imitated his posture, elbows propped on knees to support the chin. His quietness breathed of a deeper love than her own.

Meanwhile the high wind had sunk; the moon, after pushing up her withered half to the zenith, was climbing the dusky edge, revealed fitfully; threads and wisps of thin vapor travelled along a falling gale, and branched from the dome of the sky in migratory broken lines, like wild birds shifting the order of flight, north and east, where the dawn sat in a web, but as yet had done no more than shoot up a glow along the central heavens, in amid the waves of deepened cloud—a mirror for night to see her dark self in her own hue. A shiver between the silent couple pricked their wits, and she said: "Chillon, shall we run out and call the morning?"

It was an old game of theirs, encouraged by their hearty father, to be out in the early hour on a rise of ground near the house and "call the morning." Her brother was glad of the challenge, and upon one of the yawns following a sleepless night, replied, with a return to boyishness: "Yes, if you like. It's the last time we shall do her the service here. Let's go."

They sprang up together and the bench fell behind them. Swinging the lantern he carried inconsiderately, the ring of it was left on his finger, and the end of candle rolled out of the crazy frame to the floor and was extinguished. Chillon had no match-box. He said to her:

"What do you think of the window? we've done it before, Carin. Better than groping down stairs and passages blocked with lumber."

"I'm ready," she said, and caught at her skirts by instinct to prove her readiness on the spot.

A drop of a dozen feet or so from the French window to a flower-bed was not very difficult. Her father had taught her how to jump, besides the how of many other practical things. She leapt as lightly as her brother, never touching earth with her hands; and rising from the proper contraction of the legs in taking the descent, she quoted her father: "*Mean it when you're doing it.*"

"—*For no enemy's shot is equal to a weak heart in the act,*" Chillon pursued the quotation, laying his hand on her shoulder for a sign of approval. She looked up at him.

They passed down the garden and a sloping meadow to a brook swollen by heavy rains; over the brook on a narrow plank, and up a steep and stony pathway, almost a water-course between rocks, to another meadow, level with the house, that led ascending through a firwood; and there the change to thicker darkness told them light was abroad, though whether of the clouded moon or the first gray of the quiet revolution was uncertain. Metallic light of a subterranean realm, it might have been thought.

"You remember everything of father," Carinthia said.

"We both do," said Chillon.

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She pressed her brother's arm. "We will. We will never forget anything."

Beyond the fir-wood light was visibly the dawn's. Halfway down the ravines it resembled the light cast off a torrent water. It lay on the grass like a sheet of unreflecting steel, and was a face without a smile above. Their childhood ran along the tracks to the forest by the light, which was neither dim nor cold, but grave, presenting tree and shrub and dwarfed growth and grass austerely, not deepening or confusing them. They wound their way by borders of crag, seeing in a dell below the mouth of the idle mine begirt with weedy and shrub-hung rock, a dripping semicircle. Farther up they came on the flat juniper and crossed a wet ground-thicket of the whortleberry; their feet were in moist moss among sprigs of heath, and a great fir-tree stretched his length, a peeled multitude of his dead fellows leaned and stood upright in the midst of scattered fire-stained members, and through their skeleton limbs the sheer precipice of slate-rock of the bulk across the chasm, nursery of hawk and eagle, wore a thin blue tinge, the sign of warmer light abroad.

"This way, my brother!" cried Carinthia, shuddering at a path he was about to follow.

Dawn in the mountain-land is a meeting of many friends. The pinnacle, the forest-head, the latchen-tufted mound, rock bastion and defiant cliff, and giant of the triple peak, were in view, clearly lined for a common recognition, but all were figures of solid gloom, unfeatured and bloomless. Another minute and they had flung off their mail and changed to various indented, intricate, succinct in ridge, scar, and channel; and they had all a look of watchfulness that made them one company. The smell of rock-waters and roots of herb and moss grew keen; air became a wine that raised the breast high to breathe it; an uplifting coolness pervaded the heights. What wonder that the mountain-bred girl should let fly her voice. The natural carol woke an echo. She did not repeat it.

"And we will not forget our home, Chillon," she said, touching him gently to comfort some saddened feeling.

The plumes of cloud now slowly entered into the lofty arch of dawn and melted from brown to purple-black. The upper sky swam with violet; and in a moment each stray cloud-feather was edged with rose, and then suffused. It seemed that the heights fronted east to eye the interflooding of colors, and it was imaginable that all turned to the giant whose forehead first kindled to the sun—a greeting of god and king.

On the morning of a farewell we fluctuate sharply between the very distant and the close and homely; and even in memory the fluctuation recurs, the grandest scene casting us back on the modestly nestling, and that, when it has refreshed us, conjuring imagination to embrace the splendor and wonder. But the wrench of an immediate division from what we love makes the things within reach the dearest, we put out our hands for them, as violently parted lovers do, though the soul in days to come would know a craving and imagination flap a leaden wing if we had not looked beyond them.

"Shall we go down?" said Carinthia, for she knew a little cascade near the house, showering on rock and fern, and longed to have it round her.

They descended, Chillon saying that they would soon have the mists rising, and must not delay to start on their journey.

The armies of the young sunrise in mountain-lands neighboring the plains, vast shadows, were marching over woods and meads, black against the edge of golden; and great heights were cut with them, and bounding waters took the leap in a silvery radiance to gloom; the bright and dark-banded valleys were like night and morning taking hands down the sweep of their rivers. Immense was the range of vision scudding the peaks and over the illimitable eastward plains flat to the very East and sources of the sun.

Carinthia said: "When I marry I shall come here to live and die."

Her brother glanced at her. He was fond of her, and personally he liked her face, but such a confident anticipation of marriage on the part of a portionless girl set him thinking of the character of her charms and the attraction they

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would present to the world of men. They were expressive enough; at times he had thought them marvellous in their clear cut of the animating mind. No one could fancy her handsome; and just now her hair was in some disorder, a night without sleep had an effect on her complexion.

"It's not usually the wife who decides where to live," said he.

Her ideas were anywhere but with the dream of a husband. "Could we stay—on another day?"

"My dear girl! Another night on that crazy stool! Besides Mariandl is bound to go to-day to her new place, and who's to cook for us? Do you propose fasting as well as watching?"

"Could I cook?" she asked him, humbly.

"No, you couldn't; not for a starving regiment! Your accomplishments are of a different sort. No, it's better to get over the pain at once, if we can't escape it."

"That I think too," said she, "and we should have to buy provisions. Then, brother, instantly after breakfast. Only, let us walk it. I know the whole way, and it is not more than a two days' walk for you and me. Consent. Driving would be like going gladly. I could never bear to remember that I was driven away. And walking will save money; we are not rich, you tell me, brother."

"A few florins more or less!" he rejoined, rather frowning. "You have good Styrian boots, I see. But I want to be over at the Baths there soon; not later than to-morrow."

"But, brother, if they know we are coming they will wait for us. And we can be there to-morrow night or the next morning!"

He considered it. He wanted exercise and loved this mountain-land; his inclinations melted into hers, though he had reasons for hesitating. "Well, we'll send on my portmanteau and your boxes in the cart; we'll walk it. You're a capital walker, you're a gallant comrade: I wouldn't wish for a better." He wondered, as he spoke, whether any true-hearted gentleman besides himself would ever think the same of this lonely girl.

Her eyes looked a delighted "No—really?" for the sweetest on earth to her was to be prized by her brother.

She hastened forward: "We will go down and have our last meal at home," she said in the dialect of the country. "We have five eggs; no meat for you, dear; but enough bread and butter, some honey left, and plenty of coffee. I should like to have left old Mariandl more, but we are unable to do very much for poor people now. Milk, I cannot say. She is just the kind soul to be up and out to fetch us milk for an early first breakfast; but she may have overslept herself."

Chillon smiled. "You were right, Janey, about not going to bed last night; we might have missed the morning."

"I hate sleep; I hate anything that robs me of my will," she replied.

"You'd be glad of your doses of sleep if you had to work and study."

"To fall down by the wayside tired out—yes, brother, a dead sleep is good. Then you are in the hands of God. Father used to say four hours for a man, six for a woman."

"And four-and-twenty for a lord," added Chillon; "I remember."

"A Lord of that Admiralty," she appealed to his closer recollection. "But I mean, brother, dreaming is what I detest so."

"Don't be detesting, my dear; reserve your strength," said he. "I suppose dreams are of some use now and then."

"I shall never think them useful."

"When we can't get what we want, my good Carin!"

"Then we should not waste ourselves in dreams."

"They promise falsely sometimes. That's no reason why we should reject the consolation when we can't get what we want, my little sister."

"I would not be denied."

"There's the impossible."

"Not for you, brother."

Perhaps a half minute after she had spoken, he said, pursuing a dialogue within himself aloud rather than revealing a secret: "You don't know her position."

Carinthia's heart stopped beating.

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Who was this person suddenly conjured up?

She fancied she might not have heard correctly; she feared to ask; and yet she perceived a novel softness in him that would have answered. Pain of an unknown kind made her love of her brother conscious that if she asked she would suffer greater pain.

The house was in sight; a long white building with blinds down at some of the windows, and some wide open, some showing unclean glass; the three aspects and signs of a house's emptiness when they are seen together.

Carinthia remarked on their having met nobody. It had a serious meaning for them. Formerly they were proud of outstripping the busy population of the mine, coming down on them with wild wavings and shouts at sunrise. They felt the death again, a whole field laid low by one stroke, and wintriness in the season of glad life. A wind had blown and all had vanished.

The second green of the year shot lively sparkles off the meadows, from a fringe of colored globelets to a warm silver lake of dews. The fir-wood was already breathing rich and sweet in the sun.

The half-moon fell rayless and paler than the fan of fleeces pushed up westward, high overhead, themselves dispersing on the blue in downy feathers, like the mottled gray of an eagle's breast; the smaller of them bluish, like traces of the beaked wood-pigeon.

She looked above, then below on the slim and straight-grown flocks of naked purple crocuses in bud and blow abounding over the meadow that rolled to the level of the house, and two of these she gathered.

(To be continued.)

THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN PARTIES

By Noah Brooks

THE student of American politics must needs notice the great influence which questions growing out of our foreign relations exerted in the political affairs of the young republic. After we had achieved our independence and were yet struggling to get upon our feet, political parties were divided, not only by the question of the adoption or rejection of the newly framed Constitution, but by their friendship or their hostility for certain foreign nations with whom we were forced to have more or less close political and commercial relations. Indeed, there was a time when the Federalists were stigmatized as being pro-English, and the Antifederalists were "more French than the Frenchmen," although not a man among them could speak a word of the French language.

From the end of the Revolution to the beginning of Andrew Jackson's administration, let us say, foreign questions cut a bigger figure in our domestic politics than they ever have since, although the primary development of parties was along the lines of the debate that sprung up as soon as the new Constitution was submitted to the several States for approval. The names of Whig and Tory, so freely bandied during and immediately after the War for Independence, lost their significance when the war was over and the Cowboys had been hanged and the more pestilent of the Tories had been expelled from the country whose successful rebellion had disappointed their hopes. Before we rail at the Antifederalists for their lack of patriotism in opposing the adoption of the "Gilded Trap," or "New Roof," as they called the present palladium of our liberties, we should recall the fact that that wonderful instrument was as yet an experi-

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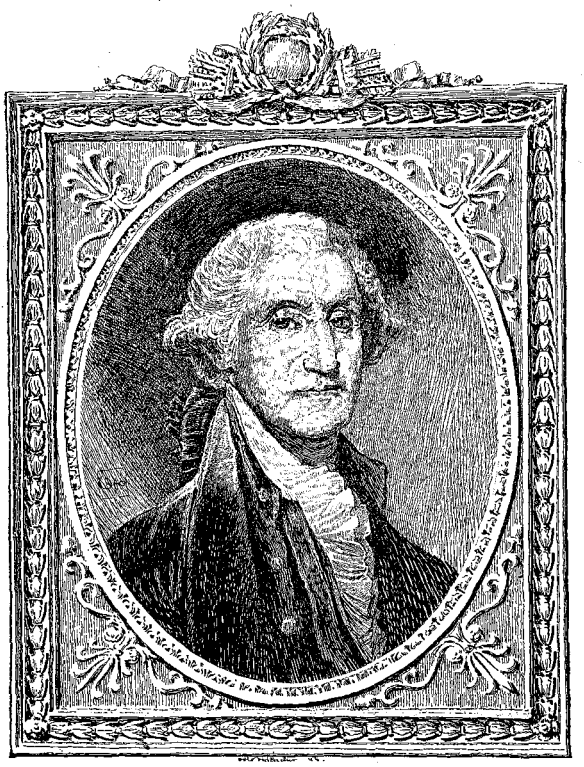
ment, and the system of government proposed under it was a novelty upon the face of the earth.

With that delightful independence of judgment which is one of the legitimate characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, our forefathers, the founders of the republic, insisted that the new Constitution was a thing of shreds and patches and would be the fruitful source of abuses; or they extolled it as the sum of human wisdom and the only rock of salvation. It is not certain that the papers now known as "The Federalist" (the larger number of which were written by Alexander Hamilton for the purpose of convincing men that the new Constitution was worthy of adoption) were greatly influential in securing the end for which they were written; but those papers, if they did not convince the Antifederalists, have survived unto this day to interpret for us the Federal Constitution. They were chiefly written by men who helped to frame the fundamental law of the republic.



George Washington.
From a picture, by Gilbert Stuart. (The Gibbs Portrait.)

When the Federal Constitution had been finally adopted, party lines were drawn between those who favored a strict construction of its provisions and a large predominance for the reserved rights of the States, and those who looked for a loose, or liberal, construction of that instrument and a somewhat centralized national government. The Antifederalists would have said, "The United States are," and the Federalists would have used the form, "The United States is." Alexander Hamilton was the leader of the Federalists. Thomas Jefferson became the chief, the apostle of the party opposed to a strong and centralized government. Both of these men, so unalterably differing with each other's views, were members of Washington's cabinet. In like manner, Lincoln, in later years, framed his cabinet to include non-assimilable elements and called his council "The Happy Family."

But the time came when Hamilton, with his talent for management, was able to secure the aid of Jefferson in his famous "log-rolling" scheme by which his own darling financial projects were accepted by Congress; Jefferson's friends voted for those propositions in return for the location of the national capital on the banks of the Potomac. Congressmen of a later day and generation, who exchange votes as pioneer American builders "changed work," may console themselves with the reflection that the pioneers of American politics did precisely the same thing when "log-rolling" was one of the first inventions in Congress.

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Later on, it was the Federalists who were most forward in plans and schemes for building the capital by such aids as lotteries and loans; and it was the business of the Antifederalists to cry out "why did a Government loaded down with a debt of seventy millions plunge the citizens into this bottomless pit of lotteries and architecture?" In the intemperate language of the time, it was openly charged that votes were influenced in Congress by the holding of certificates of indebtedness made valuable by the funding bill of Hamilton; and much of the political talk of the time, whether Federalist or Antifederalist, resembled that of our own day, although it was certainly more acrimonious and uncharitable than anything that the present generation has ever known. Even so elegant a gentleman and sincere a patriot as William Maclay, then a senator from Pennsylvania, stanch Antifederalist that he was, could set down in his diary that he considered President Washington to be "playing a game" in what he regarded as a disreputable business; and Maclay, working himself up to a high pitch of indignation, finally declared that "the President has become, in the hands of Hamilton, the dishclout of every dirty speculation, as his name goes to wipe away blame and silence all murmuring."

Federalists and Antifederalists divided again, naturally enough, on the propositions to levy an excise on certain articles of domestic production and to establish a National Bank. The necessity of collecting a tariff on foreign goods imported was early recognized; and when James Madison introduced in the First Congress the first tariff bill, the commotion that ensued was not so much caused by opposition to the measure as by those "shrieks of locality" which have never since ceased in the National Congress. Although there was some difference of opinion among the statesmen of the time as to the expediency of framing the Impost Bill so as to protect American manufactures, the "claims" of the States for favors to be granted by the bill made more noise than all the other causes of the hot debate combined. Hamilton's famous report on manufactures, then sent to Congress, was the first argument in favor of the policy of protection, and is still entitled to respect in these later days. And it is fair to say that the chief opposition to the protective principle and to the Impost Bill came from men who hated Hamilton because they hated a Federalist.

Nor was the charge that men vote in Congress in a way to subserve their own private interests left to be invented by those who, in this year of grace, take this means to harass their political foes. While the Impost Bill was pending in Congress, it was alleged that sundry members hindered its progress in order that importers might hurry in their dutiable cargoes; and the good Maclay records his suspicion, well-nigh belief, that one of his own colleagues in the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress was doing his best to hinder the passage of the bill in order that his own Indiamen might get in with their cargoes before the tariff should become operative.

Again, in 1791, when Hamilton proposed his scheme for a National Bank, party fury ran high over domestic questions. Once more the extent of the Federal powers and the expediency of their exercise was debated with great heat and acrimony. This was not a national banking system that was planned, but a bank which should be the financial agent of the Government. The Federalists, regarding the collection of the revenues as one of the necessary functions of the Government, urged that Congress might constitutionally charter a bank for that purpose; and the Antifederalists, while they were willing to admit that such a bank would be a great public convenience, insisted that it was not absolutely needed; and therefore, they said, it would not be lawful. This subtle hair-splitting, sophistical though it may appear, really opened a conflict of opinion which lasted for more than a half-century, and, during the administration of Andrew Jackson, raged with prodigious heat. Nevertheless, although the National Bank issue was fought over with a closer and yet closer drawing of the lines of Federalist and Antifederalist,

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it was evident that the time had come for the choice of a new name for the party in opposition. The Constitution having been adopted, and all of Hamilton's financial projects having been carried, the questions that had agitated the strict constructionists and the loose constructionists were in a fair way to a settlement that might be regarded as permanent. New issues demanded a new title for the party.

Jefferson, returning from a long sojourn in France, and deeply imbued with the most fantastic and radical notions of democracy and the rights of men, had been rewarded with a place in the cabinet; the French Revolution had rolled to its highest tide the theory and practice of popular government; and, now that domestic questions were not so imminent, the American people were invited to consider their relations to the struggles of other nations for liberty and equality. Sympathizing with the French in their hottest republican excesses and hating the English with virulence, Jefferson gave the party of which he became the acknowledged head the name of Democratic-Republican. The first member of this compound title was soon dropped, and we must hereafter know the Antifederalists as Republicans. Before this, however, rival factions in Pennsylvania were known as Constitutionalists and Republicans.

John Adams.

From a copy by Jane Stuart, about 1874, of a painting by her father, Gilbert Stuart, about 1800—in the possession of Henry Adams.

Heretofore the Antifederalists had been divided into several separate squads. Now, under Jefferson's management, they were welded into one homogeneous mass, and although the Federalists had managed, while their adversaries were not united, to get possession of and hold both branches of Congress, the Federal Judiciary, and most of the State Legislatures, the newly baptized Republican party was being organized for victory. Washington was first called to the chair by acclamation. Before his second election came on, party divisions began to show themselves in his cabinet, and the Arcadian simplicity of American politics forever disappeared. Henceforth there was to be no unanimity in anything that could be lugged into politics; a readiness to make "a live issue" of everything possible replaced the patriotic unity that had held the people together while they had been threatened by the total destruction of their liberties. Political parties were born.

The quarrels of Jefferson and Hamilton, grievous as they were to their illustrious chief, were the natural result of this new formation of parties. Personally antagonized although the two cab-

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inet officers had been ("pitted against each other like game-cocks," Jefferson had said), their separation on party lines was logical and inevitable. It was lamentable that one of the first evidences of party development was seen in the wicked and mendacious attacks upon the personal character of Washington, who was a Federalist although he did not appear to have known it. At first these attacks were oblique. Vice-President John Adams, who was a candidate for re-election when the time for another election drew near, was roundly abused for his coldness, his hauteur, his aristocratic equipage and monarchical tendencies, and his stately affectations. Many Antifederalists privately said that all this was true of Washington. And the violent language applied by these men to Hamilton, Washington's favorite and nearest friend, were disguised assaults upon the illustrious First President.

But notwithstanding these partisan differences, no name but that of Washington was mentioned when the presidential succession was under discussion. And now, for the first time, Congress busied itself with laws regulating the method of collecting and counting the votes of the Presidential Electors. As yet there were no formal nominations, no political conventions, no caucuses in Congress, no campaign committees, and, above all, no windy political platforms, nor, indeed, platforms of any kind. Both parties being agreed upon the nomination of Washington, they divided upon the nominations for Vice-President. The Republicans would have supported Jefferson for Vice-President; but the Constitution forbade the selection of President and Vice-President from the same State, and, forsaking the great supply of "presidential timber" which the Mother of Presidents was ready to furnish, they named George Clinton, of New York; the Federalists adhered to John Adams. It was a curiously free-and-easy method, that by which the Presidential Electors were chosen. The theory of an election by a free choice of the Electoral College was still maintained; not a man of the whole number of electors was pledged to vote for any specified candidate. Nor was it required of them that they should indicate their choice for President and Vice-President. Each was to cast his ballot for two men; and the man who stood at the top of the poll was to be President; the next below him was to be Vice-President. The manner of choosing electors in the several States was various; they were chosen by the people, or by the legislatures; on a general ticket, or by voters in districts; or by

Aaron Burr.

From a picture by Vanderlyn at the New York Historical Society.

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combination of these several methods, as wisdom and whim might dictate. In many of the States, perhaps in most of them, the people really had nothing to do with the selection of the Presidential Electors except so far as their voice was heard through the few newspapers of the time.

Alexander Hamilton.
From a picture by Trumbull, about 1804, in the New York City Hall.

The second national election took place in November, 1792, and the canvass of the votes of the Presidential Electors, which was had in February of the following year, showed that every one of them (and there were one hundred and thirty-two), had voted for George Washington. In the election for Vice-President the Federalists triumphed. John Adams had seventy-seven votes; George Clinton, fifty; Thomas Jefferson, four; and Aaron Burr one. The election returns came in from the States with exceeding slowness. Although the general result was early known, the vote of Kentucky was not heard from until January, 1793.

This election over, the attention of the American people was once more diverted to foreign matters and to the effect which was produced upon their own politics by commotions on the other side of the Atlantic. The sympathy which Federalists had at first felt for the French Republicans had visibly cooled during the mad Saturnalia that prevailed after the execution of Louis XVI.; but that of the American Republicans had now risen to a fever heat. In all the chief centres of population there was manifested something like a rage for whatever was French, and, more especially, for whatever was suggestive of the prevailing temper of the French people. Whatever was distasteful to the Parisian Reds was hateful to American Republicans; and, if we may judge by the universality of this popular craze, the Republicans were now in a majority. Men and women were called "Citizen" and "Citess," and every fantastic notion of the mob that ruled Paris was taken up here and adopted with glad acclaim as eminently fit and proper for the usage of the citizens of the American republic.

When France declared war against England, Spain, and Holland, the excitement of the Republicans knew no bounds; their hated enemy, England, was now to be swept from the seas, and Washington's proclamation of neutrality was the signal for the outburst of a long-slumbering magazine of hatred and discontent. The extraordinary performances of Citizen Genet, the newly arrived French Minister, in 1793, added fuel to the flames. Jefferson, who was still Secretary of State, was doubtless greatly disconcerted by the indiscre-

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tions of Genet, who appeared to regard the United States as a French province, and who commissioned privateers, established prize-courts, issued proclamations, and appealed to the people of the United States as if an ambassador of the French republic were not obliged to recognize the National Government unless he chose.

All these amazing proceedings of Genet were warmly approved by the extreme Republicans, but Jefferson, however he may have secretly sympathized with the audacious stranger, was obliged to warn him that his conduct was not to be tolerated. The surprised Minister was recalled by his Government, at the request of President Washington, and that incident was at least temporarily closed. But we may charge to the account of the prevailing temper of the American people at that time the fact that the Republicans had a small majority in the House of Representatives when the Third Congress met in December, 1793, although there was an unattached political contingent in the House holding a balance of power sufficiently solid to act as a check upon the larger faction.

During the Third Congress many bitter fights raged over such questions as State rights, internal revenue taxation, the tariff, and trade with foreign countries. Out of the enforcement of the internal revenue tax grew the Whiskey Rebellion; several of the western counties of Pennsylvania declared that they would not pay the excise dues, stoned and otherwise maltreated the agents of the National Government, very much as the "moonshiners" of a later day have done, and finally rose in open revolt against all lawfully constituted authority. The publication of the Jay Treaty furnished another pretext for the rampant attitude of the Republicans, who, by this time, had acquired a habit of railing against everything that was done by the administration of Washington. Jay's treaty with England, while it did not provide for the removal of all the causes of popular complaint, did make provision for a more enlarged foreign trade for the young republic, and was eventually ratified by the Senate. It is interesting to note the asperity with which the House of Representatives, spurred on by the Republicans, claimed some share in the business of treaty-making, if not in the actual ratification of the same. The contention of the malcontents was that the House ought at least to be allowed to discuss the provisions of treaties proposed.

Democratic societies, which were really clubs of Jeffersonian Republicans, sprung up all over the country, and were denounced for their alleged relations to the Jacobins of France. These, in the absence of political platforms (as yet unknown), passed resolutions denouncing the excise tax, praising Genet and his successors in this country, condemning neutrality, assailing the Administration with virulence, and abusing the President in good set terms. The reptile press, managed by such creatures as Philip Freneau and Benjamin Franklin Bache, teemed with the most indecent assaults on the character of Washington, who was called "the Stepfather of His Country," accused of incompetency during the war, and of a later embezzlement of the public funds; and he was even actually threatened with impeachment and assassination. It is not creditable to the candor of Jefferson that one of these slanderers was kept in the employment of the Government under his administration of the State Department, while thus brutally assailing the character of Washington. The Secretary of State has set down in his diary the fact that Washington, having vented his indignation against Freneau, gave Jefferson the impression that he was about to ask that the man be discharged from the public service. "I will not," added the faithful Secretary to his record of the implied request of the President.

When Washington, sickened of public life by attacks which, as he said, were "in terms so exaggerated and indecent as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket," had retired to private life, refusing a third term of the Presidency, the first national election that was conducted on strictly political lines had come on. No platforms were framed, no conventions held,

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and no primaries organized. But the articles of faith of each of the two great political parties were by this time clearly formulated and understood. As for candidates, it was in like manner well understood that Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr were the choice of the Republicans for President and Vice-President, and that the Federalists would vote for John Adams and Thomas Pinckney, respectively, to fill those offices. The canvass of Jefferson gave occasion for the first direct foreign interference with our domestic politics. The French Minister, M. Adet, having taken a hand in the pending canvass, gradually wrought himself up to the point of informing the free and independent voters of the United States that the defeat of his friend Jefferson would be regarded by France as a possible cause of war. This finished Mr. Jefferson for the time. When the electoral votes were counted (in February, 1797), John Adams had seventy-one, Thomas Jefferson sixty-eight, Thomas Pinckney fifty-nine, and Aaron Burr thirty. The Federalists had elected their candidate; but, under the operation of the curious method prevailing, the Republican candidate for President had been chosen Vice-President. Fisher Ames, in a letter written at this time, prophesied that "the two Presidents would jostle and conflict" for four years, and then the Vice would become chief. This was exactly what happened.

Thomas Jefferson.

From a study by Gilbert Stuart—from Monticello.

Now the property of T. Jefferson Coolidge. It is considered the best picture extant.

Foreign affairs furnished the chief causes that led to the downfall of the Federal party, and the elevation of the Republicans to power. The French Directory, as if in execution of the threat implied in M. Adet's electioneering letter in behalf of Jefferson, insulted the American republic with deliberation and most exasperating detail. Our envoy to France was treated with contempt, and even contumely, and when three special agents were sent to smooth matters over, if possible, they were not only insulted, but were told that they must bribe the Directory, and that the United States Government must lend money to the Government, if amicable relations between the two republics were to continue longer.

So deeply infatuated were a portion of our people with French Republicanism that even the shameful treatment of the American envoys in France had been insufficient to rouse their spirit; but when the famous "X Y Z" letters were published, and the audacious proposals of bribery and blackmail were fastened upon the French Directory,

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the fierceness of the outburst in this country for a time dismayed even the most ultra of the Republicans and brought to the ranks of the exulting Federalists many voters who had heretofore acted with their adversaries. French hostility had become more and more patent, and the war spirit flamed out in Congress and all over the country. The Republicans, whose distinctive badge had been the tricolored cockade, were silenced, while the people shouted the newest slogan, "Millions for defence; not one cent for tribute." This war-cry, stamped on copper cents or tokens, and emblazoned in every possible way in every section of the republic, was the American answer to the insulting demand of the French; and under the influence of this new demonstration of a distinctively American spirit of patriotism, the Federalists carried themselves with a high front.

This was the cause of their ruin. In the flush of their victory over the Republicans, and with a good working majority in both branches of Congress, they passed the famous Alien and Sedition Laws. The first of these, enacted in June, 1798, authorized the President to expel from the United States any alien whom he should judge to be dangerous to the liberties of the country; and the second law, passed in July of that year, imposed fines and imprisonment upon any who should combine to oppose any measure of the Government, or should utter a false, malicious, or scandalous writing against the members of the Government of the United States. The fact that these two laws, embodying as they did the extremest principles of the Federalist creed, and lodging in the hands of the Executive enormous power over the persons of alien residents, were placed on the statute-books for a specified term of years (to remain until March 3, 1801), added to their odiousness and immediate unpopularity. The dictatorial policy pursued toward the United States by the French Government, and the firm and patriotic stand taken by the Adams administration were enough, one would suppose, to have fortified the Federalists in power for years to come; but the enactment of the Alien and Sedition Laws was naturally regarded by the Republicans as a stretch of power not justified by the Constitution and aimed at them and their allies. To the slogan "Millions for defence" now succeeded "Save liberty of speech" and "Defend the freedom of the press." For many a year afterward these two cries were terrible in the ears of the Federalists.

Burning in effigy was one of the favorite devices of angry patriots in these days. When Chief-Justice Jay had negotiated the famous treaty with England that bore his name, he was burned in effigy and lampooned from one end of the republic to the other. Even before the text of the treaty was made public, the Chief-Justice was pilloried and burned in effigy by indignant Philadelphians, who ransacked Juvenal, Ovid, and Virgil for classical epithets wherewith to garnish the ragged image of the man whom they execrated. Although the passage of the obnoxious Alien and Sedition Laws greatly excited the people, or at least the Republicans, their opposition did not manifest itself so much in the personal abuse of individuals (though this was common enough) as in remonstrances and petitions for repeal. Later on, riots and mobs were caused by the popular excitement, and innumerable collisions resulted in many parts of the country from the angry debates over the burning topic of the day.

One of the immediate effects of the enactment of the Alien and Sedition Laws was the framing of the famous Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of '98, a formulation of the Jeffersonian-Democratic creed which has had its adherents unto this day. The Republicans had finally seen that as the Executive, Congress, and the Federal Judiciary were still Federalist, they must go into the State Legislatures and initiate there the action which they hoped to see taken for the shaping of public opinion. Of course the excited condition of the popular mind on the subject of the repressive measures of Congress was the golden opportunity of Jefferson, who affected to believe (as he had said in his letter to Stevens Thomson Mason, of Virginia), that the Federalists were

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bent on setting up a monarchy, and that if the Alien and Sedition Laws were permitted to stand, they would next propose making Adams President for life and fix the succession in the Adams family. If Jefferson really believed such nonsense as this, what wonder that many of "the plain people" also believed worse things of the Federal party?

But the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions went quite as far in the direction of decentralization as any act of the Federalists had gone in the opposite course. The resolutions, written by Jefferson, while holding the office of Vice-President, were given to George Nicholas, of Kentucky, and by him their adoption by the Legislature of his State was procured. Two months later, James Madison, prompted by Jefferson, had them introduced, and the Virginia Legislature passed the same resolutions slightly changed. A plentiful crop of rioting and disorder followed the adoption of this formal declaration of the abstract doctrine of State rights in its most naked form. But the hated laws remained unrepealed; the Federalists in Congress formally decided to let them stay on the statute-books.

John Jay.
From a picture by Gilbert Stuart—property of Mrs. John Jay.

Matthew Lyon, the first victim of the "Federal Bastile" of that day, was already famed as the inciter of the first fight that ever disgraced the American Congress. Lyon was a Representative from Vermont, a bitter Antifederalist, who had won much notoriety as a coarse and brutal debater and a violent partisan. In the course of a wordy wrangle with Mr. Griswold, a Representative from Connecticut, in the House of Representatives, in January, 1798, Lyon deliberately spat in the face of the Connecticut Congressman; and thereupon ensued great disorder which was renewed a day or two later when Griswold walked over to Lyon's seat and as deliberately beat him with a cudgel. In the free fight that followed, Lyon defended himself with a pair of tongs snatched from the fireplace, and a fisticuff encounter took place. The offence for which Lyon was subsequently tried and convicted of sedition, was his reading at a public meeting a letter from Joel Barlow, author of the American epic "The Columbiad," and other queer pieces of blank verse, and then residing in Europe; but Lyon's own letters, printed in Vermont, were held to be full of seditious matter. Barlow had said that the answer of the House to President Adams's address should have been "an order to send him to a mad house;" and Lyon had written, among other things, that the

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Government was "using the sacred name of religion as a state engine to make mankind hate and persecute each other," and he complained that "mean men" were rewarded by places while their betters were denied place on account of their "independency of sentiment," with more to the same effect; but not enough, one may say, to constitute groundwork for so grave a charge as that of sedition and privy conspiracy. Nevertheless, Matthew was found guilty, was scolded by the judge, and was sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars and be kept in the jail at Vergennes four months.

Although President Adams was the nominal head of the Federalist party, Alexander Hamilton was its real leader. That remarkable man, who resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury in February, 1795, and returned to the practice of his profession in New York, was at the forefront of every movement designed to advance the cause of the Federal party. In a public and most spirited defence of the Jay Treaty, in New York, he was mobbed and stoned by an angry and belligerent crowd of citizens. He may have been said to have bled in the good cause, for his face was covered with blood while he pleaded for the right to be heard. As a defender of the faith, he was entitled to honor; and as a leader of public opinion he was easily far in advance of any other man in the ranks of the Federal party.

Hamilton was resolutely opposed to the Sedition Bill, both because it was "bad politics" and because of its excessive use of the executive powers. He had applied to Congressmen and had argued against even a semblance of tyranny, such as the proposed law was in his eyes. Hamilton's coolness toward Adams and influential friends of the Adams administration deepened when the President, to the infinite surprise of almost everybody, including the members of his own cabinet, suddenly resolved to send three envoys to act as Ministers-Plenipotentiary to France. This widened the breach between Hamilton and Adams, and it was not long before the ex-Secretary of the Treasury was popularly regarded as one of the leaders of a new faction known as the Independent Federalists. Dissensions like these embarrassed and weakened the Federal party, already toppling to its fall.

Jefferson, a consummate party manager, remained quiet while these quarrels were in progress, although we may be sure that his cunning hand was in many an intrigue which added to the complications besetting the path of the Federalists. "The Sage of Monticello" wisely waited for the factious excitement to work; and the time for the fourth presidential election drew near. His influential counsels held the eager Republicans in check; and the general irritation over the enforcement of the Alien and Sedition Laws steadily increased. The Federalists had secured a goodly majority in both branches of Congress (the Seventh), which met in December, 1799, but which had been chosen during the war excitement that broke out on the ignominious return of our envoys to France, and the publication of the "X Y Z" letters. Jefferson was calmly biding his time.

That time came when a Congressional caucus of the Republican members nominated him for the Presidency (in 1800 during the first session of the Sixth Congress), with Aaron Burr for Vice-President. A Federal caucus, during the same session, placed in nomination John Adams and Thomas Pinckney as their candidates for President and Vice-President. For the first time, party caucuses had selected candidates to be supported in a political campaign, if we may give to the Jefferson-Adams canvass so modern a title. There had been caucauses of the members of both branches of Congress, notably those which William Duane, the reckless and defamatory editor of the Philadelphia *Aurora*, a fierce Antifederal sheet, had denounced as a junta that determined the action of the controlling majority in Congress; for which denunciation he was ordered into arrest by the Senate on charge of contempt. But "the Presidential intrigues" which Duane suspected brought forth from the caucus the name of Jefferson as well as that of Adams.

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New York was early found to be "the pivotal State" in a presidential contest, and the election in that State of members of the Legislature, which took place in April, 1800, resulting as it did in the choice of a Republican legislature by whom the Presidential Electors were to be chosen, gave great impetus to Jefferson's campaign. Party rage was at once rekindled, and, in the commotion that followed, Adams's cabinet was broken up, some of its members voluntarily retiring and some being summarily dismissed. Hamilton, whose friends in the cabinet were stigmatized by the President as "the British faction," wrote a furious pamphlet, in which he assailed Adams personally as a man of insane jealousy, tremendous self-conceit, and ungovernable temper. He also bitterly criticised the foreign and domestic policy of the Adams administration, and disclosed secrets of the political management of the time. Hamilton's intention was to send this pamphlet privately to trusted Federalist leaders, with the adjuration that the safety of their cause demanded that the Federalist Presidential Electors should be induced to cast their ballots for Pinckney for President, and keep the second place for Adams. But Aaron Burr, getting wind of this remarkable document, procured a copy of it and had it printed in the chief Republican newspapers of the country.

Although the commotion arising from the explosion of this bomb-shell was tremendous and was most depressing to the Federalists, there was no such rush of Presidential Electors to the Republicans, when their balloting began, as the Jeffersonians had confidently expected. For weeks the result was in doubt. The difficulty of communication between points not very remote from each other kept the country long in suspense; but, on December 16th, while the Federalists were exulting over the fact that the returns footed up forty-seven votes for Adams and forty-six for Jefferson, the returns from South Carolina decided the fate of the Federal party, and a majority was given to the Republicans in the Electoral College.

Now came on the first disputed electoral count; and the elation of the Jeffersonians was temporarily dampened. Although the candidates in the national election had been voted for as nominated for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency, respectively, the constitutional provision relating to the selection of the highest name on the list for President still remained in force. Jefferson and Burr each received seventy-three votes; there was no highest candidate. Burr, with his characteristic talent for intrigue, had steadily kept in view the possibilities of his own election to the presidency, and had even taken pains that one of the New York electors should be persuaded to substitute his (Burr's) name for that of Jefferson on the ballot which he was to cast at the meeting of the Presidential Electors of his State. Now that the election was to be thrown into the House of Representatives, Burr stood as good a chance of being the choice of the members as Jefferson did. At least Burr thought so, and he put forward his schemes with confidence and alacrity.

The Federalists, naturally tickled by this complication, did not behave with generosity. They proposed to hinder any choice by the House, expecting to carry the contest into the Senate, and that body, under the Constitution, would be allowed to choose some senator, or the Chief-Justice, to act as President until Congress should meet again, and a new election by the people be ordered. Or, if worst came to worst, they would vote for the intriguing, but little-known, Burr rather than for the detestable Jefferson. When President Adams was besought by the now thoroughly alarmed Jefferson to interfere to prevent these plans from being executed, he coldly said that he could not think of interfering with the prerogatives of Congress.

Great was the excitement throughout the United States when, after the formal counting of the electoral vote and the declaration of the fact that there was no choice for President, the two Houses of Congress separated and the House of Representatives began to ballot, February 11, 1801. There had been threats of armed intervention in behalf of Jefferson, and there were rumbles of popular applause for Burr. Washington,

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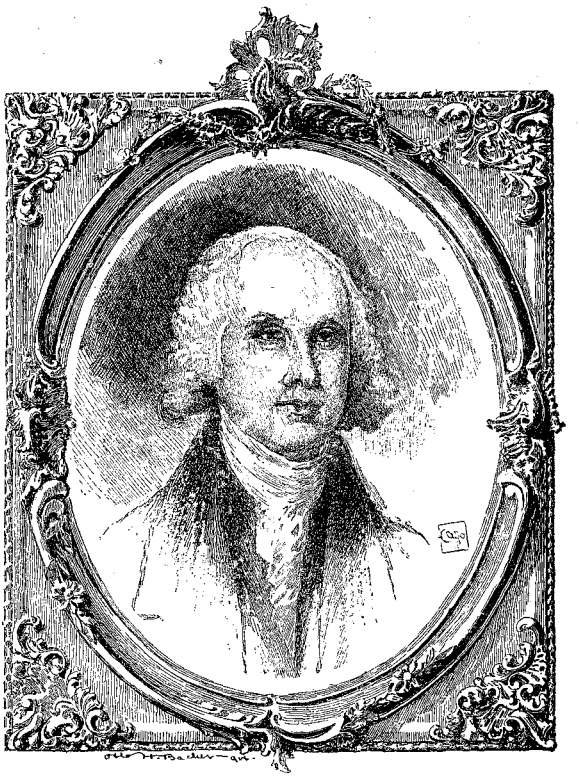
the new capital of the republic, difficult of access and poorly provided with accommodations for sojourners, could not find room for the thousands of persons who flocked thither to watch the proceedings. Roll-calls in the House were incessant, and at first night sessions were held, to the great discomfort of members, some of whom took their nightcaps, pillows, and wraps with them to the Capitol. Finally, on the thirty-sixth ballot, the Federalists, who had all along obstructed the election, gave way, and Jefferson was elected, receiving the votes of ten States. Burr had the votes of four States, and two (Maryland and Vermont) cast blank ballots. The contest had lasted six days, and the release of public attention from a long and tense strain was fortunate and notable.

The price demanded by the Federalists for their surrender to Jefferson was fixed in caucus, and was formulated by James Bayard, of Delaware, and Alexander Hamilton, of New York, these men having managed the Federalist phalanx in the interest of Jefferson. That price was assurances from Jefferson that the Federalists might fully trust him to carry out their wishes; he would take good care of the infant navy, look carefully after the public credit, which had been maintained under the policy of Hamilton, and would not remove any petty Federal office-holder who had taken part in the late campaign under the Federalist banner. The first disputed presidential election case had been decided, and that, too, as might have been expected, by a bargain between the electors and the elected. The first political revolution in the United States was accomplished.

A pleasing story of Jefferson's inauguration that has long been current represents him as riding to the Capitol and tying his horse to the fence, and then entering almost unattended to take the oath of office. This fable has been dispersed. Current accounts relate his ceremonial installation into office surrounded by martial music, banners, and guns. Salvos of artillery announced his arrival and departure from the Capitol, and the militia paraded in front of his lodgings before he left for the ceremony. His inaugural address formulated the political creed of the Democratic-Republican party, of which he was the leader and exemplar. The author of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions declared in favor of State rights, frugal expenditures of the national revenues, honest elections, payment of the public debt, a well-regulated militia, freedom of the person, press, and re-



James Madison.
From a picture by Gilbert Stuart—property of T. Jefferson Coolidge.

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ligious belief, and the diffusion of knowledge.

One of the earliest of Jefferson's innovations was his disregard of the custom of a ceremonious visit of the President to Congress to read or deliver in person his annual message. Jefferson's critics said that he was not able to address himself creditably as a speaker and reader, and so he wrote his message and sent it by a messenger. But fierce Republicans had all along resented the public appearance of the President in the halls of Congress. William Maclay, during the administration of Washington, wrote in his diary, in harsh terms, several accounts of Washington's formal visits to the Capitol, one occasion being to explain to the Senate in session certain pending Indian treaties which the President was anxious to see ratified at once and over which the Senate hesitated. Maclay says that Washington's "motions were slow rather than lively, though he showed no signs of having suffered by gout or rheumatism. His complexion pale, nay, almost cadaverous. His voice hollow and indistinct, owing, as I believe, to artificial teeth before his upper jaw, which occasioned a flatness of—;" but here some friendly hand intruded to tear from the diary the rest of the stanch old Republican's description of the father of his country, and the picture is left incomplete.

George Clinton.
From a painting by Ezra Ames.

Removals from office for political considerations engaged Jefferson's attention when he had firmly seated himself in the presidential chair. District-attorneys and marshals of the Federal courts, "the shield of the Republican part of the community," Jefferson called them, were the first to go. But the removal of Elizur Goodrich, Collector of Customs at New Haven, Conn., gave occasion for one of Jefferson's most famous utterances. The removal of Goodrich and the appointment of Samuel Bishop were highly distasteful to the merchants, more especially as Bishop was an aged man, and already held the offices of town-clerk, mayor, justice of the peace, judge of the probate court, and chief judge of the common pleas. In his reply to the merchants' remonstrance, Jefferson argued that the right to appoint men to vacancies during a recess of the Senate implied a right to remove. For how could there be vacancies unless removals made them? Of vacancies he said: "Those by death are few; by resignation none." Altogether, Jefferson made thirty-nine removals from office, none of which, he said, was for political reasons, difficult though this may be to believe. Washington had made nine removals, and Adams the same number.

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But several of Adams's appointments, on the eve of his quitting the presidential office, were certainly inconsistent with decorum. Adams, whose home was in Braintree, Mass., had been nicknamed by his adversaries "The Duke of Braintree," and the twenty-three circuit judges whom he appointed to fill places just created by Congress, in the last hours of his official life, were stigmatized as "The Duke of Braintree's Midnight Judges." Unsuccessful attempts were made to oust them.

But although politics and official patronage first became wedded in Jefferson's reign, more notable events shed lustre on his administration. The acquisition of Louisiana Territory by purchase from France was the most brilliant stroke of that administration, although this was accomplished by an invasion of the political creed of the Democratic-Republicans almost ludicrous in its audacity. The treaty by which the purchase was completed was negotiated by Monroe and approved by the President without any apparent authority whatever; and when the ratification of that convention came up for consideration, the Republicans were forced to take the same position that the Federalists had when the Jay Treaty was under debate; and the Federalists calmly ate their own words and argued against the lawfulness and constitutionality of Jefferson's action. The President, however, confidently appealed to public sentiment to justify his course; and the acquisition of this magnificent territory gave us material from which have since been carved the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, the greater parts of Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado, and the Indian Territory. This was the first annexation of territory to the United States, acquired by purchase from a foreign power.

The first schism in the Democratic-Republican party was that of the "Quids," who, under the leadership of the vituperative and eccentric John Randolph, formed a faction of extreme State Rights men with ultra-Democratic proclivities. Randolph had become alienated from Jefferson on account of purely personal grievances, and he took occasion to disagree with the President's views when Jefferson's message regarding Spanish aggressions was sent to Congress, in December, 1805. He now acted with the Federalists, and there was joined to his faction a knot of men who later on opposed the nomination of Madison as Jefferson's successor. This schism lasted through Jefferson's second term, but disappeared when Madison was chosen, in 1813, and Monroe entered his cabinet as Secretary of State. Randolph's attacks upon Jefferson were doubtless very galling to the President, who was accused of employing "back-stairs influence" on Congress, and was generally assailed in terms too vulgar for quotation.

Foreign affairs plagued American politics greatly during Jefferson's two terms; but as the Democratic-Republicans, or Democrats, as they now began to call themselves, were in an overwhelming majority in both branches of Congress, they were enabled to carry through all party measures. Jefferson arbitrarily rejected a new treaty with England, and was fiercely assailed therefor by the Federalists. In consequence of foreign complications arising from the war between France and other European powers, an embargo on American commerce was declared, and our ports were closed until the Administration, frightened by threats from poverty-stricken and oppressed New England, induced a modification of the odious act. The taking of alleged British deserters from the decks of the American frigate Chesapeake by the British frigate Leopard, after a disgracefully feeble resistance, was another incident that irritated the people and added fuel to the flames of political dissensions. The trial of Aaron Burr for high treason was another distressing event in Jefferson's administration, for although the President (who refused to attend as a witness when summoned), attempted to secure the conviction of Burr, he was finally acquitted by the Virginia court in which he was tried. During the excitement caused by the Burr expedition

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down the Mississippi, the alarmed Senate, which was overwhelmingly Democratic, passed a bill to suspend the writ of habeas corpus; and another invasion of the creed of their party was the passage of the Cumberland Road Bill, authorizing the expenditure of public money for the building of a so-called national highway, and thereby first raising the question of the constitutionality of making internal improvements at public expense.

James Monroe.

From a painting by Gilbert Stuart—now the property of T. Jefferson Coolidge.

Notwithstanding the complaints of the New England and Middle States against the monopoly of the executive office by Virginia, James Madison was nominated by the Democrats in the spring of 1808, Jefferson having refused to consider a third term. Madison was first named by the Legislature of his own State, and was formally nominated by a Congressional caucus. The Federalists, who were now completely out of power in all but two or three of the States, nominated C. C. Pinckney, of South Carolina. Madison was elected by a large majority, and the returns showed that the Federalists were well-nigh exterminated, although they still made a vigorous fight for life.

During Madison's first term the old question of a National Bank was revived by an attempt to recharter the United States Bank. Although opposition to such an institution was a cardinal principle of the Democratic faith, the rechartering scheme found favor with the ruling majority in both branches of Congress, and was only defeated by the casting vote of the Vice-President (George Clinton), when the bill was before the Senate. The war-clouds that now began to rise changed the policy of the dominant party, which, under Jefferson (and so far under Madison), had been in favor of peace at almost any price. The Administration was supine under the most outrageous acts of Great Britain toward the commerce of the United States, and such leaders of the party as Henry Clay, in the House, and John C. Calhoun and William H. Crawford, in the Senate, loudly called for war. Madison, who was disposed to hesitate, was plainly told that he must assume a more belligerent attitude if he expected another term of office. As that good man wanted another term, he surrendered, and was put in nomination by a Democratic-Republican caucus of Congress. But Dewitt Clinton, of New York, who was regarded as the candidate of the war wing of the Democrats, and who had been promised the nomination in case Madison did not yield, was so dissatisfied with the turn affairs had taken that he remained in the

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field and was nominated by a Democratic caucus of the New York Legislature, and subsequently, by an assemblage in New York City which closely resembled a political convention, the first of which we have any record in national affairs. The Federalists, who managed this convention, supported Clinton; but a portion of that party went over to Madison, who was chosen by one hundred and twenty-eight electoral votes, Clinton receiving only eighty-nine.

The war with England (1812), during which the city of Washington was sacked and burned, and President Madison narrowly escaped capture, was the fruitful source of many new and lasting political complications. The war was bitterly opposed in New England, where it caused great commercial distress, and where the enemy had effected a landing on the coast of Maine. The celebrated Hartford Convention, called by influential Federalists, to confer upon the grievances of the New England States, was part of the general expression of discontent. Its mysterious proceedings were misrepresented, and an impression was erroneously given of its intention to discuss and advocate secession. During this war, too, originated the odious epithet of "Blue Lights." Commodore Decatur complained that whenever he attempted to get out to sea from the port of New London, Conn., under cover of the night, a signal of blue lights was shown by the residents who were opposed to the war. A rigid inquiry failed to find any ground for this charge, but the term "Blue Light Federalists," with sly reference to the Hartford Convention, galled the spirit of the survivors and heirs of that party for more than a half-century afterward.

The Treaty of Ghent, of which Henry Clay was one of the American negotiators, concluded the war, and may be said to mark the final disappearance of the Federalist party. In the next Presidential election, that of 1816, James Monroe was given all the electoral votes but those of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware. The Federalists, who carried those three States, supported Rufus King, of New York, but they made no formal nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Once again "the Virginia influence" made itself felt when, four years later, Monroe was nominated and elected for a second time, receiving an almost unanimous vote, the Federalists cutting no figure in the contest.

For the first time since the first election of Washington there was apparently but one party in the United States. This was the beginning of that fallacious condition which was known as the "Era of Good Feeling," under which new parties and new political feuds and jealousies were taking form.

For the first time, too, during an electoral count, objection to the counting of the vote of a State was made. Missouri, which had been admitted to the family of States under the celebrated compromise, claimed the right to cast a vote in the Electoral College. The State had not then (February, 1821) accepted the condition of admission, which was that it should never interfere with the constitutional privileges of citizens of other States; and the assembled wisdom of Congress, under the guidance of Henry Clay, decided that the result of the count should show how many votes the highest candidate would have with the vote of Missouri, and how many without that vote. With this weak and paltering settlement of a grave question, the dispute was ended, and a new era in American politics began.

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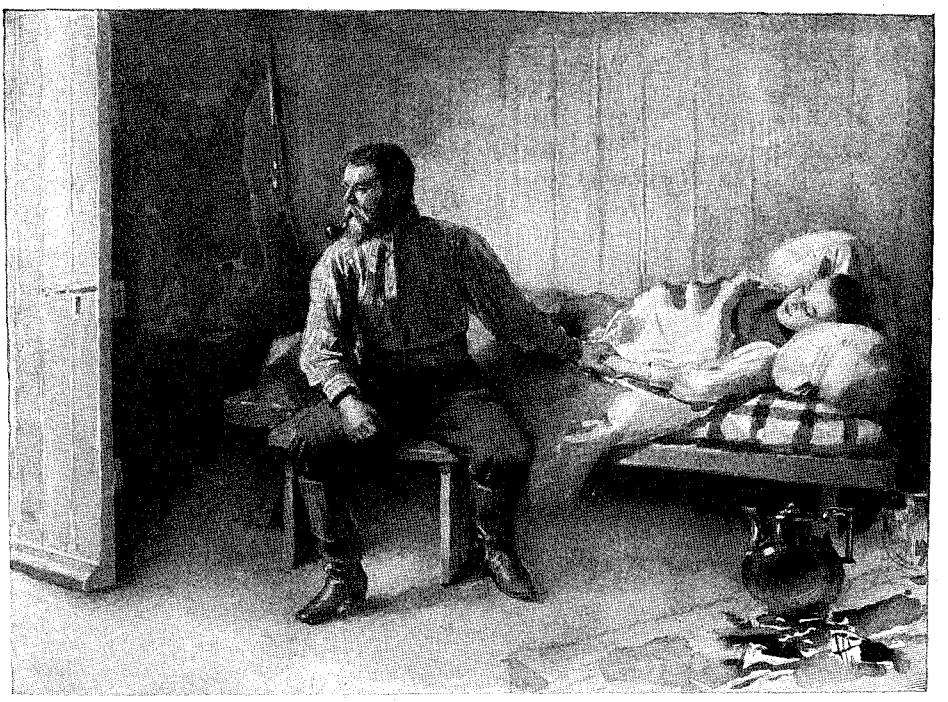

THE GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN

A STORY OUT OF LABRADOR

By Gilbert Parker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LYNCH

"WHY don't she come back, father?"

The man shook his head, his hand fumbled with the wolf-skin robe covering the child, and he made no reply.

"She'd come if she knew I was hurted, wouldn't she?"

The father nodded, and then turned restlessly toward the door, as if expecting someone. The look was troubled, and the pipe he held was not alight, though he made a pretence of smoking.

"Suppose the wild-cat had got me, she'd be sorry when she comes, wouldn't she?"

There was no speech yet in reply, save gesture, the language of primitive man; but the big body shivered a little, and the uncouth hand felt for a place in the bed where the lad's knee made a lump under the robe. He felt the little heap tenderly, but the child winced.

"S–sh, but that hurts! This wolf-skin is most too much on me, isn't it, father?"

The man softly, yet awkwardly too, lifted the robe, folded it back, and slowly uncovered the knee. The leg was worn away almost to skin and bone, but the knee itself was swollen with inflammation. He bathed it with some water, mixed with vinegar and herbs, from a basin at his hand, then drew down the deer-skin shirt at the child's shoulder, and did the same with it. Both shoulder and knee bore the

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marks of teeth—where a huge wild-cat had made havoc—and the body had long red scratches.

Presently the man shook his head sorrowfully, and covered up the small disfigured frame again, but this time with a tanned skin of the caribou. The flames of the huge wood-fire dashed the walls and floor with a velvety red and black, and the large iron kettle bought of the Company at Fort Sacrament, puffed out geysers of steam.

The place was a low hut with parchment windows and rough mud-mortar lumped between the logs. Skins hung along two sides, with bullet-holes and knife-holes showing: of the great gray wolf, the red puma, the bronze hill-lion, the beaver, the bear, and the sable; and in one corner was a huge pile of them. Bare of the usual comforts as the room was, it had a kind of refined life also, joined to an inexpressible loneliness; you could scarce have told how or why.

"Father," said the boy, his face pinched with pain for a moment, "it hurts so, all over, every once in a while."

His fingers caressed the leg just below the knee.

"Father," he suddenly added, "what does it mean when you hear a bird sing in the middle of the night?"

The woodsman looked down anxiously into the boy's face. "It hasn't no meaning, Dominique. There ain't such a thing on the Labrador Heights as a bird singin' in the night. That's only in warm countries where there's nightingales. So—*bien sûr!*"

The boy had a wise, dreamy, speculative look. "Well, I guess it was a nightingale — it didn't sing like any I ever heard."

The look of nervousness deepened in the woodsman's face. "What did it sing like, Dominique?"

"So it made you shiver. You wanted it to go on, and yet you didn't want it. It was pretty, but you felt as if something was going to snap inside of you."

"When did you hear it, my son?"

"Twice last night—and—and I guess it was Sunday the other time. I don't know, for there hasn't been no Sunday up here since mother went away—has there?"

"Mebbe not." The veins were beating like live cords in the man's throat and at his temples.

"'Twas just the same as Father Corraine bein' here, when mother had Sunday, wasn't it?"

The man made no reply, but a gloom drew down his forehead, and his lips doubled in as if he endured physical pain. He got to his feet and paced the floor. For weeks he had listened to the same kind of talk from this wounded, and, as he thought, dying son, and he was getting less and less able to bear it. The boy at nine years of age was, in manner of speech, the merest child, but his thoughts were sometimes large and wise. The only white child within a compass of a thousand miles or so; the lonely life of the

The joy of the hunter seized him.—Page 69.

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hills and plains, so austere in winter, so melted to a sober joy in summer; listening to the talk of his elders at camp-fires and on the hunting-trail, when, even as an infant almost, he was swung in a blanket from a tree or was packed in the torch-crane of a canoe; and, more than all, the care of a good, loving—if passionate—little mother; all these had made him far wiser than his years. He had been hours upon hours each day alone with the birds, and squirrels, and wild animals, and something of the keen scent and instinct of the animal world had entered into his body and brain, so that he felt what he could not understand.

He saw that he had worried his father, and it troubled him. He thought of something.

"Daddy," he said, "let me have it."

A smile struggled for life in the hunter's face as he turned to the wall and took down the skin of a silver-fox. He held it on his palm for a moment, looking at it in an interested, satisfied way, then he brought it over and put it into the child's hands; and the smile now shaped itself, as he saw an eager pale face buried in the soft fur.

"Good! good!" he said, involuntarily.

"*Bon! bon!*" said the boy's voice from the fur, in the language of his mother, who added a strain of Indian blood to her French ancestry.

His life had been spent in the wastes.—Page 69.

The two sat there, the man half-kneeling on the low bed, and stroking the fur, so gently, so gently. It could scarcely be thought that such pride could be spent on a little pelt by a mere backwoodsman and his nine-year-old son. One has seen a woman fingering a splendid necklace, her eyes fascinated by the bunch of warm deep jewels—a light not of mere vanity, or hunger, or avarice in her face, but the love of the beautiful thing. But this was an animal's skin. Did they feel the animal underneath it yet, giving it beauty, life, and glory?

The silver-fox skin is the prize of the North, and this one was of the boy's own

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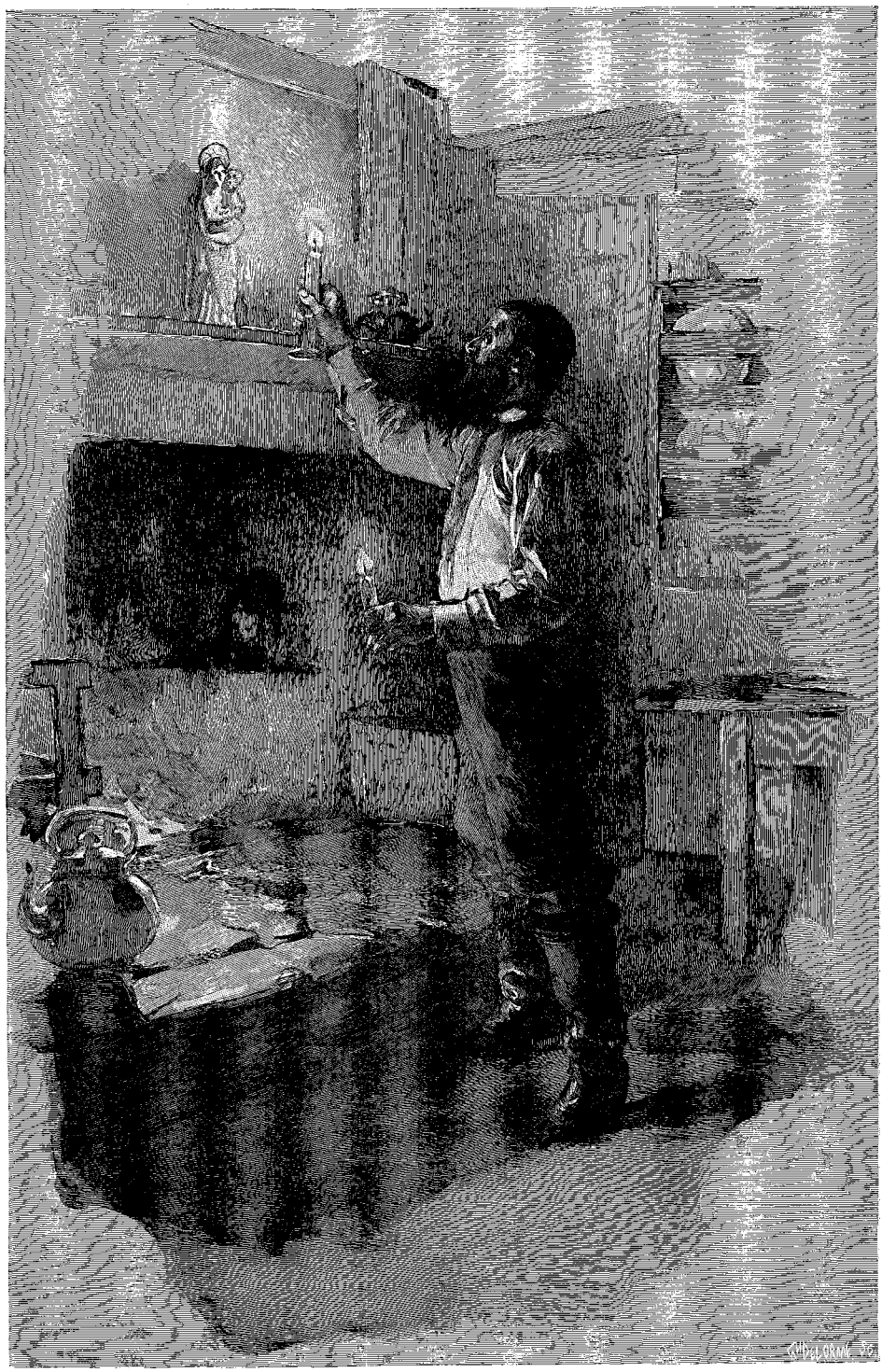

Placed them on a shelf in a corner before a porcelain figure of the Virgin.—Page 72.

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harvesting. While his father was away he saw the fox creeping by the hut. The joy of the hunter seized him, and guided his eye over the "sights" of his father's rifle as he rested the barrel on the window-sill, and the animal was his! Now his finger ran into the hole made by the bullet, and he gave a little laugh of modest triumph. Minutes passed as they studied, felt, and admired the skin, the hunter proud of his son, the son alive with a primitive passion, which inflicts suffering to get the beautiful thing. And this feeling and admiration of theirs was all so soft and gentle, too. Perhaps the tenderness as well as the wild passion of the animal gets into the hunter's blood, and tips his fingers at times with an exquisite kindness—as one has seen in a lion fondling her young, or in tigers as they sport upon the sands of the desert. This boy had seen his father shoot a splendid moose, and as it lay dying, drop down and kiss it in the neck for sheer love of its handsomeness. Death is no insult. It is the law of the primitive world—war, and love in war.

They sat there for a long time, not speaking, each busy in his own way: the boy full of imaginings, strange, half-heathen, half-angelic feelings; the man roaming in that savage, romantic, superstitious atmosphere which belongs to the North, and to the North alone. At last the boy lay back on the pillow, his finger still in the bullet-hole of the pelt. His eyes closed, and he seemed about to fall asleep, but presently looked up and whispered: "I haven't said my prayers, have I?"

The father shook his head in a sort of rude confusion.

"I can pray out loud if I want to, can't I?"

"Of course, Dominique." He shrank a little.

"I forget a good many times, but I know one all right, for I said it when the bird was singing. It isn't one out of the book Father Corraine sent mother by Papine the courier; it's one she taught me out of her own head. P'r-'aps I'd better say it."

"P'r'aps, if you want to." The voice was husky.

The boy began:

"*O bon Jésu, who died to save us from our sins, and to lead us to Thy country where there is no cold, nor hunger, nor thirst, and where no one is afraid, listen to Thy child. . . . When the great winds and rains come down from the hills, do not let the floods drown us, nor the woods cover us, nor the snow-slide bury us, and do not let the prairie-fires burn us. Keep wild beasts from killing us in our sleep, and give us good hearts that we may not kill them in anger.*"

His finger twisted involuntarily into the bullet-hole in the pelt, and he paused a moment.

"*Keep us from getting lost, O gracious Saviour.*"

Again there was a pause, his eyes opened wide, and he said:

"Do you think mother's lost, father?"

A heavy broken breath came from the father, and he replied, haltingly: "Mebbe, mebbe so."

Dominique's eyes closed again. "I'll make up some," he said, slowly. "*And if mother's lost, bring her back again to us, for everything's going wrong.*"

Again he paused, then went on with the prayer as it had been taught him.

"*Teach us to hear Thee whenever Thou callest, and to see Thee when Thou visitest us, and let the blessed Mary and all the saints speak often to Thee for us. O Christ, hear us. Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us. Amen.*"

Making the sign of the cross, he lay back, and said: "I'll go to sleep now, I guess."

The man sat for a long time looking at the pale, shining face, at the blue veins showing so painfully dark on the temples and forehead, at the firm little white hand, which was as brown as a butternut a few weeks ago. The longer he sat, the deeper did his misery sink into his soul. His wife had gone, he knew not where, his child was wasting to death, and he had for his sorrows no inner consolation. He had ever had that touch of mystical imagination inseparable from the far North, yet he had none of that religious belief which swallowed up natural awe and turned it to the refining of life, and to the advantage of a man's soul. Now it was forced in upon him that his child was wiser than himself, wiser and safer. His life had been

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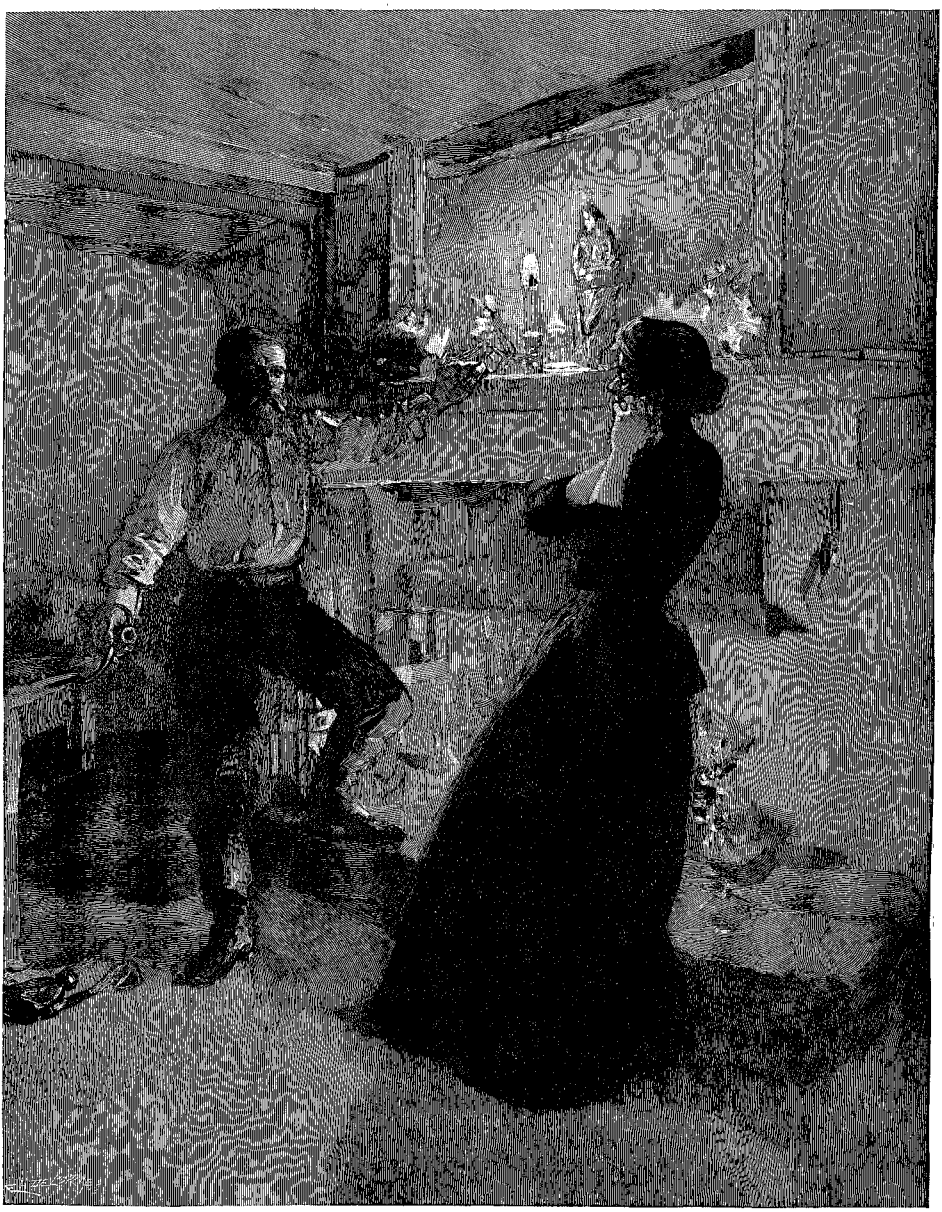
spent in the wastes, with rough deeds and rugged habits, and a youth of hardship, danger, and almost savage endurance had given him a half-barbarian temperament, which could strike an angry blow at one moment and fondle to death at the next.

When he married sweet Lucette Barbond his religion reached little farther than the thought of Gitche Manitou, and behind this was an almost equal belief in the Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills and those Voices that could be heard calling in the night, till their time of sleep be past, and they should rise and reconquer the North.

Not even Père Corraine, whose ways were like those of his Master, could



"I said there was enough powder on the floor to kill all the priests in heaven."—Page 74.

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ever bring him to a more definite faith. His wife had at first striven with him, mourning yet loving. Sometimes the savage in him had broken out over the little creature, merely because barbaric tyranny was in him—torture followed by the passionate kiss. But how was she philosopher enough to understand the cause!

And when she fled from their hut one bitter day, as he roared some wild words at her, it was because her nerves had all been shaken from threatened death by wild beasts (of which he did not know), and his violence drove her mad. She had run out of the house, and on, and on, and on—and she had never come back. That was weeks ago, and there had been no word nor sign of her since. The man was now busy with it all, in a slow, cumbrous way. A nature more to be touched by things seen than by things told, his mind was being awakened in a massive kind of fashion. He was viewing this crisis of his life as one sees a human face in the wide searching light of a great fire. He was restless, but he held himself still by a strong effort, not wishing to disturb the sleeper. His eyes seemed to retreat farther and farther back under his shaggy brows.

The great logs in the chimney burned brilliantly, and a brass crucifix over the child's head now and again reflected soft little flashes of light. This caught the hunter's eyes. Presently there grew up in him a vague kind of hope that, somehow, this symbol would bring him luck—that was the way he put it to himself. He had felt this—and something more—when Dominique prayed. Somehow, Dominique's prayer was the only one he had ever heard that had gone home to him, had opened up the big sluices of his nature, and let the light of God flood in. No, there was another: the one Lucette made on the day that they were married, when a wonderful timid reverence played through his hungry love for her.

Hours passed. All at once, without any other motion or gesture, the boy's eyes opened wide with a strange, intense look.

"Father," he said slowly, and in a kind of dream, "when you hear a sweet horn blow at night, is it the Scarlet Hunter calling?"

"P'r'aps. Why, Dominique?" He made up his mind to humor the boy, though it gave him strange aching forebodings. He had seen grown men and women with these fancies—and they had died.

"I heard one blowing just now, and the sounds seemed to wave over my head. Perhaps he's calling someone that's lost."

"Mebbe."

"And I heard a voice singing—it wasn't a bird to-night."

"There was no voice, Dominique."

"Yes, yes." There was something fine in the grave, courteous certainty of the lad. "I waked, and you were sitting there thinking, and I shut my eyes again, and I heard the voice. I remember the tune and the words."

"What were the words?" In spite of himself the hunter felt awed.

"I've heard mother sing them, or something most like them:

"'Why does the fire no longer burn?
(I am so lonely.)
Why does the tent-door swing outward?
(I have no home.)
Oh, let me breathe hard in your face!
(I am so lonely.)
Oh, why do you shut your eyes to me?
(I have no home.)'"

The boy paused.

"Was that all, Dominique?"

"No, not all."

"Let us make friends with the stars;
(I am so lonely.)
Give me your hand, I will hold it.
(I have no home.)
Let us go hunting together.
(I am so lonely.)
We will sleep at God's camp to-night.
(I have no home.)"

Dominique did not sing, but recited the words with a sort of chanting inflection.

"What does it mean when you hear a voice like that, father?"

"I don't know. Who told—your mother—the song?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose she just made them up—she and God. . . . There! There it is again!

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Don't you hear it—don't you hear it, daddy?"

"No, Dominique, it's only the kettle singing."

"A kettle isn't a voice. Daddy——" He paused a little, then went on, hesitatingly.—"I saw a white swan fly through the door over your shoulder, when you came in to-night."

"No, no, Dominique, it was a flurry of snow blowing over my shoulder."

"But it looked at me with two shining eyes."

"That was two stars shining through the door, my son."

"How could there be snow flying and stars shining too, father?"

"It was just drift-snow on a light wind, but the stars were shining above, Dominique."

The man's voice was anxious and unconvincing, his eyes had a hungry, hunted look. The legend of the White Swan had to do with the passing of a human soul. The Swan had come in—would it go out alone? He touched the boy's hand—it was hot with fever; he felt the pulse—it ran high; he watched the face—it had a glowing light. Something stirred within him, and passed like a wave to the farthest courses of his being. Through his misery he had touched the garment of the Master of Souls. As though a voice said to him there, "Someone hath touched me," he got to his feet and with a sudden blind humility, lit two candles, placed them on a shelf in a corner before a porcelain figure of the Virgin, as he had seen his wife do. Then he picked a small handful of fresh spruce twigs from a branch over the chimney, and laid them beside the candles. After a short pause he came slowly to the head of the boy's bed. Very solemnly he touched the foot of the Christ on the Cross with the tips of his fingers, and brought them to his lips with an indescribable reverence. After a moment, standing with eyes fixed on the face of the crucified figure, he said, in a shaking voice:

"*Pardon, bon Jésu! Sauvez mon enfant! Ne me laissez pas seul!*" *

* "Pardon, good Jesus. Save my child. Leave me not alone."

The boy looked up with eyes again grown unnaturally heavy, and said:

"Amen! . . . *Bon Jésu!* . . . *Encore! Encore, mon père!*"

The boy slept. The father stood still by the bed for a time, as if made of stone, but at last slowly turned and went toward the fire.

Outside, two figures were approaching the hut—a man and a woman; yet at first glance the man might easily have been taken for a woman, because of the long black robe which he wore, and because his hair fell loose on his shoulders and his face was clean-shaven.

"Have patience, my daughter," said the man. "Do not enter till I call you. But stand close to the door, if you will, and hear all."

So saying he raised his hand as in a kind of benediction, passed to the door, and after tapping very softly, opened it, entered, and closed it behind him—not so quickly, however, but that the woman caught a glimpse of the father and the boy. In her eyes there was the divine look of motherhood.

"Peace be to this house!" said the man, gently, as he stepped forward from the door.

The father, startled, turned shrinkingly on him, as if he had seen a spirit.

"Monsieur le curé!" he said in French, with an accent much poorer than that of the priest, or even of his own son. He had learned French from his wife; himself was English.

The priest's quick eye had taken in the lighted candles at the little shrine, even as he saw the painfully changed aspect of the man.

"The wife and child, Bagot?" he asked, looking round. "Ah, the boy!" he added, and going toward the bed, continued presently, in a low voice: "Dominique is ill?"

Bagot nodded, and then answered: "A wild-cat, and then fever, Père Corraine."

The priest felt the boy's pulse softly, more softly than would have been looked for in one who had lived forty and more years among savages, who had toiled and suffered, for God's sake, as it is required of few to suffer. Then with a close personal look he spoke,

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"She threw up her hands to her ears with a cry a bit wild."—Page 75.

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hardly above his breath, yet distinctly too:

"Your wife, Bagot?"

"She is not here, monsieur." The voice was low and gloomy.

"Where is she, Bagot?"

"I do not know, monsieur."

"When did you see her last?"

"Four weeks ago, monsieur."

"That was September, this is October — winter. On the ranches they let their cattle loose upon the plains in winter, knowing not where they go, yet looking for them to return in the spring. But a woman—a woman and a wife—is different. . . . Bagot, you have been a rough, hard man, and you have been a stranger to your God, but I thought you loved your wife and child!"

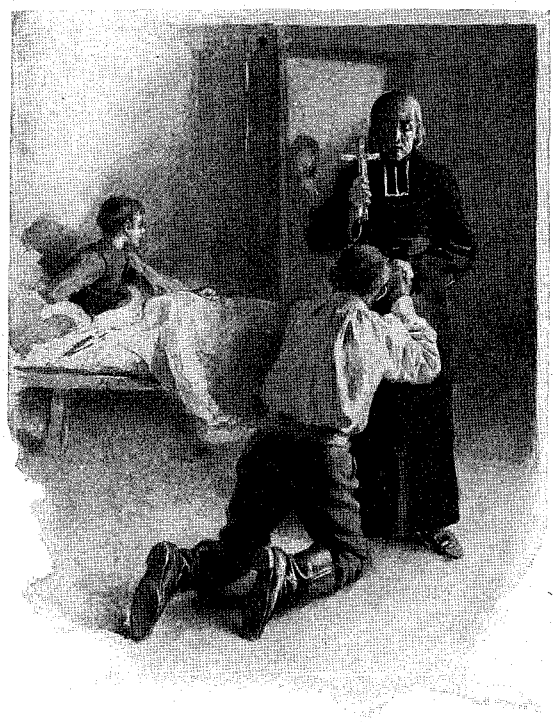
The hunter's hands clenched, and a wicked light flashed up into his eyes; but the calm, benignant gaze of the other cooled the tempest in his veins. The priest sat down on the couch where the child lay, and took the fevered hand in his very softly.

"Stay where you are, Bagot," he said; "just there where you are, and tell me what your trouble is, and why your wife is not here. . . . Say all honestly—by the name of the Christ!" he added, lifting up a large iron crucifix that hung on his breast.

Bagot sat down on a bench near the fireplace, the light playing on his bronzed, powerful face, his eyes shining beneath his heavy brows like two coals. After a moment he began: "I don't know how it started. I'd lost a lot of pelts—stolen they were down on the Child o' Sin River. Well, she was hasty and nervous, like as not—she always was brisker and more sudden than I am. I—I laid my powder-horn and whiskey-flask—up there!"

He pointed to the little shrine of the Virgin where now his candles were burning. The priest's grave, kind eyes did not change expression at all, but looked out wisely, as though he understood everything before it was told.

Bagot continued: "I didn't notice it, but she had put some flowers there.



"On your knees and swear it."—Page 77.

She said something with an edge, her face all snapping angry, threw the things down, and called me a heathen and a wicked heretic—and I don't say now but she'd a right to do it. But I let out then, for those stolen pelts were rasping me on the raw. I said something pretty rough, and made as if I was goin' to break her in two—just fetched up my hands, and went like this!"— With a singular simplicity he made a wild gesture with his hands, and an animal-like snarl came from his throat. Then he looked at the priest with the honest intensity of a boy.

"Yes, that is what you *did*—what was it you *said* which was 'pretty rough?'"

There was a slight hesitation, then came the reply: "I said there was enough powder spilt on the floor to kill all the priests in heaven."

A fire suddenly shot up into Father

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Corraine's face, and his lips tightened for an instant, but presently he was as before, and he said:

"How that will face you one day, Bagot! Go on. What else?"

Sweat began to break out on Bagot's face, and he spoke as though he were carrying a heavy weight on his shoulders, low and brokenly. He replied:

"Then I said, 'And if virgins has it so fine, why didn't you stay one?'"

"Blasphemer!" said the priest, in a stern, reproachful voice, his face turning a little pale, and he brought the crucifix to his lips. "To the mother of your child—shame! What more?"

"She threw up her hands to her ears with a cry a bit wild, ran out of the house, down the hills, and away. I went to the door and watched her as long as I could see her, and waited for her to come back—but she never did. I've hunted and hunted, but I can't find her." Then, with a sudden thought, "Do you know anything of her, Père Corraine?"

The priest appeared not to hear the question. Turning for a moment toward the boy, who now was in a deep sleep, he looked at him intently. Soon however he spoke.

"Ever since I married you and Lucette Barbond, you have stood in the way of her duty, Bagot. How well I remember that first day when you knelt before me! Was ever so sweet and good a girl—with her golden eyes and the look of summer in her face, and her heart all pure! Nothing had spoiled her—you cannot spoil such women—God is in their hearts. But you, what have you cared? One day you would fondle her, and the next you were a savage—and she, so gentle, so gentle all the time! Then, for her religion and the faith of her child;—she has fought for it, prayed for it, suffered for it. You thought you had no need, for you had so much happiness, which you did not deserve—that was it. But she: with all a woman suffers, how can she bear life—and man—without God? No, it is not possible. And you thought you and your few superstitions were enough for her.—Ah, poor fool! She should worship you! So selfish, so small, for a man who knows in his heart how great God is.—You did not love her."

"By the Heaven above, yes!" said Bagot, half starting to his feet.

"Ah, 'by the Heaven above!' no, nor the child. For true love is unselfish and patient, and where it is the stronger it cares for the weaker; but it was your wife who was unselfish, patient, and cared for you. Every time she said an *ave* she thought of you, and her every thanks to the good God had you therein. They know you well in Heaven, Bagot—through your wife. Did you ever pray—ever since I married you to her?"

"Yes."

"When?"

The mother came to her husband's arms.—Page 78.

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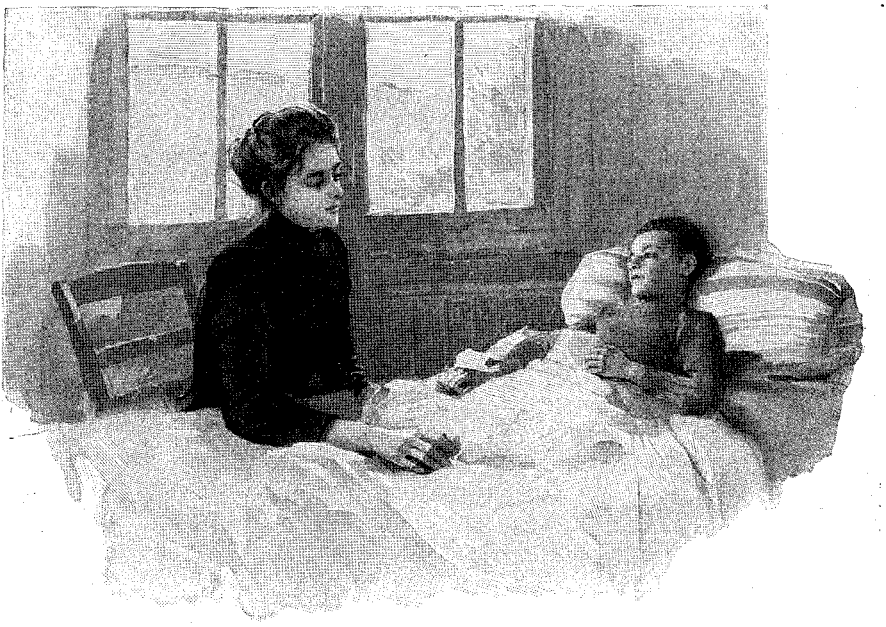

"There was no white swan."—Page 78.

"An hour or so ago."

Once again the priest's eyes glanced toward the lighted candles.

Presently he said: "You asked me if I had heard anything of your wife. Listen, and be patient while you listen. . . . Three weeks ago I was camping on the Sundust Plains, over against the Young Sky River. In the morning, as I was lighting a fire outside my tent, my young Cree Indian with me, I saw coming over the crest of a land-wave, out of the very lips of the sunrise, as it were, a band of Indians. I could not quite make them out. I hoisted my little flag on the tent, and they hurried on to me. I did not know the tribe—they had come from near Hudson's Bay. They spoke Chinook, and I could understand them. Well, as they came near, I saw that they had a woman with them.

Bagot leaned forward, his body strained, every muscle tense. "A woman!" he said, as if breathing gave him sorrow—"my wife!"

"Your wife."

"Quick! Quick! Go on—oh, go on, monsieur—good Père Corraine."

"She fell at my feet, begging me to save her. . . . I waved her off."

The sweat dropped from Bagot's forehead, a low growl broke from him, and he made such a motion as a lion might make at its prey.

"You wouldn't—wouldn't save her—you coward!" He ground the words out.

The priest raised his palm against the other's violence. "Hush! She drew away, saying that God and man had deserted her. . . . We had breakfast, the chief and I. Afterward, when the chief had eaten much and was in good humor, I asked him where he had got the woman. He said that he had found her on the plains—she had lost her way. I told him then that I wanted to buy her. He said to me, 'What does a priest want of a woman?' I said that I wished to give her back to her husband. He said that he had found her, and she was his, and that he would marry her when they reached the great camp of the tribe. I was patient. It would not do to make him angry. I wrote down on a piece of bark the things that I would give him for her: an order on the Company at Fort o' Sin for shot, blankets, and beads. He said no."

The priest paused. Bagot's face was all swimming with sweat, his body was rigid, but the veins of his neck knotted and twisted.

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"For the love of God, go on!" he said, hoarsely.

"Yes, 'for the love of God.' I have no money, I am poor, but the Company will always honor my orders, for I pay sometimes, by the help of Christ. *Bien*, I added some things to the list: a saddle, a rifle, and some flannel. But no, he would not. Once more I put many things down. God knows it was a big bill—it would keep me poor for ten years.—To save your wife, John Bagot, you who drove her from your door, blaspheming, and railing at such as I. . . . I offered the things, and told him that was all that I could give. After a little he shook his head, and said that he must have the woman for his wife. I did not know what to add. I said—'She is white, and the white people will never rest till they have killed you all, if you do this thing. The Company will track you down. Then he said, 'The whites must catch me and fight me before they kill me.' . . . What was there to do?"

Bagot came near to the priest, bending over him savagely:

"You let her stay with them—you, with hands like a man!"

"Hush," was the calm reproving answer. "I was one man, they were twenty."

"Where was your God to help you, then?"

"Her God and mine was with me."

Bagot's eyes blazed. "Why didn't you offer rum—rum? They'd have done it for that—one—five—ten kegs of rum!"

He swayed to and fro in his excitement, yet their voices hardly rose above a hoarse whisper all the time.

"You forget," answered the priest, "that it is against the law, and that as a priest of my order, I am vowed to give no rum to an Indian."

"A vow! A vow! Son of God, what is a vow to a woman — to my wife?"

His misery and his rage were pitiful to see.

"Perjure my soul! Offer rum! Break my vow in the face of the enemies of God's Church! What have you done for me that I should do this for you, John Bagot?"

"Coward!" was his despairing cry, with sudden threatening movement. "Christ himself would have broke a vow to save her."

The grave, sweet eyes of the priest met the other's fierce gaze, and quieted the wild storm that seemed about to break.

"Who am I that I should teach my Master?" he said, solemnly, and with a great nobility in his voice. "What would you give Christ, Bagot, if He *had* saved her to you?"

The man shook with a deep grief, and tears rushed from his eyes, so suddenly and fully had a new emotion passed through him.

"Give—give!" he cried; "I would give twenty years of my life!"

The priest got to his feet, and his figure stretched up with a gentle grandeur. Holding up the iron crucifix, he said: "On your knees and swear it, John Bagot."

There was something inspiring, commanding, in the voice and manner, and Bagot, with a new hope rushing through his veins, knelt and repeated his words.

The priest turned to the door, and called, "Lucette!"

The boy, hearing, waked, and sat up in bed suddenly.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, as the door flew open.

The mother came to her husband's arms, laughing and weeping, and an instant afterward was pouring out her love and anxiety over her child.

Père Corraine now faced the man, and with a soft exaltation of voice and manner, said:

"John Bagot, in the name of Christ, I demand twenty years of your life—of love and obedience of God. I broke my vow, I perjured my soul, I bought your wife with ten kegs of rum!"

The tall hunter dropped again to his knees, and caught the priest's hand to kiss it.

"No, no—this!" the priest said, and laid his iron crucifix against the other's lips.

Dominique's voice came clearly through the room: "Oh, my mother, I saw the white swan fly away through the door when you came in."

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"My dear, my dear," she said, "there was no white swan." But she clasped the boy to her breast protectingly, and whispered an *ave*.

"Peace be to this house," said the rich voice of the priest.

And there was peace; for the child lived, and the man has loved, and has kept his vow, even unto this day.

For the visions of the boy, who can know the divers ways in which God speaks to the children of men!

THE WANDERERS

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

All in the middle night, across the crystal hollow of the dark,
Before the black pines' tempest-torn gigantic glooms remembered morn,
Heard I, indeed, strange music toss and beat about the winds? And, hark,
Were there no sweet and piercing cries, was there no echo of a horn?

For what a glorious company hung out of heaven before me there,
As, leaning forth, along the height I caught the glitter of their flight!
From depths of shoreless mystery what shapes were these trooped down the air
Shooting white fire abroad, and clear their splendor streaming on the night?

His casque whose ruby led the field was it then Mars that swept and gazed?
In gleaming gauzes veiled about were these the Pleiades looked out?
On corselet, belt, and sword, and shield, Orion's breathing diamonds blazed?
White and majestic, Sirius followed upon the mighty rout?

And slowly out of dusky space, one, stately, coming from afar,
The fulness of some golden chord marking the measure of his ward,
The whole of heaven upon his face, was it the bright and morning star,
Was it but Lucifer that wore the lustre of the living Lord?

Or were they, bound in vaster flight, Magnificent Existences,
For firmaments of unknown sky, that paused a moment fleeting by
The dark and dreaming earth that night? I only know, beholding these,
Held not my hand a Mightier Hand, an atom of the dust were I!

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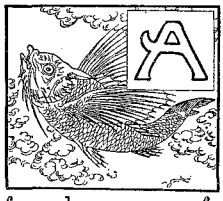
MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE JAPANESE

By George Trumbull Ladd



A RECENT ship crossing the Pacific carried among her passengers a writer of books and newspaper articles, who had been engaged for a large sum of money (as he himself informed some of his fellow-passengers —naming the exact amount) to "write up" the East for a "syndicate." The fixed point of view already taken by this traveller was obvious enough; it was American throughout. His impressions of China and Japan were definitely formed while as yet the widest of oceans lay between him and these unknown lands. And after a diligent consultation of the ship's library, as weather and health during the voyage permitted, these impressions seemed to have been definitely formulated. At any rate, an acquaintance of mine affirms that on happening to overlook a manuscript of our investigator into Oriental affairs, he, to his great astonishment, read these words: "When I was in China, I saw," etc. And this was some hundreds of miles eastward of Yokohama!

How much Japan has been benefited or afflicted by similar reports from travellers it would be difficult even to conjecture. Doubtless, the sum-total of such misinformation is something enormous; whether the net result is an excess of undeserved praise or of undeserved blame for the institutions, customs, and products of this interesting country, I am unable to say. Of this I am sure, that the candid and penetrating observer will continually undergo a process of disillusion, correction, reformation, new disintegration, and still more recent reconstruction of opinion. If—to take a trivial example—he has learned from very distinguished transient visitors, or from residents of tolerably long standing, that "babies do not cry in Japan," and then actually hears several babies crying the first day of his stay in Japan, he will bear the original shock as best he may. But after recovery from it, and from many another similar shock, he will doubtless conclude to use his own ears and eyes and to make his own reflections and conclusions. This, however, he will do cautiously and yet courageously, with much inquiry and deference toward the experience of others. He will probably also acquire an increased respect for definite, scientific training of the powers of observation and reflection, whether accompanied by literary distinction or not, and whether favored by long residence, or compelled to content themselves with a briefer experience.

The superficial observer may most properly end by praising highly such a characterization as Miss Scidmore has given the Japanese. On the surface, and apparently, they are, as she so graphically depicts them, the embodiment of a bewildering variety of contradictions, the attempt of a race to enfold in its sentiments and customs the largest amount of opposing characteristics. But, of course, no one accustomed to the scientific study of the mental life of individuals or of peoples can rest satisfied with such a characterization.

What I have written thus far may be taken both as introduction and as apology. It is an introduction to my own attempt to penetrate somewhat more deeply than is customary into the psychology of the Japanese. The externals of nature in Japan, the "traits" of the people, the products of their art, their more obvious customs, and their more hidden home-life, have all been frequently, and sometimes well, described. What interested and piqued me—constantly and intensely—during my three months' stay in the country was the desire to enter sympathetically, and yet fully and critically, into the controlling forms of mental life. What are the characteristic conceptions, sentiments, emotions, and practical activities of this interesting, this provoking race? Such is the ques-

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tion for which, as a professional student of mind, I eagerly sought an answer.

But even the attempt to answer such a question, although in the brief and sketchy way of which a magazine article admits, requires an apology from one who has spent only three months among the people. And here the superficial character — psychologically considered, if I may so say—of most of the previous descriptions of the Japanese must be, in part, my apology. Besides this, however, I may perhaps claim some warrant for a certain hope of success, in unlimited professional interest, in a fair amount of acquired professional skill, in freedom from bias, and abundance of sympathy, and in certain rather unusual opportunities for the study of my problem. At any rate, whatever is to be said will be said with the real feeling, if not always with the protestation, of modest deference to those better qualified to judge than any stranger can easily be. When the very few trained students of mental life among the Japanese themselves speak out all that they really think about their own countrymen, these words of a "foreigner" will either hold up or bow down their head, according as native reflection confirms or corrects them.

First of all, then, what point of view must be assumed in order best to understand the Japanese? My answer is unhesitating here: that of ethnic psychology. In other words, we must consider the mental life of the people as a historical development affected in somewhat peculiar way by its present environment. Into the problem, then, three sets of factors enter, as mutually influential in determining each other, and so giving us the more complete answer. These are the more nearly original race characteristics; next, the effect of historical conditions during those centuries of which we have some trustworthy historical information; and, finally, the disturbing and modifying effect of the sudden changes introduced during the last generation. Materials for a minute and complete account of the first two classes of factors, even if such an account were appropriate in a popular article, are not so abundant or so trustworthy as the student might desire. Scholars, writing in other lands than Japan (where the censorship of the press still controls with an iron hand the effort historically to trace the beginnings of the reigning family and of the national life), may conjecture, with tolerable success, the races from mixture of which the nation sprung. But probably we shall never arrive at anything like the same certainty concerning the ethnic origin of the Japanese as that which belongs to the history of France, England, and the United States, or even of India and China. If the blood of the people is a mixture, it is a mixture in which every element is tinctured with essentially the same emotional characteristics.

The main outlines of the historical development of the Japanese are too well known to need more than a reference here. Up to the establishment of the Tokugawa rule by that great genius, Ieyasu (on the whole, it seems to me, the greatest genius that Japan has ever produced) the more thorough consolidation of the national and political life of the people had not taken place. The development of their native and untrained spirit had been modified, in some manner, by imported religious and social factors. But the dynasty of this genius was originally founded, and lasted until it suddenly fell in pieces (although it had been for more than a century undermined), because it so thoroughly took advantage of the mental characteristics of the race.

The world has been astonished at the rapidity of the changes which have gone on in Japan during the last forty years. There is solid ground on which this attitude of the foreign mind may plant itself. Yet it is, as the reaction of the last four or five years has proved, and as careful observation of every slightest detail indicative of the underlying currents of mental life convinces one, very easy to overestimate the amount and mistake the character of these changes. Connecticut clocks, and kerosene oil and lamps, have penetrated everywhere. An excellent telegraph, postal, and lighthouse system has been established. Railroads and electric lights are being extended over the land. The beginnings of an educational arrangement for the people have been made, and some im-

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portant social changes are taking root in the national life. But the truth is that the great, controlling currents of that life flow on practically unaltered. The underlying sentiments, the emotional movements which sway the multitudes, the ways of looking at nature, at the ruler, and at human life, remain essentially the same as those to which "Old Japan" was subject during hundreds of years. As respects these matters, the differences between the old and the new are superficial. Not only similar but identical ethnic convictions and impulses — of the social, political, moral, and religious order alike—enter everywhere, as the principal factors, into all intelligent explanation of what the "New Japan" seems to think and to do.

Let me say again, I must not be understood as depreciating or underestimating the great changes which have taken place during the last generation among the Japanese. Nowhere else has a people come so near to fulfilling the prediction: "A nation shall be born in a day." But from the psychological point of view these changes are as yet superficial rather than profound. They strike the eye of the traveller and surprise him; they explain little or nothing to the student of the national mental life.

But, on the contrary, when once we have attained the historical point of view, and when we understand the mental life of the race as seen from this point of view, much which appears otherwise inexplicable and even contradictory becomes perfectly plain. Over the hot and still active fires of traditional sentiment, ethnic emotions, and hereditary customs, a thin crust of modern Western civilization—adopted and adapted largely under distasteful and enforced conditions—has been laid. The crust is the appearance; the unassuaged but concealed interior fires are the dominant reality. So far as the Western civilization is plainly of superior material advantage—military science, applied physical science, and, in a measure, sanitary science—it is received and assimilated with commendable cleverness and surprising rapidity. A few years even suffice to establish in the minds of many Japanese the opinion that this cleverness in adaptation entitles them to consider the products of Western civilization peculiarly their own. A claim to be the originators of improvements soon follows the adoption of them. But, so far as the great social, political, ethical, and religious principles, in which modern civilization has its very life, are concerned, and even so far as the scientific view of nature which has led to the triumphs of applied science is important—all this is as yet almost wholly foreign to the Japanese mind. Nay more: it is "foreign," indeed, in their peculiar meaning of the word; it often appears not only unintelligible but repugnant, yes, even contemptible.

What wonder, then, if that which is ethnic and worked into the very life-blood of the race, breaks out constantly through the thin crust of foreign and adopted instrumentalities and customs? It is the constant assertion and reassertion of the power of historically dominant mental factors which gives the appearance of perplexing contradictoriness to so much that happens in Japan. This is true, whether we consider the great waves of social reaction, and rapid political change, which periodically sweep over the whole nation, or have regard to the minutest details of daily intercourse. United in a few controlling social and political sentiments, almost to the last man, the Japanese are yet unable to form and hold together for more than a few months any consistent governmental policy, or to prevent their political parties from an endless splitting-up and internal strife over minor points that should be compromised through the power of dominating conceptions and principles. Obviously and traditionally polite to the verge of obsequiousness, they appear capable of the most extreme insolence; flinging away life for trifles in their readiness to display a self-sacrificing courage, they are—when judged by Anglo-Saxon standards—often guilty of the most culpable meanness and cowardice. Having the most delicate æsthetical sensitiveness in certain directions, they are in other directions surprisingly oblivious to all sense of proportion and

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propriety. Out of the noblest sentiments and impulses, originate with them some of the most hideous of crimes. But all this is understood when once we agree to take the point of view suggested by ethnic psychology.

Mr. Barnett has charged the Japanese with "frivolity;" but it must be confessed that, whatever truth there is in the items brought forward to confirm this charge, the word is an unfortunate selection. For, if by "frivolity" we intend the opposite of seriousness, Japan—I should be inclined to urge—contains, of all civilized nations, about the smallest number of frivolous people. On the contrary, I agree with a foreign teacher who has had unusual opportunities, combined with natural gifts, for studying the Japanese, in the opinion that extreme seriousness over minor matters is rather, with them, a characteristic fault. Nor, in a somewhat wide and fairly intimate acquaintance among them, do I recall more than two or three persons to whom the charge of frivolity would properly apply. But somewhat characteristically fickle (and this, for reasons which I shall explain later) they certainly appear to be. It is their changeable conduct, as due to the sentimental, impulsive, and spasmodic activity of the native mind, which Mr. Barnett really means. And thus much, as exaggerated by the present conditions, Professor Ukita—while justly criticising Mr. Barnett for not taking the historical point of view—in a recent article in *Rikugo Zasshi* virtually admits. No little fickleness, without real frivolity, when looked at from the point of view of ethnic psychology, is thoroughly consistent with the mental temper and habits, under existing circumstances, of the Japanese.

But what is the peculiar temper, and what are the characteristic habits of the race that inhabits Japan? And what are the principal sentiments, forms of emotion, and practical activity that have been described as breaking through the thin crust of an imported civilization? I shall now attempt to answer this question, and illustrate my answer as well as the present limitations will admit.

Psychology has been accustomed to acknowledge—although, it must be confessed, on not wholly satisfactory scientific evidence—four leading types of temperament. The distinction applies pretty nearly as well to entire nations as it does to individuals, or to the different ages through which each individual passes. Now, Japan, of all nations standing well up in the scale of civilization, seems to me most distinctly marked by the prevalence of one of these four types. This fact may perhaps be accounted for by the long centuries of exclusion of foreign blood and foreign influences, and by the equality of the physical and social conditions under which the earlier life of the nation developed. This distinctive Japanese temperament is that which Lotze has so happily called the "sentimental temperament." It is the temperament characteristic of youth, predominatingly, in all races. It is, as a temperament, characteristic of all ages, of both sexes, and of all classes of population, among the Japanese. But, of course, in Japan as everywhere, the different ages, sexes, and classes of society, differ in respect to the purity of this temperamental distinction. Many important individual exceptions, or examples of other temperaments, also occur.

The distinguishing mark of the sentimental temperament is great susceptibility to variety of influences—especially on the side of feeling, and independent of clear logical analysis or fixed and well-comprehended principles—with a tendency to a will that is impulsive and liable to collapse. Such susceptibility is likely to be accompanied by unusual difficulty in giving due weight to those practical considerations which lead to compromises in politics, to steadiness in labor, to patience in developing the details of science and philosophy, and to the establishment of a firm connection between the higher life of thought and feeling and the details of daily conduct. On the other hand, it is the artistic temperament, the temperament which makes one "interesting," the "clever" mind, the temperament which has a suggestion of genius at its command.

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In all relations of life, the illustrations of what has just been said are abundant in Japan. The characteristic Japanese attitude of mind toward nature is sentimental, rather than scientific or practical. This attitude has been for centuries embodied in, and fostered by, the prevalent religions, both Shintō and Buddhism. The former was originally a mixture of ancestor worship and nature worship; in both factors the worship rests upon a basis of sentiment, without clear conception or principles to guide practice. Buddhism, too, is, with the body of the people, largely sentimental hero-worship. The beautiful, the grand, the strange, even the grotesque, in nature excites vague feelings of sympathy, longing, aspiration, awe. The mountains and waterfalls are the chosen places for temples and shrines. Even the sceptical modern Japanese raises his hat, with a sentiment approaching the religious, when he sees Fuji from land or sea, or looks between the twin rocks at Futami to behold the sun rise from behind the water. The bent and withered crone who offers you her woodenware to sell, at Hakone or at Nikkō, handles with genuine special interest and affection every piece that has some mark of peculiar graining, some worm-eaten place, or knot, or other imperfection. Several times have I seen an entire carload, who had sat absolutely unmoved as one of their number changed his vesture (even down to the scantiest of loin-cloths) before them, rise in company to admire the "incomparable" mountain as it came into view. Few hotels or tea-houses, even in the country, are too mean not to have their walls adorned with one or more poems in praise of nature.

Nor is this pervasive and sympathetic sentiment, this feeling rather than conception or practical regard of nature, a recent growth, or confined to the lower orders of the people. Sentimental poems and reflections on natural beauty belong also to remote times, and proceed from the hearts of the most noteworthy sages. That celebrated Japanese expounder of the Confucian ethics, Kyu-So, in his treatise on "Sincerity," with a naïve departure from his subject, makes the moon the topic of much sentimental reflection. The poets in all ages have ornamented their verses with "the appearance" of the moon, but they have not known—he thinks — its "profound feeling." To him, the philosopher, it is "the Memento of the Generations;" and when he sees the moon with such a reflective spirit, he mourns. With an appeal to the same hereditary spirit, but with a precisely opposite effect, do I find the modern Japanese youth (the English phrasing would lead one to conclude that he is a pupil of the Koto Chu Gakko) regarding a waterfall near Nikkō. I quote the words I discovered pencilled over the door of the neighboring shrine.

"I nowe vigited Gatisko and I see This wonderful toring
My pleguare are very rarge and Therfor sank much your kaind."

[Jakko is far from being a "wonderful torrent;" but the large pleasure which it gave this visitor is characteristic of his people, and the thanks rendered to the god for his kindness is touching and commendable.]

It is this quick susceptibility of sentiment, and the predominatingly sentimental way of regarding all natural objects, which is a chief characteristic of Japanese art. It not only considers all natural objects from the point of view of sympathetic, soulful feeling, but it also endows these objects themselves with the same feeling. It vaguely but deftly realizes, in the artistic representation of nature, the true thought that the spirit of nature is a kinsfellow of the spirit in man. What Eitel says of that philosophical form of Confucianism which was developed by Shushi in China, holds good pre-eminently of the attitude toward nature of the Japanese people. "What has been so often admired in the philosophy of the Greeks . . . that they made nature live (*i.e.*, with human feeling); that they saw in every stone, in every tree, a living spirit; . . . this poetical, emotional and reverential way of looking at natural objects is equally a characteristic," etc.

The political life and the political

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changes of Japan are also controlled to an astonishing degree by sentiment. So far as selfishness does not rule here, as everywhere else, in politics, it is the sentimental way of looking at all things political, rather than the ethical way, or that of clear conception of political rights and duties, which is dominant. Supreme over all, and worked into the very life-blood of the people, is the feeling of reverence and loyalty toward the emperor. This sentiment, which, in the multitude, approaches, if it does not actually become one of religious worship, asks itself no questions, and founds itself upon no clearly conceived principles. It is essentially unreasoning in origin and character, often hopelessly unreasonable in expression. In fact, up to date, even the conservative and respectful representation of historical facts as bearing upon this sentiment is repressed and punished in a way quite inconsistent with all our Western notions of the most fundamental political rights.

A friend of mine who is a teacher in one of the government schools, informs me that, when nothing else will control the wild Japanese youths in the schoolroom, the mention of the emperor's name has upon them the most magical of soothing effects. These same youths would probably not hesitate to treat with violence anyone whom they understood to be speaking with a slightly too low tone of reverence concerning his majesty; and it would be difficult to predict to what lengths they might proceed in the punishment of a culprit so great in their eyes. Yet they have scarcely a semblance of knowledge concerning those principles of political rights and duties which the English or American youth of like age and station will be found to possess, as it were, inbred. Not long ago a foreigner, in his enthusiasm for the national welfare of the Japanese, expressed in a public lecture his hope that, soon, the nation would become Christian, and even the emperor—— But, as I heard the story from excellent authority, the unfortunate speaker never finished his sentence; and it was only with considerable difficulty that he was rescued from the angry mob into which his audience had been turned, hurried into a jinrikisha, and sent to a neighboring town, where he arrived so frightened by the unexpected result of his most benevolent wish, that he could not force his disturbed mind and trembling fingers to pay his "coruma" man the right sum, and had to call upon the landlord for assistance. Still more recently, the enraged pupils of a government school have used that extreme power which pupils possess in all the schools in Japan, to force the removal of a teacher on a charge of *lese majestatis*, because he had praised the love of *all* men as the duty of all.

In the attitude of the average Japanese toward other individual men, this same characteristic of predominating sentimentality is obvious enough. It is difficult to secure from natives friendship and devotion, or even much steadfast interest, for anyone out of whom they cannot make and maintain a hero. Said a Japanese writer, who knew his countrymen well: "Most Japanese are hero-worshippers. They are a difficult people to manage, except by a hero to whom they can look up. Yet they are very easily led away by a hero. They move on the sensational currents of the hero's opinions, and lack individuality. . . . Their weak point is that they cannot rise above their hero. If he makes a mistake or fails, they also do the same. If he falls, they do likewise. This has been true of us, as close examination of our history will show."

In the daily social intercourse of the people — and especially, of necessity, among the better classes—the effects of the characteristic sentimental temperament are constantly apparent. Of these effects, some are such as to give an appearance of great delicacy and beauty to the details of life; but others impress the more robust and practical Westerner with a sense of insincerity and weakness. The politeness of the Japanese is marked by all travellers; it has passed into a proverb. To those who are willing to take the purely sentimental point of view, many of the national habits are most delightful. But none are more severe in the feeling of repulsion which is produced by much that is characteristic of polite Japan,

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than some of the natives themselves, on return from a life of several years in foreign lands. "A rough manner with a kind heart"—wrote one of these natives—"is far better than a petty artificial politeness with no heart-meaning. Japan is one of the politest nations in the world, but alas! the heart is not in it. Artificial politeness is a national habit."

But one cannot feel that the words just quoted represent the entire truth. The interest which expresses itself in honorific titles for the tea and the hot water and the bath, at the wayside inn, the elaborate salutations exchanged with the maid who waits upon you, the smile and repeated "Sayonara" at parting, are genuine outcome of a certain very unusual and characteristic refinement of national feeling. And what a very embodiment, as it were, of the most delicate sentiment is the Japanese good-by—"Sayonara" ("if it must be so"). To suppose, however, that this appearance signifies the same genuine refinement of ethical and spiritual character which anything similar would probably signify in an Englishman or an American, would be to go still wider of the mark.

The real and predominating attitude of the popular mind toward "the foreigner" is still the same unreasoning sentiment that it has ever been. A few, and only a very few, even of the educated Japanese, have any intelligent and sympathetic knowledge of that type of mental life which has been developed by a Western and Christian civilization. Among the people of all classes, uninformed, unreasoning feeling toward all foreigners still underlies the crust of enforced or selfish and conventional politeness. This sentiment is a mixture of surprise and admiration with repulsion and contempt. A well-principled, or even a cosmopolitan, feeling toward all human kind, an "enthusiasm of humanity," is a rare and difficult thing to find in Japan. What but the knowledge of this mental attitude of his countrymen could have influenced an intelligent native preacher to say, in extremest praise of the power of divine grace: "It can make you love *even* a foreigner"?

In the general character, as well as the details, of much social intercourse in Japan, a fine, quiet susceptibility to varied and refined feeling makes itself manifest. I cannot easily forget the great pleasure and warm approval which I have myself experienced in being the guest at several characteristic entertainments. Within the apartments of one of the Buddhist temples in the suburbs of Tōkyō, a party of us met one evening for dinner. Of the company were a viscount, a captain in the navy, the son of one of the highest officials in Japan, and several prominent professors of the Imperial University. The entertainment consisted, chiefly, in watching the work of an enthusiastic old man who painted before us, for our recreation, two or three *kakemonos*. The dinner and pleasures in-doors finished, the guest was invited to walk in the moonlight and enjoy the quiet beauty of the monastery's garden—centuries old. Here remarks were exchanged concerning the ancient monks who had planted and fostered the garden, and concerning the happiness and advantages of a life free from striving, unrest, and toil, according to the true Buddhistic pattern.

It is, however, when the genuine Japanese attaches himself intelligently to an ideal cause that the vigor and beauty of the best work possible for such a temperament appears. What in all history can be shown more tender and more touching than Neesima's poetical quotation to reveal the feelings of his deepest heart toward his beloved Dōshisha?

"When the cherry blossoms open on Mt. Yoshino,
Morning and evening I am anxious about the fleecy clouds on his summit."

Or again, when urged to take up work in the provinces, he replied in the words of a poem written by the wife of one of the earlier Shōguns:

"However glad the city's spring may be,
The thought of fading country flowers deep sadness brings to me."

The same characteristic sentimentality extends even to the view which a large number of the finest youths of

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Japan take of themselves. There is probably no country in the world where so large a proportion of the clever young men have their ambitions fired with desire to do something worthy for their liege lord, or their country, or the particular ideal cause which their imagination has espoused. In politics, scholarship, sociology, and religion, an uncommon proportion of striplings are ready to offer themselves as informers and reformers, as leaders and as prophets. Where this ferment of aspiration, accompanied by the sentimental view of what one man—and he young, unknown, and no other than "I myself"—can accomplish, is also joined to even a fair amount of judgment and patient willingness to undergo training and to submit to rebuffs, it produces some truly splendid results. No more interesting and lovable young men have I met anywhere. But far too frequently the sentiment becomes a form of self-conceit for the psychologist's study rather than a picture of intelligent, sturdy devotion to a well-conceived ideal. In no other land is there so much of obvious tendency to what is recognized as a type of "grandiose paranoia" as in Japan. This characteristic exhibition of the sentimental temperament, although naturally much exaggerated by the present conditions of the country, is in accordance with the historical development of the race.

But in Japan, as elsewhere, it is impossible to understand profoundly the life of the people, or even intelligently to explain the more trifling details of daily conduct, without a knowledge of the ethical ideas and feelings that are controlling. And here again—even pre-eminently here—we must consider the ethical sentiments rather than any conceptions clearly seized or any systematic development of the rules of conduct from superior ethical principles. The same thing is undoubtedly true of all peoples, of the most civilized of Western nations as well as of the most civilized of Eastern nations. The Japanese mind is, of course, never other than the same human mind whose life expresses itself in the civilization of England and the United States, but no less faithfully in the civilization of this Oriental land. Yet here, as nowhere else in the world, vague but lofty and inspiring ethical sentiment, as distinguished from clear thinking on questions of ethics or rules of living, formed in accordance with so-called "sound common sense," dominates and purifies but also distorts the conduct of the people.

According to the most influential ethical teaching of Japan as well as the inbred feeling of the multitude, the virtues are all subordinate to one; they are all indeed absorbed, as it were, in that one. This supreme and all-absorbing virtue is *fidelity*—first of all, and without limit or question, to the lord, your political superior, and, under him, to parents, husband, or other domestic superior.

It is true that Kyu-so, the Confucian teacher already referred to, whose ethical doctrine represents perhaps the best education of the Samurai of a century and a half ago, says: "Benevolence, the principle of love, is the virtue of the heart. And with this virtue are all the others, for they are included in it and come from it. . . . Benevolence means the heart which loves mankind and is the chief of virtues." It is true also that Confucian ethics generally is not wanting in genial discourse upon this chief of the virtues. But this Japanese philosopher does not mean by "benevolence" the same thing which Christian ethics understands by the term; and this phase of Confucian theory never became a living principle, recognized and placed in control of conduct, among even the morally best of Japan.

On the other hand, fidelity has been for centuries, and still is, regarded as the one virtue which justifies all forms of conduct, and not infrequently glorifies those actions which appear to our Western and Christian notions the most hideous crimes. Under the feudal system of Japan, and in appeal to the sentimental temperament of the race, a development of the Chinese philosophy took place which Dr. Knox, in his introduction to a translation of the "Shundai Zatsuwa," contrasts with that which took place in China, as follows: "So, too, does loyalty take pre-

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cedence of filial obedience, and the ethical philosopher can praise without qualification men who desert parents, wife, and children for the feudal lord. And with the loyalty, an undue exaltation of the disregard of life, an exaltation that comes near to canonizing those who kill themselves, no matter how causelessly, no matter though crime be the reason for an enforced suicide." On this subject we may quote further from the body of this philosophical work. "When you cross your threshold and pass out through the gate go as men who shall never return again. Thus shall you be ready for every adventure you may meet. . . . Especially three things must never be forgotten, the blessing of parent, lord, and sage. Parents bestow and cherish the body; not a hair even is apart from them and their love. But the daimyō gives us all we have and maintains us — not a chop-stick save from him. And the sage instructs us and saves us from the state of brutes." In another passage, the same philosopher reminds his hearers that, "of old, when the emperor commanded that books of poetry be made, the names of dancing-girls and priests appeared with the names of nobles, and even of the emperor himself. . . . So does my talk of fidelity bring in Samurai of distinguished families with dancing-girls and beggars. Fidelity knows no distinction of high or low. This is its virtue."

The sentimental regard for this supreme virtue of fidelity has produced many most splendid examples of self-sacrificing heroism in the history of Japan. No ancient site of a castle, scarcely a hill-side, river-bank, or grove, that has not been consecrated with some such example. Its expression still frequently runs — as has always been the case — a speedy course to the end of a violent death. The supreme test and the value of fidelity are found in the willingness to serve — just how clear knowledge does not show, but vague sentiment suggests that it must be somehow — by committing *harakiri*. The slighter the provocation, and the less practical benefit of this supreme act of loyalty, the more does the Japanese sentimental ethics praise the act itself. Tender youths and weak women, by the score and by the thousand, have thus been "faithful" — as they understood the virtue — "until (up to the limit of) death."

No observer possessed of right ethical feeling can fail to respond with a thrill of admiration to this exhibition of willingness to undergo martyrdom at the behests of the sentiment of fidelity, without regard to the extreme and useless form which the exhibition may take. Better this than sordid, cowardly selfishness; far better than the failure, under any uplift of noble emotions, to rise above the lusts of the flesh or the pride of life. And in the estimate of that absolute justice with which rests the making-up of the final account, the helpless victims of sentiment, in the more distorted and hideous results of its working, will, doubtless, stand far better than those degenerate representatives of a foreign civilization, to whom not a few of these victims have been offered up.

At the same time, no student of the national ethical life who is candid and thorough as well as sympathetic, can fail to recognize and to deprecate the limitations, the weakness, and even the great amount of folly and crime, to which the predominance of this blind and undisciplined sentiment of fidelity leads the people of Japan. Essentially unchanged have the currents of national feeling, and the course of conduct, flowed for centuries in this land. And to-day, although the government has suppressed some of the more repulsive features of the deeds resulting from the feeling, the feeling itself is still the dominating ethical power over the people. Doubtless, from the political point of view also, it is well that this is so. For the temporary and relative relaxation of the power of this sentiment — especially among the young men of the more intelligent classes — which the so-called "new era" introduced, has been productive of not a little to occasion serious alarm for the future well-being of the country. A semi-religious but irrational reverence for, and sentiments of loyalty to, the temporal lord, or to the head of the

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family, is safer for the state than no controlling ethical feeling, or than the absolutely *non*-moral attitude of the popular mind toward authority.

An interesting and instructive volume might be written for the purpose of tracing into all its various ramifications, in law, custom, and habit, as well as in the more detailed working of mental life, the sentiment of fidelity among the Japanese. The sentiment announces itself in many ways that seem quite inexplicable, when judged by the standard of average Western ideas and practices of an ethical sort.

Not long ago, a Japanese under arrest for another crime gratuitously and falsely made confession of the murder of Missionary Large. After the falseness of his confession was discovered, he was questioned as to the motive that had induced him thus voluntarily to stretch out his neck to the halter. The man responded that he had wished to save the honor of his country, which was suffering in the eyes of all from the failure of the police to discover the perpetrators of the murder. The better acquainted any observer is with the real workings of the Japanese mind, the readier will he be to believe that the rogue, who lied in the confession, spoke true in declaring the motive for it. For an obscure youth or woman to commit suicide, with the feeling that somehow the good of the country is thus to be secured, and some real or fancied stain upon the national honor wiped away in self-sacrificial blood, is to act consistently *à la Japonaise*.

This predominance of the blind ethical sentiment of fidelity not only produces "queer" results—as sound Western sense would certainly consider them; it also represses other virtues, and even furnishes the motive to various forms of crime. To this cause in part (but only in part) do I attribute the fact that the virtues of truth-telling, honesty, and purity as a matter of moral self-protection have never risen to the dignity of independent virtues in Japan. As such, and disconnected from the sentiment of loyalty to some person or cause, they have little if any hold upon the conscience of the Japanese people at large. In saying this I do not intend to raise the much-debated question as to the relative amount of falsehood, dishonesty, and impurity in the Eastern lands as compared with the Western and so-called Christian lands. Even if I were able to establish beyond a doubt my impression, that Japan is not for a moment to be compared with the United States, or England, or any country of Northern Europe, in respect of these virtues, I should not in doing this strengthen precisely the point I wish to make. My point now is simply this: Japanese mental life gives to my mind little or no sure token that it regards the value or the obligation of these virtues *as such*. To these virtues I might add that of a feeling of, not to say a due rational regard for, the sacredness of human life.

I cannot avoid, in this connection, making the remark that even the lower interests of Japan are, to this very day, suffering incalculably from the undeveloped condition of virtues so fundamental to the advance in civilization of every nation. Japan cannot prosper, as it might otherwise, financially, until the body of the people set more store by the commercial value of truth-telling and fair-dealing. As to sentiment in favor of these indispensable commercial virtues, it is the almost unvarying testimony—alas!—of the experienced, that such sentiment scarcely exists. The truth is illustrated whether one drinks a bottle of soda before inquiring the price, or buys an expensive curio. To secure comfort, the traveller must never mind, must shut his eyes, or draw the veil of sentimental interest in the country and the people over his financial transactions. To secure what Western notions consider justice is not made difficult by the government or the courts, chiefly, but by the whole undeveloped, undisciplined mental life of the people.

A single narrative of personal experience may serve to illustrate traits that are common enough in Japan. A party of us, arriving at Komoro with the intent to ascend Asama-Yama by moonlight, had ordered horses to be at the tea-house by ten o'clock in the evening. They had been faithfully promised, but, according to almost uniform custom in

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Japan, they did not arrive on time. Messenger after messenger, despatched by the waiting company, brought back word—first that one man, then two, then three, and then the "head-man" of the stable, had gone after the horses; none of the men had returned, to be sure, but "*tadaima*" ("immediately") the horses would arrive. The wearied and disgusted foreigners fought mosquitoes from the platform of the tea-house until half-past three A.M. Then my Japanese friend, with truly refreshing directness, took the matter vigorously in hand; and within a half-hour the beasts stood waiting for us in the waning moonlight. After listening to his account of the warnings with which he urged the "master of horse" that serious results would follow treating so distinguished personages in such shabby fashion, I asked: "Did you tell him that important international complications might arise out of the affair?" "Not exactly that," was the humorous answer, "but I did say that it would undoubtedly have an unfavorable effect upon treaty revision!" Time and remoter consequences, however, do not concern the average Japanese; and to make the whole thing complete, the landlord endeavored, on our return, with the most childish of excuses, to charge double the contract price, and being accused of his falsehood, admitted it most shamelessly to escape a threatened complaint.

But the picture of results in certain directions, which follow from unthinking adherence to a sentimental loyalty, ending in blind, unquestioning obedience, must be drawn—if faithfully—in yet far darker lines. There are thousands of the daughters of Japan, at the present hour, who are leading lives which Christian ethics has taught Western woman to shrink from more than from death, in "obedience" to this sentiment. Doubtless, in the larger number of cases the personal revolt against the demand which is made by such loyalty to parents, or other superior, is not great. But an occasional suicide shows how severe may be the real sacrifice of some of these slaves, sold under the power of this controlling sentiment.

So interesting a peculiarity of Japanese ethics may profitably be illustrated further, by a quotation from a philosopher, by a reference to a play, and by a narrative of fact. The three shall be given in the reverse order of their mention.

During my stay in Japan the vernacular press gave an account of the shocking murder of his wife by a farmer, said to be—as judged by the standard of his class—an intelligent and hitherto law-abiding man. This poor wretch had become impressed with the belief that a certain portion of the human body, if used as medicine, would cure the oncoming blindness of his aged mother. After making a long journey in the vain attempt to provide, without himself resorting to violence, the desired cure, he returned home determined to offer up his own life for the recovery of his parent's eyesight. But who then should make sure that the remedy would be applied; for the mother seems to have had no knowledge of the dreadful sacrifice which was being prepared for her? This question the man saw no way to be sure of answering, after his own death. He then selected his only child for the offering, but his heart failed him when he attempted to consummate the dreadful deed. And now the man's wife, learning of his wishes for the first time, out of this same sentiment as directed toward husband and mother-in-law, but especially out of love to her child, offers herself as the victim. It was only, however, after the wife had placed a cord around her own neck, and averting his eyes, that the man brought himself to the pitch where he could realize his conception of the binding law of fidelity toward parents. Where else in the so-called civilized world—one is moved to ask—could so hideous a crime be connected with so much of lofty sentiment? The government will punish the criminal. The educated classes will take little note of the significance of the occurrence. But the crime itself, if brought before the great body of the people, would create no shock, would probably not be considered a crime. The deed accords exactly with those ethical sentiments which have controlled

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for centuries the history of the national life, and which to-day reign almost unbroken in their sway over the multitudes.

A play had just been put upon the stage of one of the principal theatres of Tōkyō, which deals with this sentiment of loyalty on the servant's part toward his master. The hero of the play stands in this relation toward a samurai of the olden style. The play turns upon the master's declaration that he must have money; the servant, in fidelity to his master, will obtain the money for him, by any means and at any cost to himself. I found no more instructive ethical study than in watching the attitude of the audience—composed chiefly of the upper artisan classes—toward the efforts of the hero of this play. By a project which Western ethical ideas would consider worthy of being stamped with the blackest kind of infamy, the hero proposes to extort money for his master from another wealthy samurai. But when, being on the point of failure, and the sword of this samurai has already been prepared to strike off his dastardly head, he bares his neck with a dramatic swell and shows the place through which the sword must go, tattooed with Buddha's image, he carries all obstacles before him. The samurai cannot strike through that image to cut the head from a man so faithful to his master. He not only pardons this servant, but loads him with money; and the scoundrel—so I am inclined to believe that theatre-going classes in England and the United States, relatively much lower than this Japanese audience, would regard him—is greeted as the hero with unmistakable applause.

There appears nothing strange in the present attitude of the peasant and artisan classes of Japan toward the most fundamental virtues, as well as the most reprehensible crimes, when we consider carefully the sentiments of the distinguished teachers of Confucian ethics, as well as the influence of both Shintō and Buddhism (so far as they have had any influence on morals) in the past history of the nation. The philosopher Kyu-So's selected instances of the noteworthy and virtuous samurai, place the supreme test of fidelity and courage in the willingness to inflict and to suffer death. So Andōyaimon, when the offer of pardon from the feudal lord who had conquered his master, reached him, "with grief and anger there, before the messenger, wrapped the letter round his sword and killed himself." So Nagaoka's wife, when her castle was surrounded by the enemy, joined hands with her women, and "jumped into the fire and died." And not only those whom we all—men and women of the Western civilization—would easily admire, but even moral monstrosities like the boy Kujurō, are held up to admiration by this Japanese teacher of ethics. This youth of fifteen years, when he had killed his companion in a quarrel over a game of *go*, and had been required to commit *harakiri*, showed not a trace of any emotion over his crime, or his own approaching death. But on the day appointed, "he rose early, bathed, dressed himself with care, made all his preparations with perfect calmness, and then, quiet and composed, killed himself." Says our philosopher: "No old, trained, self-possessed samurai could have excelled him. . . . It would be shameful, were it to be forgotten that so young a boy performed such a deed." And thus it comes about that this youthful murderer is introduced as a notable one among heroic examples in *Shundai Zatsuma. Book One—Benevolence!*

It is not alone, however, on the side of feeling and of devotion that the predominance of the sentimental temperament, with its charms and its disappointments, its strength and its weakness, can be traced everywhere along the currents of the Japanese mental life. The other side of this temperament, as it were, has to do with the volitions, with the habitual forms of the activity of so-called will. This temperament, it has already been said, is characterized by impulsive will, with a tendency to collapse under the strain required for fighting coolly and steadily against unyielding obstacles the battle of a cause, the battle of life. The courage which comes from throwing one's self into a cause, without selfish regard for consequences, and with might,

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mind, and devotion, has been common enough in the history of Japan. And, although the last thirty years have undoubtedly developed much more of sentiment cynical and distrustful of ideals, and of the unchivalric temper of mind, a similar courage is common enough still. The whole nation would probably be aflame with it, should any uniting cause—like a threat to the continuance of the imperial dynasty or to the autonomy of the country—call it forth. In any such case, the exhibitions of fidelity and courage would probably revert speedily to the ancestral type.

This ancestral type of courage is sentimental, and sentimental courage is impulsive and ready to hasten to the supreme issue. It is not that courage which endures the patient overcoming of obstacles, the long succession of compromises necessary to reach an end, the ability to contend with steadiness, nerve, and careful reservation of the last forces until the time of extreme need arrives.

The impulsive, unsteady will, in connection with a quick susceptibility to variety of sentiments, makes itself manifest in all the daily work and daily life of the Japanese people. This is one reason why, as every traveller in the East knows, it is the Chinese rather than the Japanese who are sought and trusted in mercantile and commercial affairs of every kind. It is true that the hereditary feeling of the better class of Japanese toward money transactions partakes largely of the thought of Balzac: *L'argent ne devient quelque chose qu'au moment où le sentiment n'est plus.* But besides the other reasons why so clever a people are, according to Western standards, lacking in qualifications for business, is their unsteadiness of purpose. Nor is this failing manifest in business alone; in politics, in devotion to a life-plan, in education, in religion, the same thing appears.

Connected with this impulsive will is the tendency to sudden, complete, and final collapse of purpose, whenever destiny seems to have decided that the thing wished for cannot be attained, or the thing dreaded is sure to come. This form of will has perhaps been fostered by the fatalistic teaching of Buddhism, and by its doctrine of submission and obedience; but it belongs to that very type of mental life which is characteristic of the Japanese.

In the monastery garden of Kinkakuji, at Kyōto, the visitor is shown where Yoshimitsu, nearly five hundred years ago, drew the water for his tea, where he drank it, and where he washed his hands, etc. Here this great shōgun had retired, having surrendered the title to his son, shaved his head, and assumed the garb of a Buddhist monk. His course of action can be paralleled by that of other rulers, weary of the semblance of power, in many nations and eras of history. But voluntarily to give up all contest for the reality of power is characteristic of the national habit in Japan, whenever the signs of the approaching fatalistic decision are adverse. And Bismarck, chafing under enforced retirement, or Gladstone coming forward at eighty, with courage and cheerfulness, to resume the reins of government, are characteristic of the Western civilization.

There is no more expressive phrase in the Japanese language than this:—*Shikata-ga-nai* ("it cannot be helped)." "The game is up:" it is probably this feeling that makes the hardened criminal in Japan submit to forms of arrest, and of safe-conduct and safe-keeping, which would be laughed to scorn by his kinsman in crime who has the spirit of the Western civilization. To surrender completely when the limit seems to be reached is even regarded as a point of honor. The will which has this quality, will bear patiently and uncomplainingly a large amount of suffering; it will respond with heroic devotion and bring in its hands, as an offering, its own life. But it is hard for it to fix a plan and adhere to this plan in the face of repeated disappointments and defeats. And when it is strained but a little too hard in one direction, it knows no way to relax but to fly off to some other extreme, under the influence of a new theory, a new sentiment, a novel and now charming idea. Or it may go into pieces which cannot be gathered and made to adhere, even for

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a short time, to any other object of interest and effort.

Shikata-ga-nai, and that ends it;—this is the refuge of the maid who has dropped her tray of dishes, of the jinrikisha runner who has tipped over his vehicle, and, not infrequently, of the student who has failed in his examinations, or the statesman whose measures have not carried.

At a memorial service, held for Mr. Neesima in the city of Tōkyō, Mr. Hiroyuki Kato, President of the Imperial University, made an address. After disclaiming all belief in Christianity or any other religion, and all interest in the cause for which the deceased hero's "steadfast spirit" had suffered, he praised most warmly the character of the hero, and held him up as an example of enduring, indefatigable devotion, for imitation by all Japanese. "We are a clever people," said President Kato. "Western nations commend us in this respect, and they are doubtless right. . . . It is a good thing to be clever, but to be clever only is to lack strength. Cleverness and steadfastness of purpose rarely go hand in hand. The former is apt to taper away into shallowness and fickleness, and the shallow, fickle mind can rarely carry through to its end any great undertaking. While there are undoubted exceptions, yet I think this is our weakness, that we have not the endurance, the indefatigable spirit of men of the West. Foreigners criticise us for our mobility, and in itself mobility leads to no good results. . . . Without other qualities we cannot compete successfully with the West."

This judgment of a native leader of modern education in Japan, is true of the present temper and conduct of the people, beyond a fair and reasonable doubt. But it is also true of their most profound, inherent national spirit, of their characteristic temperament as a race. And only the long-continued and diffusive work of some great moral influence can change this spirit, and so elevate the Japanese, in respect of these grave deficiencies, to an equality with the civilization of the West. Japan will doubtless continue to excite the interest of the civilized world; it will be greatly admired and profusely praised—indiscriminately so by those individuals whose own minds have the weaknesses that go with excess of sentimentality. But it will never become great as a nation, among the nations of the earth, and as well-rounded *men* count greatness, until some such moral influence has wrought a mighty change in the spirit of the people.

In politics and in education, in opinions on questions of policy, questions of ethics, and questions of religion, in matters of social and business engagement, the effects of artistic and varied susceptibility, quickness in receiving and skill in appropriating all manner of impressions, but with impulsive will and great lack of steady, tenacious purpose, and of sound, practical reason, are apparent in Japan. The political, educational, and religious leaders of the country, even during its modern era, have been, to an extent which occasions wonder in the foreign mind, men whose lack of these eminently Occidental qualities would have made leadership difficult or impossible for them among the Western nations. Of one example of such leadership, we quote the author's estimate in "Things Japanese." "Mr. Fukuzawa, Director of the Keiō Gijiku," says Mr. Chamberlain, "is a power in the land." "Writing with admirable clearness, publishing a popular newspaper, not keeping too far ahead of the times; in favor of Christianity to-day, because its adoption might gain for Japan the good-will of Christian nations; all eagerness for Buddhism to-morrow, because Buddhist doctrines can be better reconciled with those of evolution and development; pro and anti-foreign by turns, inquisitive, clever, not over-ballasted with judicial calmness, this eminent private school-master, but who has consistently refused all office, is the intellectual father of half the young men who fill the middle and lower posts in the government of Japan." This power of Mr. Fukuzawa in Japan is gained, not less because of his complete temperamental resemblance to the majority of the best among his countrymen, than because of his exhibition of disinterested labors for their welfare. But in

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England or in the United States, this temperamental characteristic would be so serious an impediment to success, that little or no power over the educated classes could be exercised by one who was swayed by it to such an extent as Mr. Fukuzawa.

I believe that my general estimate of the mental characteristics of the people of Japan, carried out into details, will explain satisfactorily almost all their traits and customs, both the engaging and the irritating, the significantly weak and the significantly strong; while it is of the very essence of the sentimental temperament to exhibit *all* those apparently contradictory forms of feeling and of behavior which have been the puzzle of foreign observers of the Japanese, from the beginning of their intercourse with foreigners to the present time.

It would require a far more ardent disciple of Mr. Buckle than any intelligent student of anthropology, in the most modern spirit, is likely to be, to advocate a wide-spreading causal influence from the climate and geography of Japan, over the fundamental characteristics of thought, feeling, and volition, which belong to the Japanese race. But an illustrative analogy between the two cannot fail to suggest itself. Japan is the land of much natural scenery that is pre-eminently interesting and picturesque. It is the land of beautiful green mountains and of luxurious and highly variegated flora. It is the land that lends itself to art, to sentiment, to reverie and brooding over the mysteries of nature and of life. But it is also the land of volcanoes, earthquakes, floods, and typhoons; the land under whose thin fair crust, or weird and grotesque superficial beauty, and in whose air and surrounding waters, the mightiest destructive forces of nature slumber and mutter, and betimes break forth with amazing destructive effect. As is the land, so—in many striking respects — are the people that dwell in it. The superficial observer, especially if he himself be a victim of the unmixed sentimental temperament, may find everything interesting, æsthetically pleasing, promising continued kindness of feeling, and unwearied delightful politeness of address. But the more profound student will take note of the clear indications, that beneath this thin, fair crust, there are smouldering fires of national sentiment, uncontrolled by solid moral principle, and unguided by sound, practical judgment. As yet, however, we are confident in the larger hope for the future of this most "interesting" of Oriental races.

SAWNEY'S DEER-LICK

By Charles D. Lanier

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I

I PAUSED in our stealthy passage over the big ridges and, grounding my gun near the brink of a half-choked mountain-spring, began to reassure myself as to the noble stillness of the hills, and as to the unreality of lingering phantom rumblings and clatterings, the deafening, inhuman babel of the city, a thousand miles away.

Sawney, my silent rear-guard, moved forward to join me after a slowly searching glance had convinced him that no cotton-tail buck nor "gang" of turkeys was feeding in the vast sweep of chestnut timber—a perfect natural park that had opened to our view.

I suspected he was going to break the eloquence of the still-hunter's speechlessness when, with hands clasped over the muzzle of the old mountain rifle, which was long enough to act as a comfortable support for his chin, he fixed his eyes on the little stream that flowed out of the high ridge.

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"Highest water we've seen," I muttered, with an accent which implied a readiness to be corrected.

"Naw. Little Lick on yan side Jump Mount'n's higher," he said, in the deliberate, smothered tones of the man whose home is in the woods.

He still stared from under his bushy eyebrows at the rivulet which slowly made its way through the dense covering of fallen leaves.

"Thirty-seven deer I've killed in five yards o' that spring-head," he finally mumbled.

The thing seemed decidedly improbable, the more so that only half a mile down the mountain swung one of the railroad's audacious curves. But I had Sawney's eyes and profile, as well as the intimacy of many hunting seasons, to tell me that he was one of those rare humans, who, from lack of temptation, or simplicity of character, or limitation of intellect, or all, merely went through life without being subjected to dilemmas between truth and falsehood.

"An' I reckon," continued the old man, appreciating the delicacy of my silence, but unable to forego the pleasure of mystifying me a bit further, "there's been three hundred killed, in my time, right here."

"How come so many at this little hole-in-the-ground?" I inquired, in self-defence.

"Drink," he answered, shortly, with a nod toward the spring.

I laid my gun on the leaves, threw back my hunting-cap, and stretched out for a long draught. But, instead of the icy, sparkling drink I had expected, the water was temperate and strong with sulphur.

"Oh, it's a lick, is it?" I remarked, in an enlightened tone.

"A lick," he repeated, "an' befo' they begun to run their railroads into this country an' hound the deer out of it, a man could have faith in bringin' home vensun if he was willin' to stay here a few hours in the night. Bucks will have sulphur when they git ready for it if they *know'd* hunters was waiting for 'em. Thar's the log whar you laid behine, and the prong o' the saplin' is still growin' in front of it whar you aimed yo' gun fo' the head o' the lick, and knew when to pull by hearin' 'em drink, if there war'n't no moon."

I examined these relics, wondering somewhat at his unusual loquacity.

"It's *my* lick spring," he went on presently, with a look on his face that was new to me. "An' this piece o' the Beard Mount'n we're standin' on, is my land, my reel *estate*."

This was almost more than I could swallow. He was well known in Masterson, the straggling hamlet guarded by these great mountains, as a shiftless Nick o' the Woods, who had no business to be the father of such a pretty, capable daughter as Linda Moore. The "boom" of the iron ore, the railroad, and the summer resort element not far away, had made it more of a crime in the Alleghanies than of yore to be shiftless.

"Where are you going to put up your furnace, Sawney?" I joked, carelessly; and then repented deeply, for I knew the old man had become unhappy over his poverty and low estate, because of his daughter.

"The big beech yander's one corner," he continued, without paying any attention to me, "an' that white bowlder's another, an' the lightnin' blasted pine on the ridge an' the head o' the draft make the fo' corners, containin' an' includin' an a*ree-er* of thirteen and one-half acres, more nor less."

I considered it best to let him explain himself without promptings.

"Colonel Bob lef' that piece to me an' my heirs when he sold this mount'n to the Syndi*cate*. Colonel Bob used to come up from the Valley, every year when the ches'nuts were fallin', an' go into camp fo' deer an' turkey an' b'ar. A many night we've laid out behine that log, and when he sold out befo' he died, he took into his head to give me this little piece up in the mount'n, whar we've hung up mo' bucks 'n most people ever seen."

"Colonel Bob Stewart?" I inquired, producing the sandwich that was to do the duties of dinner, and taking a seat on the historic log.

"Yes, suh. He *was* a man. I've been at New York"—Sawney sat down too, and looked up to catch the effect this statement would have on me—

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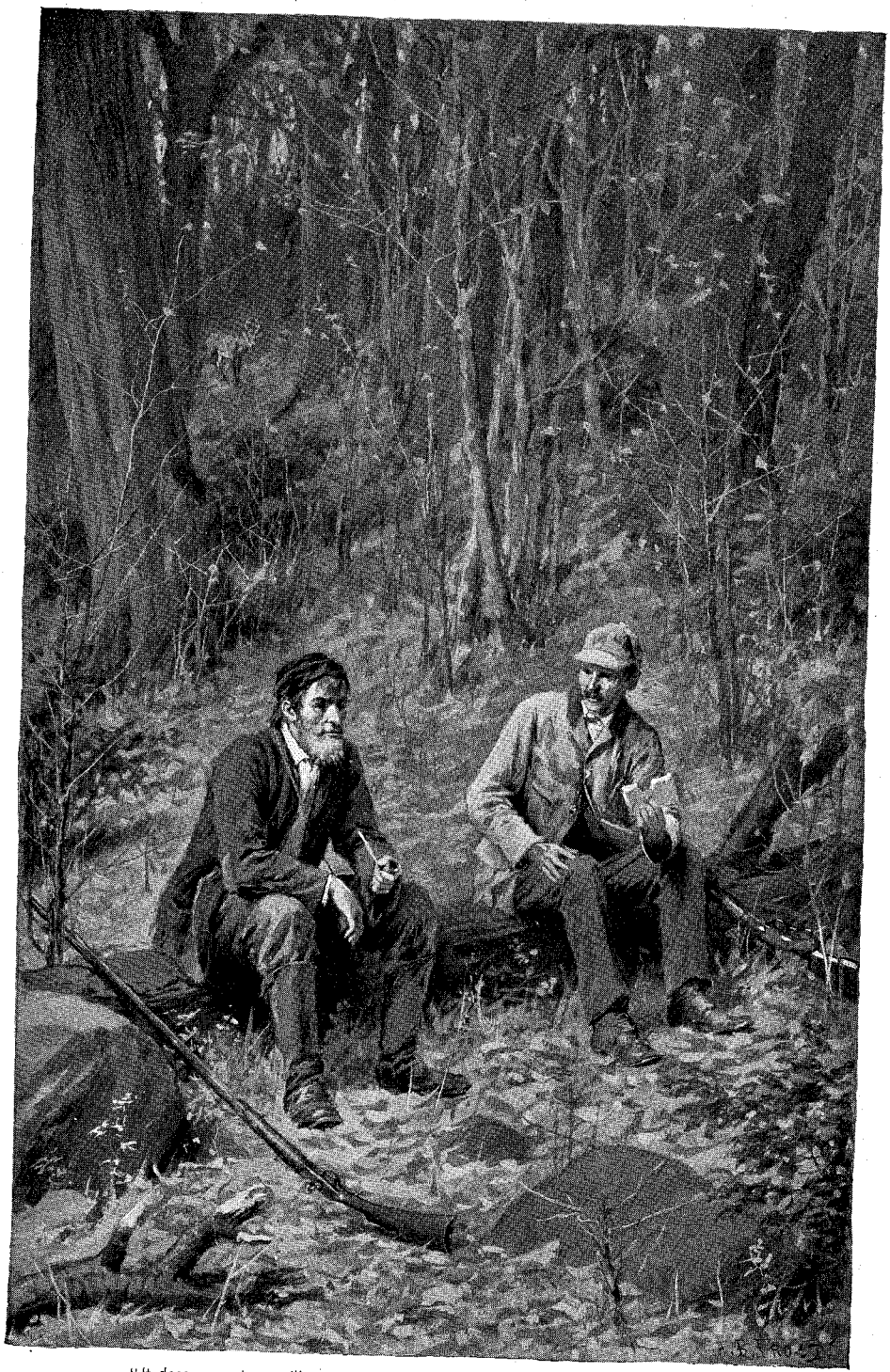

"It does seem to me like some people have all the luck in this world."—Page 96.

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"more'n thirty years ago; yes," he added, in vague calculation, "more'n forty. Went with Colonel Bob 'count of some slaves he got into trouble about. I guess it's a bigger town now'n it was then?" I nodded. "But it was a powerful big town then. What's the name of that street up the middle, that main street?"

"Broadway," I suggested, after a rapid appeal to the laws of association.

"That's it. I walked one evenin' up that street, away from the water an' al'ays keepin' the road part on my left hand. I walked farther'n I ever seen a town road last, and then crossed over an' come down on th' other side, straight back, but al'ays keepin' the road part on the left hand." He paused until I nodded my comprehension of this phenomenon.

"I never seen so many humans at onct. Goin' up there was a stream of 'em, and comin' down there was just as many. But what 'stonished me," said Sawney, with the air of being about to draw rather heavily on my credulity, "was, they all seemed to have somethin' on hand. Maybe they didn't," he qualified seriously, "and was just out like me, but it 'peared t' me as if they mighty near all of 'em had somethin' on hand."

I explained that he was most likely right in his estimate of Broadway's busy-ness, and his wonder subsided in reflective puffs at a corn-cob pipe.

"So we're hunting on your property," I said, thinking to please what had seemed a queer little streak of vanity in him.

"Yes, suh. When I was tryin' to send Lindy to Sta'nton to school—Colonel Bob's daughter gave half what it cost—I had Sam Wilson down in the Post-office write to the Syndi*cate* that bought the rest of the mount'n from Colonel Bob, an' offered to sell 'em this piece, thinkin' they might be willin' to pay a good figger to have the whole piece."

"Wouldn't they buy it?"

The old man looked somewhat abashed. "They wrote a letter sayin' the rest of the mount'n went at a dollar an acre, an' that comes to thirteen an' a half fo' my piece. They said they'd make it a round fifteen, but that wouldn't help Lindy's schoolin' worth speakin'. It does seem to me like some people have all the luck in this world," he said, almost bitterly; "there's Sam Carlstone——"

A sharp cracking of dry twigs made us both turn quickly. Not fifty yards behind stood, with lowered antlers, a handsome buck, his hair rising along his back like a quarrelsome cat's, and his pretty forefoot stamping angrily in the leaves. He had evidently taken umbrage at the queer, amorphous appearance made by the backs of our hunting-coats as we slouched on the log, but his challenge faded instantly when the movement disclosed to him the deadly nature of the quarrel he had picked. Fairly shrinking in his terror, he bounded away, while Sawney, with the quickness of thought, snatched his rifle from the ground, drew blood with the hasty shot, and gave us a weary trail till nightfall.

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II

"My Dear Rowlett: I have been referred to you by a party in a queer case

that has come up in the arrangement of one of the most important hotel enterprises that our railroad is pushing. Near where the main line crosses the back-bone of the Alleghanies we are putting up a magnificent resort, and we have already advertised widely that the chief attraction of the 'Montebello' is to be the warm sulphur baths which are fed by a spring rising a half-mile or so up the mountain. We expected to allow a good price to the Syndicate for the use of this spring, but had entertained no idea of possible trouble, because, as you know, the heaviest capitalists are interested in both concerns. But when the final arrangements came to be made, it turned out that the title to the land about the spring had not been transferred to the Syndicate with the rest of the mountain property, but belongs to an old curmudgeon of a hunter or moonshiner, whom I understand you have at times employed as a guide.

"Our people have tried every means of bringing him to his senses, for we must have the matter decided at once, but he will not accept any of the offers, and insists on referring the question to you. If you are willing to be troubled in the matter, I hope you will get a power of attorney from old Moore—that is the moonshiner's name—and I shall be honored if you will lunch with me on Friday at the 'Lawyer's,' at any hour which is accustomed to find you peckish.

"Yours truly,
"C. Nicholas Van Muysden."

The typewriter at my elbow looked up in lady-like surprise at the exclamation which escaped me.

Van Muysden has not to this day quite forgiven me for the number of thousands of dollars which were transferred from the coffers of the Appalachian Railroad Company to my old man of the mountains.

On conferring with Sawney concerning the changes which this snug little fortune would make in his life, he asked me if there was enough of it to enable Linda to study in Europe with her chum at the Staunton school. His eyes sparkled when I calculated that this might easily be arranged. When I added that there would be capital left to build himself as good a house as any in Masterson, he did not show just the expected enthusiasm over the scheme. Then I reminded him that it was his duty to Linda to put on some style and live like her friends down in the Valley. He replied that he had been thinking about it; that he would not care to stay in Masterson, where everybody would laugh at his store-clothes; and that if there was "enough," he wanted to go to the city, where he could learn quicker to be like Linda's friends, and where there would not be anyone to bother him. She would be away a whole year, and he thought he could get used to city clothes and their fine

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ways against the time they came back. Whereupon I took mental note that the poison was getting in its work.

Men who have hunted much together are bound by very subtle ties. It is unlike other comradeship—that of the woods and streams and mountains—and it respecteth neither birth nor fortune nor temperament. Are not the days and nights of a still-hunt the best of a man's life? They are certainly the least bad. Then he can be brave without needing an audience to applaud; he is truthful; he can speak and be silent; he is modest, and he is at the service of a friend with his life and all that is his. If this spell be broken with the striking of the tents, is it not better to have been in camp?

And it is a true and sweet bond between two men to love the same things—all the more so when few people love them, or even see them. The hunter speaks but little of them, and that awkwardly. When he lies in ambush and shivers with awe and exaltation through the succession of infinite glories that surround the birth of a day, he is speechless, nor even meets his comrade's eye. But either understands, and is content and remembers. He remembers, too, how there was no question in the cold bear-hunt, when the icy Wallawhatoolah lay before them, as to who should stagger through the river with the other on his back; for was not Sawney already wet from his plunge through the "run" below? When Jack, the brave little hound, dragged himself home through the night and storm, after running a buck over thirty miles of fearful ridges which had daunted the rest of the pack—was it not a great secret pleasure to find that both of us felt the weary, torn creature must be brought into the best room of the cabin, maugre all Linda's rules of tidiness? And for an hour have we not watched Jack's limping and groaning efforts to screw himself into a position that promised comfort, offering him mild suggestions and encouragements, which he received with a deep, strange look of gratitude and love from his dark eyes and upturned face?

Ah, those were indeed pipes of peace we smoked, while the hound, finally asleep in the roasting blaze of the great log-fire, gave ever and anon ghostly little half-yelps on the trail of the dream-stag before him!

It needs, then, no set terms to explain why there was something more than curiosity in the motives which led me to see Moore once in a while, when he had been transplanted to the city by this astounding stroke of fortune.

He displayed as much anxiety to get there as any devotee of the Fifth Avenue clubs, as any old exquisite whose day might be spoiled by an error of a few degrees Fahrenheit in his Macon, whose feelings could not be more deeply hurt than by the sight of a woodcock split down the back.

Of course, I took care to warn the two, on my visits to their modest apartments, against the importunities of sharks and beggars. But the daughter had quite her share of common sense and adaptability, and her father was shrewd enough in a slow, straightforward way.

As to beggars, however, my explanations that it was really not charitable or kind to give money to the gentry one meets on the streets, were not altogether successful. It was quite amusing to see Sawney look guiltily after me one afternoon, as we parted on the street, while he gave a piece of money to a ragged fellow who had doubtless been following us for squares in the hope of this *tête-à-tête*.

"They'll spend it on drink," I objected, when the next opportunity came to tax him with it, "and you are doing an injustice to them and to those who really need it."

"Yes, suh," Sawney said, doubtfully; "I can stand 'em lookin' ragged, and hungry too, for I've been both, and it ain't so bad; but when they've got a limpin' gait like they're foot-sore, no man's been on a long hunt with a chafin' boot kin send 'em away. It's the awfullest feelin'—havin' to walk round with a hurt foot, an' it must be worse on these here pavements."

It was quite the best part of the play when he went with me for his first sight of the stage, to see Sawney's fright and self-consciousness when we walked down the aisle, among so many finely

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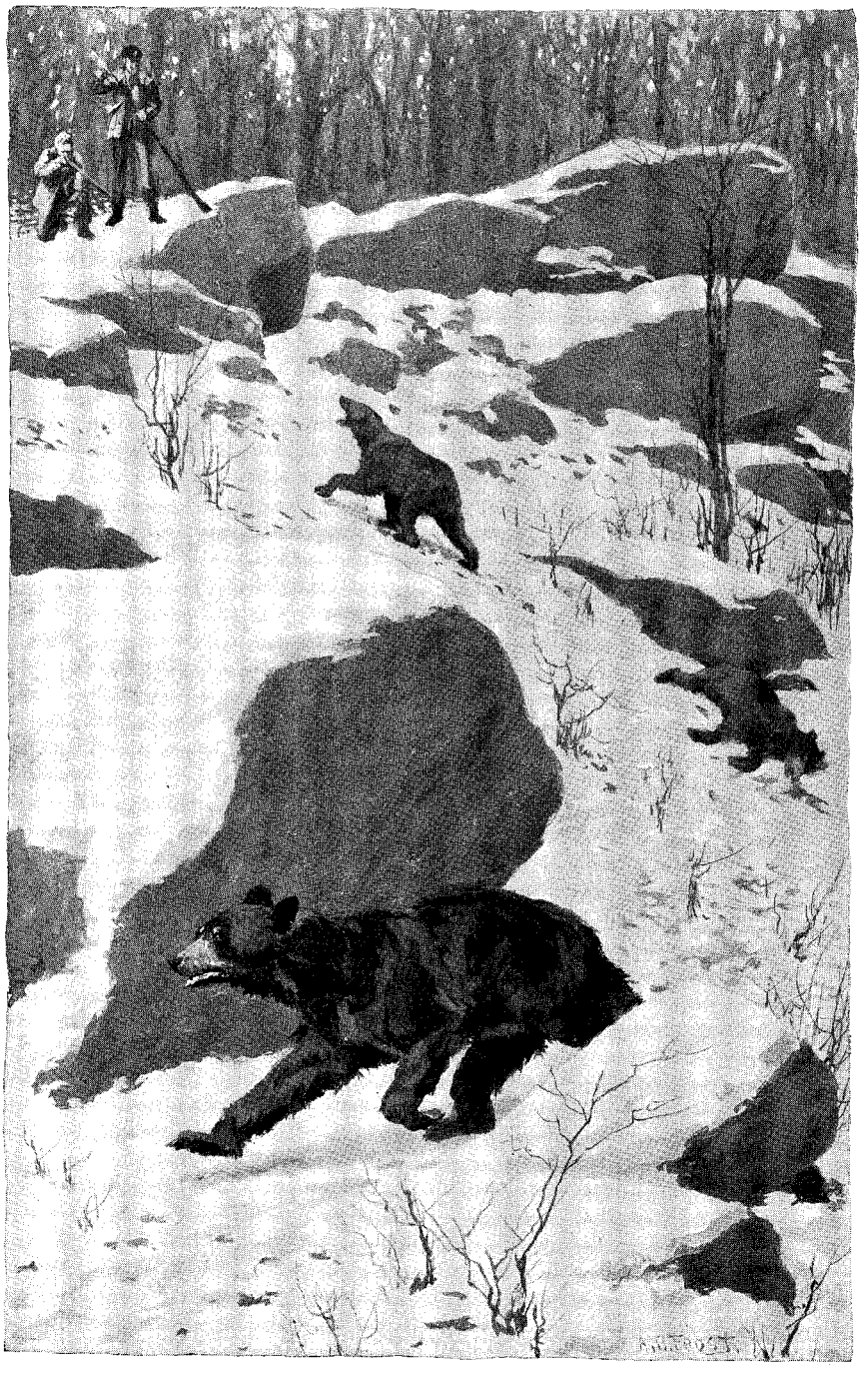

The dear delight of those five minutes of battle.—Page 101.

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dressed people, into the glare of a thousand lights; and the look of astonishment on his face as the curtain rose, the dawning understanding, and the complete surrender to the rapture of the story which was being acted. When the dastardly villain, after the customary twists and turns, was finally run to earth and gloriously choked by a hero whose virtue outshone even his tall patent-leather boots, my companion forgot everything and himself in the ecstasy of the *dénouement*, and was brought back to a sitting posture and utter confusion by his daughter's admonition, who blushed very much.

Even after one of these rare sprees, Sawney was always up in time to see the sun rise—that is, if the sun *did* rise in a big city and did not simply appear over the chimneys about an hour after the real event. This strange habit was the cause of much discontented speculation on the part of the janitor and the ancillary element of the apartment-house, all of whom the new tenant treated with a simple but complete courtesy that was somewhat disconcerted by their unresponsive attitude.

In these early sorties the old man tramped out to the Park, where he wandered around undisturbed, save now and then by the desultory suspicion of a brass-buttoned "limb." It was the hour which, every day for a generation, had brought Sawney and his long rifle into the mountain.

After an hour or two he would return to breakfast with his daughter, having punctiliously purchased a paper from one of the *gamins*, whose enterprise, repartee, and activity in boarding the cable-cars were never-ending sources of interest to Sawney. But these morning papers were the cause of some discomfort to him.

"When there's a good piece in one of 'em," he told me, "I start to read it, an' I hang to her pretty steady now, an' I believe I'd finish some of 'em all right if there wa'n't a new paper comin' out again befo' I've had half a chance. Then befo' I know it there's a whole pile, and Lindy begins to laugh at me about not keepin' up."

On the whole, with the exception of one occasion when he carried to a violent termination his espousal of a small boy's cause, whose terrier had been captured by the official dog-catchers, the

old man seemed to be getting along fairly well in his new environments, and I began to see him less and less frequently. His daughter departed on her European campaign. I was called away from the city for a month, and when I returned he had moved to other quarters, nor could their whereabouts be learned. Any uneasiness I might have felt on his account was allayed by the consideration that he knew the way to my office and to my rooms, and that he would certainly tell me if trouble came. So he disappeared from my busy city life.

III

The through train, "double-headed" for the furious assault it had made on the mountain, pulled up at a lonely tank station, and, with a great gasp of

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finished effort, began a nervous systole and diastole of shorter breaths. It was an hour before the dawn of a clear frosty day, and the air cut gloriously as I stepped, laden with guns and valises, from the Pullman to the ground, which was frozen so hard beneath the steely gleam of the stars that it gave out a metallic ring beneath my footfalls.

The yearning for another hunting tramp over these great blue ridges had been backing up in my heart for two years, and now I determined to lose not a day, not an hour, of the two weeks' respite. The sun had scarcely risen when, booted and ammunitioned, with a Winchester over my shoulder, I left the little room in the mountain cabin strewn with wildly discarded "things," and set out for a distant ridge that had been wont to harbor lusty "gangs" of wild turkeys in the old days when Sawney initiated me into the secrets of these lordly hills.

There came a renewed feeling of regret that I had not been able to find any trace of him, in my thought to bring him back to his old haunts to share this hunt.

It was not a time, however, for regretting anything very much, for I was blessed with not only "health and a day," but with a gun and a mountain in addition. The ten steep miles to Bear Knob were for me miles of full anticipation, of swiftly rushing blood, of sweet recognition of this giant tree, of that favorite burst of view over the happy Valley clear to the humps of the Blue Ridge. Here is the green, mossy, pine-inhabited "draft," where the sun never shone, where there was always a pair of pheasants to herald my soft approach over the carpet of "needles" by noisily buzzing off to the laurel-covered hills; there is the gaping crevice in a giant ledge of gray rock where we surprised the three bears that heavy winter. The dear delight of those five minutes of battle, the haunting recollection of the beasts' effluvia, are present again, and make me glad that I am here.

Then came the pleasant toil up and down the ridges and drafts of the Knob. An unwary pheasant flew up into a tree to be decapitated by my 38. Every now and then a frisky gray squirrel, searching for some chance relics of the last nut harvest, led me into an arduous and disappointed approach under the suspicion that his rummaging about was the scratching of the big birds I sought.

But the leaves underfoot, those rustling sentinels that guard so constantly and surely their forest folk, were dry and alert. With the utmost caution they crackled out an alarm to the keen-eared turkeys, if any were there, before I could see or hear them, though there were plentiful "signs" of their feeding.

But as the sun was melting the peaks to the west into vaporous gold, while I worked my way very cautiously down the mountain in the direction of the cabin, a far away, plaintive *Kyouck, Kyouck, Kyouck!* suddenly brought my heart to my mouth. Not daring to attempt an answer, I began to creep with infinite care toward the call I had been yearning to hear. Nearer and nearer, until apparently within rifle range, I slowly moved; the Winchester was cocked, every nerve was concentrated in my straining eyes to catch a glimpse of the tall, gallant bird before me. Was it imagination, or was that dark object in the laurel clump—a thin, high-set whistle, the signal of the still-hunter to his mate, startled me as if a cannon had been discharged. It was repeated, and out of the laurels stalked a tall mountaineer in gray home-spun, high boots, the regulation 'coon-skin cap, and the long-barrelled rifle of the hills, with its slender, graceful stock.

"I seen you a matter of fifty yards back," he said, with a low laugh. "If you'd 'a been a turkey I could 'a stopped ye without spilin' the breast."

It was Sawney. The rascal had been "yelping" for a flock he had scattered, and had decoyed me. I walked over to his coign of vantage in the brush, and found a stately gobbler "hung up" on a mighty laurel.

"But what are you doing here, Sawney?" I asked.

"Same's ever," he said, briefly.

"How long have you been up here?" I persisted, thinking that he was prob-

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ably on a visit to the old hunting-ground just as I was.

"A leettle over a year," he answered in a somewhat shamefaced way.

"Nothing happened to your property, I hope?" I saw that I was worrying him.

"Naw, sur."

We were sitting on the stem of a huge tree that a recent storm had sent crashing down into the laurel thicket. The rich autumn smell of the brown woods and leaves mingled with the exquisite fragrance from the still sappy heart of the shattered oak. In an embarrassed mood Sawney plucked from its modest place underfoot a tiny mountain evergreen, with firm, perfect, wax-finished leaves, among which was set a red berry like a solitary drop of pigeon's blood. He looked west to the glory which was there, and took a free draught of the sweet, cool air. I thought I understood.

That night I joined the old man, as of yore, in the little cabin where he was living alone and content, and when we had eaten his broiled squirrel and fed the dogs, and admired the skin of his last wildcat, I beat an incontinent retreat into the Land of Nod, while the pipe was still burning and Sawney had not ceased to break out in chuckles over the *contretemps* of the afternoon.

SALVATION ARMY WORK IN THE SLUMS

By Maud Ballington Booth

THE trailing arbutus beneath the decaying leaves and forest *débris* in early spring comes to my mind when I think of the slum workers of the Salvation Army; for just so are their lives in relation to the forest of humanity in which they live — out of sight, willingly buried away beneath the darkness, misery, and ill-repute of the slums in which they make their home, yet sending forth the fragrance of their pure, holy lives.

To those who only know of the Salvation Army from repute, and who have never looked into the detail of its many branches, it may seem strange that one special division of the work should be called the "Slum Brigade," when they have the impression that all its work is carried on for the searching out and reaching of the outcast, depraved, and unchurched. By those unacquainted with the poor it is not understood that there are as many different classes and grades among them as among the rich. Those who live with and study the multitudes, have learned that they also have their feelings and prejudices, and ideas of caste, that make them live in so many little circles in the great underworld of poverty and misfortune. There are, for instance, the respectable honest poor, who work when they can, and through hard toil and thrift manage to keep their self-respect and to a surprising extent fight the wolf from the door except in the hardest seasons, when many of them would rather starve than beg. Then we find a class made up of the more unfortunate who are constantly feeling the pinch of dire distress, who work occasionally, and whose homes become one or two rooms in a tenement of the poorest character, from which they constantly have to go for shelter into the many low lodging-houses. By day they wander the streets, during their non-working hours. Again there is the lower class that knows no home, the members of which herd together in the greatest squalor, and live the hand-to-mouth existence of a hopeless drifting life, where work is not sought, finding the means of a drunken subsistence from illegal sources. Another class is made up of criminals, who exist entirely through their crimes, and make a very much less precarious living than the aforementioned classes—"living on their wits" they would call it. Yet again there are vast multitudes who, alas, have drifted down from more fort-

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unate circles through their abandonment to vice and drunkenness, and who continue going down further and further through all the different grades, until they come to the very lowest and most hopeless pauperism.

When the Salvation Army launched out upon its work of raising and helping the outcast, it, in a very marvellous manner, reached, and is now reaching, the poor, otherwise untouched by religious influence. Street loungers, drunkards, wife-beaters, wild, reckless youths, and fallen women, were attracted to its halls, by the hundreds of thousands, by the open-air procession, and through the lively and enthusiastic character of its services. As years rolled on the problem of the lowest outcasts of Slumdom, and how to reach them in bulk (not by ones or twos), faced the leaders of this movement. Undoubtedly there were thousands living as heathen, aye, almost as savages, right in the midst of our prosperous cities; people who would not come to our halls, who had never even heard the sound of our drum, and many of whom lived crowded like rats in their wretched haunts, shunning the daylight, to come out only under the cover of night, which was made horrible by their debauchery and crime. Some of these had not even fit rags in which to come out among their more fortunate fellow-men, and others lay too sick in their garret to come out into the daylight.

It was in the city of London that this special need was first faced, and means devised to meet it. Investigations had been made revealing an appalling state of affairs. The houses of the poor were found to be in the most unsanitary state of neglect, and so dilapidated in many instances that floors and stairways were giving way, and dangerous rents in the rotten ceilings became hazardous to the tenants in the rooms above. For these miserable broken-down homes the people were paying rentals which left them with but a few pennies for their subsistence and the support of their families. The wretchedly poor wages upon which human beings were trying to exist, and the many cases of death from starvation as a consequence, came to light in a way which shocked London and raised a great hue and cry about the outcasts and their bitter lot.

It was just then that the army's first Slum Brigade was inaugurated, and it was a new and very original departure, though on the same old lines of adaptation of measures which had been one of the principles of the movement from its inception. This was before the day of College Settlements, Toynbee Halls, or other work of that kind, so that the army was pioneering in a field new and untried. The Slum Brigade was composed of women who volunteered from the army's ranks of already trained workers, to go down among the denizens of Slumdom, exactly on the same principle as our workers go to the Foreign Mission field to become natives to the native. They were to live in the heart of the worst neighborhood, and to live as their neighbors, becoming poor as the poor around them, and severing themselves from the world of the past as completely as if the shades of Africa's forests had closed around them. It was in no sense an experimental work to be done for a season, just as "an experience" to prove helpful in other fields of labor, but was to be a practical consecration of themselves to a *life work*, with a willingness to do or suffer anything that might come of hardship, sickness, and heartache, out of a genuine love for the outcasts whom they sought to help and save.

They do not go to the people in a spirit either of pity or patronage, but just with the neighborly interest and affection that can only be acceptable when given by those who breathe the same atmosphere and live in the same surroundings. The blue uniform and well-known bonnet were laid aside, and poor thread-bare dresses and shawls substituted for them, with the addition of coarse gingham aprons. Their home, which was two rooms in one of the poorest districts, was not to be furnished in the style of those they had left, but was to be made like the homes of their poor neighbors, without carpet, or anything that could speak of comfort or ease; just the necessary table and chairs, stove and bed, and with food as simple and inexpensive as possible. We thor-

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oughly believed that becoming one with them would be the most effectual way of winning their hearts and confidences, and that it would be more easy thus to find out the best methods of helping them, and also who were the most deserving of help.

Then, regarding their duties, they were not to consider themselves mere spiritual advisers of the people, nor to confine themselves only to the nursing of the sick, or the giving of spiritual comfort to the dying. They were to hold themselves ready to do anything and everything in the way of kindly offices that could bring them into close personal touch with the people, and these included the scrubbing of floors, washing of dirty children, nursing of the sick, sitting up with the dying, laying out of the dead, the stepping in as peace-makers in drunken brawls, and many other kindly acts more hazardous, difficult, and trying than I can explain here.

It is, however, needless to say that as this army is a movement whose chief interest is in spiritual matters, all these many kindly deeds performed for the temporal welfare of the people were to pave the way for the straightest and most earnest kind of dealing on matters concerning the soul. If the tree be good the fruit will be good. If the heart be sound, that which emanates from it will be sound also. Hence the theory of the Salvation Army has always aimed at the root of the matter. You would better society! Then set to work and better its individuals; better them in the only really effectual way, by bringing something to their hearts which will purify, change, and exalt them. Reforms which aim only at educating, giving employment, or improving the environment will not prove a permanent cure for the terrible social degradation and misery of the people; for where vice, crime, disregard to cleanliness, and utter immorality exist, they will make chaos of your order, filthy ruin of your improved dwellings, and merely use your higher education in the perpetrating of cleverer crime and more extended mischief.

Returning to the temporal side of the question, the pauperizing of the people by gifts was to be very carefully avoided, and relief in food or clothing could only be given in cases of absolute starvation or nakedness. The work began in a very small and humble way in a part of East London called Hackney Wick, but it very soon spread to Whitechapel, Seven Dials, and the Borough, and then out into the provincial towns of England. From a very small experiment developed a very large and successful work, which proved without doubt the effectiveness of the new measures. Many people in other denominations have also been stirred up to do like work upon their own lines by this brave example, though none of the schemes yet on foot have succeeded in reaching the people of the under-world as the army has reached them, nor do they profess to have got to the rock-bottom depth of degradation which the Slum officers have succeeded so wonderfully in reaching.

At the very outset of this special branch of work I was appointed to assist in its oversight, hence its advance and development have always been of very special interest to me. One of our first cases during the earliest weeks of work in Hackney Wick I think I shall never forget. One of our officers reported to me that in a certain dilapidated house in a back court she had come upon a very pitiful case of poverty. I went with her to see the family. The stairs of the dwelling were so filthy and rickety that we had to walk cautiously, feeling our way with our hands along the wall for support which the bannister no longer furnished. Up two flights of stairs we came to the door of the room, and on throwing it open entered the home of a whole family. The room was very small. Exactly opposite the door was a heap of rubbish and refuse upon which lay a baby. It was absolutely without clothing, and was so dirty, that it looked gray from head to foot. It had the abnormal development of head and face so often seen in the starving children of the slums. Resting on its little hands it raised its head and looked at us, and it seemed to me to be more like a little monkey than the child of human parents. Glancing

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from the baby to the other occupants of the room I saw a child of some two years standing by the empty hearth, for there was no trace of fire, though it was winter time. Near the child stood a young man with a despairing and consumptive look upon his face. In one corner of the room lay a few rags upon the floor, which was the bed of the family, and in the centre of the room was to me the most pitiful picture of all—the mother, so dirty, degraded, and hopeless looking that it made one's heart ache to think that she was the sister of the many fortunate women who had never stretched a hand to help her. Her garments were so torn that they did not serve as a decent covering, her hair was tangled and matted, and the bloated condition of her face made her look absolutely revolting. By her was an old box serving as a table, and upon it stood a lamp with a cracked and blackened chimney. She did not look up as we entered but continued her work of match-box making. Rapidly and silently she worked, passing box after box from her nimble fingers, and it seemed as if it would be impossible for us to open conversation. Guessing there was a key to her heart as sure as to that of more fortunate mothers, I picked the little baby from the floor, and sitting down amidst the rubbish, held it in my arms while I talked to her about it. She told us she had no time to wash the children, nor to wash herself for that matter, and seemed quite indifferent to any kindly words we might say to her. So kneeling down close beside her we poured out our souls in prayer in the simplest phraseology we could use to a personal friend and Saviour. When we turned to look at her we found to our joy that though she had not stopped her work, her heart had been reached, the tears were coursing down her face, and her poor husband was also weeping. Scrubbing-brushes, soap, and pails were next in order, and our slum officers visited this family to do the scrubbing and washing which the mother had not time to do. No time! I do not wonder she had no time—when you realize that she had to make twelve dozen match-boxes to realize the sum of five cents, and out of that five cents she had to find her own paste and string, and after they were made had to carry them several weary miles to get her pay. Her husband had been out of work for weeks, and she had to support the family. The little child of two years had the day previous to our visit been dreadfully burned. There had been a fire in the grate that day and his dirty little pinafore had caught. When we saw him he had a frightful open wound from his chest downward. This wound was dressed day after day and the children washed by the loving hands of those whom they learned to look upon as their dearest friends and nearest neighbors. The case was followed up for years and became a most encouraging and satisfactory one.

Thus was the work conceived, commenced, and carried forward in the Old World. But that which is of far more moment to us as American citizens is its operation in the most needy slums of our great cities.

It is now five years since we began the Slum Brigade work in New York City. I had often, while engaged in other branches of army warfare, looked forward with great expectation to the time when we should be ready to explore and begin operations in the heart of Slumdom, but when I broached the subject to those who had lived in the city far longer than I had, they invariably met me with the assertion that there was no such need here as in the Old World, and that the slums of America were far better in every way than those of which I spoke. Not a few among our friends and critics told me that there was really little need of such work in America, while others assured me that the measures we thought of adopting would surely prove a failure. At that time the book on "How the Other Half Lives" was not written, and there was nothing like the interest manifested in public print regarding the great problems of the slums.

Being determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, we selected two of our devoted and faithful workers, and sent them out to become natural-

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ized to the slums—if I may use the expression. Taking a couple of rooms in a house of most unsavory repute and disreputable surroundings, they made it their head-quarters; commencing their work quite unannounced as Salvationists, wearing the most ragged clothes, and keeping their mission a secret. The rooms they hired were so filthy that it took one whole week to scrub and disinfect them. They had been formerly occupied by women of disrepute. The neighbors (there were many families in the same house) were of the most drunken, demoralized character, and the notorious Water Street houses were right in the rear of them. They had a Chinese laundry on one side of them, and a house of ill fame on the other. Their furniture consisted of one bedstead, plain deal table, an extra mattress for the floor, two chairs and a packing-case to serve as a third, and an old stove which, only having three legs, was accommodated with some bricks to serve as a fourth. A few necessaries in the way of crockery-ware, soap, scrubbing-brushes, pails, etc., completed their worldly possessions, so that there was nothing to make watching neighbors think, as their furniture was unloaded, that they were any other than "the likes of us."

To those who know nothing of practical slum work the account of slumming described by some of the popular writers of the day carries very misleading ideas with it. I have heard of the work of one novelist in which he describes the heroine, who takes her refinement and sweet lady-like surroundings into the slums with her, as decorating her walls with peacocks' feathers and making fragrant her room with flowers, thus offering a little oasis in the desert to her rough and illiterate neighbors. This may sound very picturesque and charming from the pen of the novelist, but were anything of that sort perpetrated in the slums of New York it would call forth the greatest ridicule and resentment from the neighbors, who could not derive a particle of benefit from such an object-lesson. In two other books which I have in mind the novelist describes the heroine as winding up amid a blaze of diamonds and orange blossoms, after her months' or years' experimental slumming, with her poor slum neighbors as invited guests looking on in admiration!

No child's play is the life of the woman who wishes to consecrate herself to the reclaiming of the lost, and those influences that make a wall or barrier between her and the fallen and unfortunate, must be abandoned forever. At the very onset of the work when the slum-workers had just settled into their new home I went down to spend a short time with them, that I might help in the work of exploring, and might see for myself the need of the New York slums. My dress was an old much-worn calico wrapper out at both elbows, and hanging in tatters around the skirt. An apron with a very large burn in the centre, shoes which, while they were not fellows, boasted of more ventilation than was customary, and were laced with white string, while the whole costume was crowned with an ancient hat the side and crown of which had been partly demolished. My companions were attired in the same fashion, and I think I can truthfully say that the only thing about us calculated to arouse suspicion was the fact that we were clean, but fortunately this was accounted for in a very happy way by some little children as they shouted after us "Them's from the country," and added sotto voce remarks about the "green-" ness of our appearance. It may be naturally asked why rags and tatters were necessary in our work, hence it should be understood that they were merely *temporary* necessities, for when thoroughly acquainted with the needs and duties of the new battle-field, our slum officers were to work in their own name as Salvationists, and were to replace by neat though poor garments the rags with which they commenced. On the occasion of which I speak, however, we were doing detective work, and to do it successfully such disguise was necessary. We did not learn the needs of slumdom under the guidance of a police detective. We knew our mice too well to visit them with a bell-decorated cat! Every inch of the ground had to be patiently and wisely approached, gained, and held without any

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show of fear, or any appearance of strangeness.

It will be quite impossible to picture here the sights and scenes I have with my own eyes witnessed, not only on this but on subsequent visits, and as I have been there but a few times, and for but a few brief hours or days, I personally have seen nothing compared with the large experience of our brave and ever-growing band of slum workers. I could not have believed from looking at the outside of the buildings, the terrible conditions to be found upon the inside. I can say, without fear of exaggeration, that I have found a state of dirt, poverty, and misery quite equal to anything I have seen or heard of in the city of London. I remember one garret, for instance, in the same street as our slum quarters, hardly more than a stone's throw from them. The floor was not only ingrained with dirt and grime but was rat-eaten and rotten. The windows were broken and the holes in the miserable frame stuffed up with old rags. The low-hanging rafters were festooned with cobwebs, and the cobwebs in their turn so laden with soot that we could imagine them funeral draperies. Though it was bitterly cold winter weather, and a woman with a cancer eating out her life sat rocking in bed with only one flimsy garment to cover her, yet there was no fire in the broken old stove. The bed itself had broken down and she lay amid the ruins. The only chair in the room had no bottom to it and no back. In a little inner room, with no light or ventilation, the lodger was sleeping, while the drunken husband stood crying and muttering at the foot of the dilapidated bed. No food, no fire, no comfort—filth, vermin, cold, and despair were all we found that day at the top of a great house which had once been some gentleman's mansion.

Then there are the cellars in which you would hardly think that human beings could live, and yet there we have found them living on the cold damp floor, racked with pain, and with the constant annoyance of troops of rats running around.

Even more terrible to me are the large rooms of the common lodging-houses, in which without a pretence of curtain, screen, or partition, the beds of five or six families are placed, and adults and children live together, cooking at one common stove, fighting, brawling, drinking, and dying, in a state of unhealthy crowding which we would not think of permitting to our domestic animals.

On that first Sunday it was an appalling thing to me to see an almost uncountable number of drunken people. We found them lying dead-drunk in the hallways, drunk on the stairs, and drunk in their miserable homes; one man lay drunk under the table, while three drunken women fought together in the room. In another place we found two men and three women all in the violent stage of drunkenness who berated us in the most lively manner, pointing to the crucifixes upon the wall and saying that that was all the religion they wanted, and that was a great deal more religion than many of their neighbors had.

These, however, are not the only haunts visited by the Slum Brigade—saloons and dives being included in their every-day calling list. Several evenings a week are set aside for this much-needed field of work, and amid the whirling dance, and the obscenity and profanity of the lowest of these resorts their loving words and sweet pure voices have brought calm and hope, and a message of the better life to those who would otherwise have been unreached and uncared for.

In the first experimental visits we did not go from room to room, knocking at the door and asking for admittance on the ground that we had come to read the Bible, to sing or pray with the people, nor did we take with us a bundle of tracts. Our plea was that we were looking for sick cases, which was perfectly true, and we hunted up every home, and room, and garret in which a sick baby or suffering person could be found. We explained that we had some spare time and wanted to give this spare time in caring for those we could nurse, and in the helping of our neighbors. At first the slum workers were regarded with suspicion, often met with absolute rebuff, but by degrees

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their useful, loving, patient toil was rewarded by the gaining of the confidence of the people, and open doors and welcoming faces met them everywhere.

One instance will serve to show how, though rebuffed at first, they persistently won their way into the homes of their neighbors. It was at the beginning of the work in the city of Boston. They had been there so short a time that they were not known in some of the larger tenement-houses in a district known as the Cove, where they themselves lived. They were systematically calling at room after room in a big tenement-house when they happened on an open door, and stepping in they found a man trying, in a helpless way, to calm a crying baby. The room was a miserable wreck, filthy and neglected, and with broken furniture. There was no fire and apparently nothing for the child to eat. In answer to their kindly questions and sympathetic faces he told them it was all his wife's fault; she was a drinking and fighting woman, that the night before she had got into a drunken brawl with another woman, that they had been separated by the police, and both taken to the lock-up, she having her baby in her arms at the time. He added that he could not stand his child being taken off like that, so he went and brought it from the police station. Wasting but little time in words they set to work, commenced tidying the room, lit the fire to warm the baby's milk, and were just engaged in making the little thing clean and comfortable when they heard an angry voice from the door ordering them to "get out." Looking up they saw a perfect fury of a woman with dishevelled hair and blackened eyes standing on the threshold of the room, and, grasping the situation at once, they concluded that the mistress of the home had returned and resented their presence. "Get out of this," she screamed, "get out, I tell you! I want to have nobody come into my place when I'm away." As they tried kindly to explain matters to her, the husband in more than authoritative tones told *her* to "get out," that she should not interfere with them, and that she was the one who should not darken his threshold any more. She, however, continued to abuse and berate them in the most violent language, adding that she would take them both by the hair of the head and throw them down-stairs unless they vacated the room immediately. Finding it then impossible to explain to her their real mission they left the room, asking her as they went if she knew of any sick cases upstairs which they could visit. "Go and find out for yourselves," was her sullen reply, as they turned their faces toward their next piece of work. Coming down some time later, after having cared for the wants of a bedridden and friendless old man whom they found in the attic, they discovered the father and mother gone, and the baby lying in the room alone. They started down in search of the parents, and found the mother standing on the threshold of the street-door. They took the opportunity to talk with her again for a moment, explaining to her how sorry they were to have caused her any annoyance or distress, and assuring her that they were really her friends, and that they would do anything to help her, gladly. "Well," she said, "if you are my friends prove it to me." "We will most certainly," they answered, backing home the assurance by an invitation to come round to their own little room and have a cup of tea with them right away. Waiting only to fetch her baby she accompanied them to their little room, and after the refreshing influences of soap and water, tea and toast, she quite melted to their kindly words and earnest pleadings. With the tears running down her face she said, "Will you forgive me, will you forgive me? I did not know what sort of women you were. I had not seen the like of such women as you, and I could not believe you were there for a good purpose. I thought you were there to take my place, and were just like all the other women round here." And then she entered into the story of her sad life, with the great blighting curse of drink, which had ruined home after home, and brought her to the lowest verge of misery and despair. When the time came for her to return home she told them she dared not go. Her husband had told her he would never let her darken the door of

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his room again, and she felt it would be as much as her life was worth to go back there. Leaving her in their rooms they went back to the husband, eliciting the promise from him to allow her to come in and stay if she would do better. Returning to her with the news they promised her that they would pray earnestly that he might receive her kindly, and that it might be the starting-point of a new life. On their visit the next morning they found the room clean and tidy, the woman meeting them with a cheerful, glad smile, exclaiming, "Oh, your prayers must have something in them for my husband did not beat me, and says I am to stay right along." So the first seeds of peace and love took root, and this case is but one example of many hundreds which could be quoted from the experience of our workers.

Much has been written concerning the overcrowding of the poor. In those portions of our cities which have justly gained for themselves the name of Slum, I must fully indorse all that I have seen written on the subject, and am sure the *worst has not been told.* There are tenement-houses in which some thirty and odd families reside, and when it is remembered that these families sometimes consist not only of parents and children but of other relatives and lodgers, the unhealthy and morally degrading conditions can better be understood. In two rooms it is quite common to find a mother and father, grown sons and daughters, and little children, with only two beds for the family, while the rest will be upon the floor or wherever they can sleep. In one case our officers found in two very tiny rooms a man and wife and son, the son sleeping in a mere cupboard of a room, and his mother acknowledged that she had let out half his bed to a couple of lodgers. The demoralizing influence on the little children is one of the saddest phases of this overcrowding. The woes endured and wrongs done to babyhood in the slums can never be written and will never be known until the revelations of eternity. Yet, among all their dirty, miserable surroundings, poverty, and crime, there is no more interesting place to study humanity than in this underworld of misfortune and sorrow. Little rays of generosity, gallantry, honor, and neighborly sympathy are constantly flashing out from hearts that you would consider totally hardened. Many of those whom you might think were debased and ignorant surprise you with their sharp wit, and the way in which they see through matters would often deceive more fortunate humanity. The "tough" of New York City, though he may be desperate and dangerous, cannot be looked upon as a senseless, degraded sot. He is quick-witted, full of life, fun, and energy, and makes as good a friend and defender as he does a bitter enemy and persecutor.

In contrasting the denizens of the Old World slums with those of the New, I should say that the brain capacity, wit, and spirit of the people is far in the ascendancy here, while the crime and desperateness for evil may be additionally strong. Again, it should be remembered that in some cities the slums are exceedingly cosmopolitan. This is particularly so in New York City and the city of Chicago. To meet this difficulty we have in our Slum Brigade representatives of all the different nationalities, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Irish, Italian, and American, which enables our workers to reach many who could not possibly be reached, and dealt with in other than their own language.

The work which began in New York City has not only spread to four different localities of that city, but has now branched out to Brooklyn, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis, and in all these different centres is being carried on, with the same devotion, whole-heartedness, and common-sense practical tact which has won for it the esteem and affection of the people of the New York slums. We find that each city has its peculiarity and its special phase of difficulty. Whereas the slums of New York may be worse in extent, in the crowding of population, and in their cosmopolitan character, yet the slums of Philadelphia are even more deplorable in some respects. The sanitary condition of the Philadelphia slums is simply appalling; the officers

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tell me that it has been a common thing for them to see the drainage running down the gutters of the city. The houses, through not being constructed for tenements, add another difficulty. In a house in which perhaps five or six families live, the stairs go through each dwelling-room, hence the family at the top has to pass through the quarters of each of the other families on the way to their own room. This makes the publicity of their life greater and as a consequence, immorality is increased.

The slums in the city of Boston are in a much smaller area, and yet some of the most frightful cases ever reported to us come from that city. One which made a great deal of stir at the time in the daily press was a case discovered by our girls of a woman in a dying condition. The poor creature lay upon the floor, having received no food or attention for several days. She was too weak to call for help and could only ask them in a whisper for a drink of water. Not a particle of food was found in the cupboard, and the room was utterly without furniture, while in one corner a dozen empty whiskey bottles spoke of that which had wrought the ruin. In such a terrible condition of filth and corruption was the poor woman, that when they tried to lift her they found it impossible to do so, and had to return to their rooms to reinforce themselves with disinfectants to make the process of washing the poor body possible. She died some hours afterward in the hospital, but a great sensation was caused in the neighborhood from the fact that such a horrible case could exist unheeded, and unqualified praise was given to the army workers who had proved so willing to face the most repulsive task of rendering her help. In writing to me of this case, one of the brave girls closed with these words "Oh, I shall never again need spurring to go out after the lost. I thank God more than ever that I am a '*Slummer*.' After yesterday I can never be anything else."

It would be impossible to describe in detail all the toil, sacrifice, and suffering which this work entails upon the workers, or the brave heroism and love with which they accomplish it. They are not salaried workers, and could in no sense be called hirelings, for each one has volunteered simply and solely out of a burning desire to seek and bless these unloved, helpless outcasts. This fact helps them much, as this class is only too quick to inquire if you are "paid to do it."

Perhaps the duty which absorbs the greatest part of their time is that which we call visitation proper, viz., the systematic house-to-house and room-to-room visitation of all the worst homes in their neighborhood. During the last six months 15,782 families were thus visited. A visit does not mean a mere pastoral call, but often means the spending of several hours in practical work. Sometimes it includes a whole night of patient nursing. It brings with it very often hard and difficult work in the way of scrubbing, cleaning, disinfecting. No one has the slightest idea who has not visited the slums of the terrible extent to which they are infested with vermin. For women brought up in very different circumstances and accustomed to absolute cleanliness, the self-sacrifice which this alone entails can be really understood.

So it has been accepted in the slums that we can be called upon at any moment of day or night for help in emergency; that we are turned to more readily than we had hoped in our most sanguine dreams. In sickness it is our duty to call in the doctor or to send for the ambulance, for they often run to us as their first resort. In drunken rows and murderous brawls the Army girls are more readily turned to by their rough neighbors than the police, and their influence is often more effectual. In cases of destitution and starvation found out casually by their neighbors, they are naturally consulted as to the best means of bringing help in the readiest and most practical manner, without the awkward and sometimes fatal delays of a red-tape system of relief—because they are right on the ground and know and understand the needs and deserts of such cases.

One morning a knock was heard at the door and two young "toughs" of the neighborhood asked the "Slum Sisters" to visit some women who were

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very sick in a street close by. They promptly consented, though they thought perhaps the boys were up to some fun or mischief. They found, however, on going to the number given that the case was a genuine one. The stairway was so dark that they had to grope and literally crawl up. They found a small, miserably dirty room. It was raw and cold, for it was early spring time. A poor fire was smouldering in the grate. It had been lit by the "toughs," who beneath their rude exterior had warm, kindly hearts. In a bed, the coverings of which were very dirty, sat a poor old woman, helpless and sick. They found that no one had been to help or minister to her, and that for some days she had been too sick to leave the bed and care for herself. They were surprised at the patience and meekness of the weak voice that answered them as they spoke kindly to her. She told them she had been unable to get out of bed for a week, but that mother had been sick much longer, and as she spoke she called out, "Mother!" Something began to move beneath the pile of rags that served as bed-clothes, and then out came a claw-like, grimy hand, and moving the sheets they saw a gaunt, white face, with a few straggling white hairs. It was the aged mother, dying of want and neglect. She had lain on the mattress so long in one position that it had worn into a deep hole; the slats had given way and she had sunk through with it. They had literally (after helping her daughter from the bed) to lift her out of this hole. The uncared-for condition revealed was terrible. No one had washed her, and she had been unable for weeks to wash herself. In such a case, of course, clean sheets have to be furnished, clothing, common though clean, has to be given, and then food, which is often the first tasted in days, is served by the hands that have lovingly prepared it. This woman died a few days after being found, and her daughter was taken to the hospital in a hopeless condition.

The visits paid in saloons and dives are naturally of a different character. There it has to be personal, dealing face to face with the people upon the danger of their wild lives, and the sorrow and misery that is coming to them. Sometimes it has to be very straight and earnest talk to some drunken man. At others gentle, affectionate pleading with some poor outcast girl, down whose painted cheeks the tears of bitter remorse fall, as the word "hope" is brought home to an almost hopeless heart. In many of the places thus visited, no other Christian workers would be admitted, and were they admitted they would indeed feel strange. Our women work entirely without escort, and this very fact appeals to the spark of gallantry in the hearts of those rough, hardened men, and if anyone dared to lay a finger upon the "Slum Sisters," or say an insulting word to them, champions would arise on every hand to defend them, and fight their battles for them. Twenty-one thousand eight hundred and eleven visits have been made in saloons and dives during six months, and these visits are often lengthened into prayer-meetings, which include singing and speaking, to a more interesting congregation, and certainly a more needy one, than can be found within the walls of many a church. The practical good, the changed lives, the wonderful cases of conversion resulting from this work a thousandfold repays them for the facing of such revolting scenes of debauchery and drunkenness as must be witnessed.

Street work is another phase of their mission which needs courage and a great deal of tact. In this they deal with the people whom they have not found within the saloons, and could not find in their homes, many of them being sailors and members of the floating population, who can be more readily reached on the streets than anywhere else, especially when it is remembered that some of them have no lodging-places and make the streets their home. They are talked to in a friendly and yet very practical way during the evening hours, when there is a great deal of street lounging, and the opportunity offers. Forty thousand three hundred persons have been thus dealt with, and in many instances have been followed up to their homes, where the deeper

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work has been done in their hearts, and their lives transformed in consequence.

Yet another means of reaching these people is the gathering of them into our halls or meeting-places. Meetings are not opened until the other work has been some time in existence in a slum district; and then when well known through their visitation, saloon work, and nursing, the slum officers hire a small hall, right among their neighbors, and invite them into it for the army meetings. The officers still wear their slum uniform, and these meetings are led by the same women who do the visitation and other work. The audiences are chiefly composed of men, very often young men such as form the toughest gangs in down-town sections of the cities, an exceedingly interesting and needy audience, sharp and quick to catch the point in anything said and ready to detect instantly anything affected or insincere. To talk to such an audience would be a splendid training and a profound revelation to any preacher of the Gospel to-day if we could bring him upon our platform on a Sunday night. The bright, lively songs of the Salvation Army, the ever-changing phases of the meetings, and the thorough bond of sympathy between the speakers on the platform and the roughs in the hall, make these meetings a source of great power and interest. Of course, there are occasionally fights among the audience, chairs are upset every now and then, windows are broken, a constant fire of remarks is carried on, and a great many exceedingly amusing as well as tragic events take place (mere incidents of war to the slum officer), and yet through it all a deep, powerful wave of influence carries into the hearts of the people the sincerity and truth of things spiritual. Those who have come out, and through our penitent form joined the ranks of the Salvation Army and become soldiers in the slums, do so almost at the risk of their lives, and we have already had one martyr. Some have confessed crimes, even the crime of murder, at our penitent forms, and have been willing to rise up, go out, and make restitution for the wrong committed, even to the giving themselves into the hands of the authorities.

Collections are taken up right among the poor themselves in these meetings, and they almost always amount to sufficient during the month to pay the hall rents. We believe, as far as possible, in making them feel an interest and responsibility in such matters, and we find enough pride and independence on their part to make them shoulder it gladly, and take a real interest in the financing of such work. In one city where meetings were begun recently, on one of the first nights we had an audience of thirty-two people and every individual in the audience was drunk. This will show the need, and also demonstrate the fact that it requires some tact and wisdom to deal with such people effectually.

Very touching are some of the stories of the help given to the army by these people of the slums. It is the custom with us to set aside one week in the year as a "week of self-denial," in which all Salvationists deny themselves something by which they can save money, and send it into one common fund for the helping forward and maintenance of the work. In this "our boys," as we call them, have helped nobly, even before their conversion. During the last self-denial week in the slums of New York $100 was raised, and, in some instances, the unconverted men, even, saved their beer-money for the week and handed it over.

An interesting case of conversion took place in one of these meetings a little while ago, the man being a hardened drunkard. In testifying afterward he gave as a reason for his first attendance at army meetings, the fact that he had stood at the door of a saloon right opposite our Day Nursery, and watched the little children swinging in front of the brightly curtained windows, and he said, in his own language, "Boys, I had never seen babies treated like that before, and I felt there must be some good in the women who did it, so I just came to see what made them so good." This nursery work is one which is having a deep reflex influence on the lives and hearts of the population in their neighborhood, as well

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as proving a great blessing to the little ones who are taken in out of their miserable homes and lodging-houses and safely cared for during the day. Our idea in starting the Nursery (and it was the first day nursery in the down-town slums of New York) was to take these little ones during the day from their tired and hard-worked mothers, so as to enable the mothers to gain an honest living, and yet to shelter the poor little ones from the misfortunes and dangers that await them if their mothers go to work leaving them behind.

I shall never forget one pitiful little child who used to be locked in a room without food and without care or companionship, while his mother went out for the whole day. This child, not yet able to walk or talk, used to crawl about on the dirty floor, wailing pitifully with hunger, and yet hurrying away under the bed or table in abject terror when his mother came in. The Slum Sisters at times called when the mother was out, and found the door locked; they knocked upon it, and the little one would come and coo to them through the door.

The misery of little children cannot be described or imagined, and yet there is worse still. Little ones have been brought to us whose poor little bodies have been black and blue from head to foot from the blows and ill-treatment they have received. Tiny girls under two years of age have been brought to our nursery, having been so maltreated that it would have been better had the villains into whose hands they had fallen murdered them outright. Cases of drunkenness in mere babies have also made our hearts ache — children who had not only inherited the terrible taint, or been nursed by drinking mothers, but who had had the spirits poured down their little throats to still them when crying, so that they lived almost always in a state of torpor and their death was only a matter of time. In such cases we can only look upon the death angel as an angel of light! In some instances, by the taking of the little children into this nursery, we have saved young women from the easy yet unspeakably wretched life of the streets. Finding themselves mere weak girls with the burden of a little life to support, they have stood face to face with the problem of how to live when they have almost wished that it were easy to die. On one hand all avenues for honest work have seemed closed, while on the other an easy way to make money, and plenty of it, has been opened out before them. One young girl of seventeen brought her baby to us. She had had no home for the last six weeks (since her child's birth), and yet she clung with a desperate love to the little creature, and it was an unspeakable comfort to her to come and fetch it every night, and take it to the little home she was able then to provide for it by the earnings of her hard day's work.

The nursery is not furnished with elegant brass-bound cots, but is in keeping with all the other furnishings in our slum work. As we began the nursery so have we kept it on the same lines of neighborly help, keeping carefully from it anything that might speak of wealthy outside patrons and help, which would lead the people to feel that they could impose upon us, or abandon their children upon our hands. The cribs are soap-boxes furnished with a comfortable little mattress, clean sheets, and blankets, ornamented with a barrel-stave which is cleverly contrived as an awning, over which mosquito-netting is hung. Swings, accommodating the babies old enough to occupy them, baby-creepers, and rocking-horses, and toys of all sorts (some sent from the nurseries of the more fortunate) are used for the little ones, and in fine weather they are taken on to the Brooklyn Bridge, or on trips on the horse-cars to breathe some fresher air than that which they are accustomed to. Babies from the earliest age up to three years, in every possible stage of babyhood, can be found there. They are provided with clean clothing, are given a bath (very often the only baths they ever receive in their little lives), and good food, with plenty of motherly love and tender, gentle nursing, which is perhaps more to these tiny starved hearts than is the food even to the little hungry bodies. Two thousand three hundred and forty little children have been

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cared for in the New York City crèche during the last six months.

In cities where the slum nurseries have not yet been opened, a great deal is done for the little ones in their own homes. In Chicago, a family was discovered where the mother had six little ones, and her husband was in jail. The room in which she lived was so infested with rats that she had to carry her children up to the roof to sleep with them there; and when the winter came and she could no longer do so, she had to sit up all night to drive the rats off. The little garments which were given to the children by our slum officers she with tears showed them one morning had been literally eaten to pieces by the rats. Not only were our officers able to clothe and care for these little ones, but they succeeded in getting the whole family into suitable lodgings and obtained work for the parents.

During the last six months 6,402 garments have been wisely given to absolutely needy cases, and food has been cooked by the slum workers and given out in 12,405 meals during the same period.

Not only do they thus minister to the people in life, but they are constantly called to watch with the dying and to perform the last acts of care for the dead. In contrast to these duties are the many calls to come and lend their loving care as frail little beings are ushered into life.

The support of this work is not costly when compared with the amount of good accomplished. Nothing is expended in buildings, offices, high salaries, or indeed in any way that would use the money before it could reach the actual object for which it was given. The expenses connected with the slum work are the bare necessaries of the workers' existence in simple food and clothing, and the rental of their humble rooms. This is contributed by friends (sometimes by strangers) who hear of the work; and (as I said before) help in the rentals of meeting-places in the slum districts is collected from the people themselves. Of the work accomplished much will never be known or chronicled.

As the gnarled and ungainly oyster-shells from the mud and ooze of the sea-bottom are forced to yield up to the earnest seeker their priceless pearls, so from the midst of the darkness and degradation of the slums purified and precious gems will be gathered, and those who toiled and found shall be among the "blessed" and the rich of Heaven.

SUNSET

By Josephine Preston Peabody

THERE in the west, a dying rose
Burns out its life; and the petals red,
Fallen apart
From the golden heart,—
Fade into ashes about it—dead.

One rose less in my garden grows;
Lo, the unresting Wind, that blows
Round the whole earth from sea to sea,
Gathers the one rose more from me.
Keep it,—Eternity.

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GOOD TASTE

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT A PLACE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND

By Augustine Birrell

WE meet here to-night in a great centre of middle-class education. As I breathe the words I am constrained to sigh. Those poor, dear middle classes, to which I am afraid most of us belong, how we have been hectored and lectured and bullied and adjured to mend our clumsy ways, and to get out of our holes and corners, and how piously have we turned both cheeks to the smiter! Instead of stoning the prophets who have abused us, after the intelligible, though reprehensible fashion of the Israelites, these very prophets have long been our favorite authors. Photographs of them, turning up their critical noses at the middle classes, adorn, or, at all events, are upon, our writing-tables. We, and we alone, when you come to think of it, took tickets for those lectures. We, and we alone, bought those books. Without us these prophets must have perished in their pride.

We have earned the reward of humble and docile spirits. Our worst enemy cannot deny that we have enormously improved both in taste and manners. Our horizons are wide. We seek excellence wherever we can find it—even, and not in vain, in Dr. Ibsen. The ignorance, inattention, prejudice, rashness, levity, obstinacy, which so unhappily used to characterize our judgments, are—what shall I say?—in course of removal. Our libraries, our walls, the things we have about us, all testify to an awakened conscience, if not to a wholly purified taste.

We are still exposed to ridicule. Somehow we are not general favorites. The barbarians, as Mr. Arnold used to call our nobility, do not understand our desire for polite learning, and shamefully misconstrue our well-known partiality for university extension lectures. The emancipated *littérateurs*, who every week expound to us the principles of taste as they are understood in the *ateliers* of Paris, are forever making fun of the one solitary shred of Puritanism that still clings to our garments—I mean our desperate conviction that even art should be decent. As for the working-man, he has got it firmly rooted in his head that, whoever else he is going to be like in the future (and as to this he has not quite made up his mind), he means to be as little like us as our common humanity will let him.

Ladies and gentlemen, let us face the situation. It seems generally admitted that what is called the future does not belong to the middle classes. To whom it does belong is uncertain, but it is not ours. I must say this seems just a little hard. Here we have been all these years polishing and furbishing ourselves up, kissing the rod, submitting to every sort of rebuke from all kinds of unqualified persons, attending countless lectures, filling endless note-books, and thereby qualifying ourselves to play a great part in a highly educated state, only to be told as we emerge breathless, but triumphant, the finished article, that we are fussy futilities, played-out platitudinarians, whose ideas have long since ceased to

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fructify, and whose ideals wholly fail to satisfy the aspirations of the millions who teem around us.

It may very well prove to be so, and, if it must be so, why, so be it. I decline to be the champion of any class, entertaining, as I shall continue to do, the larger hope that the future will be found to be the property of all men and women alike who have unselfishly striven to help forward the accomplishment of the vast task of the future, the equitable distribution of wealth, both material and spiritual, over the whole area of society.

But to return to that sad, sad subject — ourselves. Even if we are moribund our duty remains clear. The great actor, Kean, when smitten with mortal illness, declared it to be his intention to devote his last days to polishing up his *Richard III.* We are cast in a nobler part. Let us die as we have lived, studiously endeavoring to improve ourselves. This confronts me with my subject.

I am not here to affirm what is the great end and aim of education. It may well be I do not know—it is certain I could not compel you to believe me. I am here merely to say that the best fruit of a good school and college education is the possession of taste. Were I to use the word education in its widest sense, as meaning the education or discipline of life, then, of course, a good and strong character is its best fruit; and I am not going to deny that a good man may have bad taste in literature and art, and a bad man good taste.

What is taste? The melancholy tendency of words to become depraved and vitiated in meaning has often been noticed. Taste has suffered in this way, and has lost tone. It has become associated with old chairs and tables. A young married woman who contrives, by the adroit adjustment of Japanese screens, to turn her respectable drawing-room, twenty-four feet by sixteen, into something not unlike the Maze at Hampton Court, is declared to have wonderful taste, but hers is not the taste to which I am referring. Let me give you three definitions — the first Burke's, the second Carlyle's, the third Schopenhauer's.

In his treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," which it is the stupid fashion not to read, Burke writes: "I mean by the word taste no more than that faculty or those faculties of the mind which are affected with, or form, a judgment of the works of the imagination and the elegant arts. The cause of a wrong taste is a defect of judgment, and this may arise from a weakness of the understanding, or, which is much more commonly the case, it may arise from a want of proper and well-directed exercise, which alone can make it strong and ready. . . . It is known that the taste is improved, exactly as we improve our judgment, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise; they who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly, and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any hidden irradiation that in a moment dispels all darkness from their minds." The passage from Carlyle runs as follows: "Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accomplishments they are to be seen."

This is Schopenhauer's definition: "Taste consists in a capacity of *reception* — that is to say, of recognizing as such what is right, fit, beautiful, or the reverse; in other words, of discriminating the good from the bad."

To these I would add, did time permit, the whole of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Seventh Discourse," but time does not permit and I hurry on.

Speaking for myself, I could wish for nothing better, apart from moral worth, than to be the owner of a taste at once manly, refined, and unaffected, which should enable me to appreciate real excellence in literature and art, and to depreciate bad intentions and feeble execution wherever I saw them. To be always in the right must be supreme satisfaction. To be forever alive to merit, in poem or in picture, in statue or in bust; to be able to distinguish, as if by instinct, between the grand, the

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grandiose, and the merely bumptious; to perceive the boundary between the simplicity which is divine and that which is ridiculous; between gorgeous rhetoric and vulgar ornamentation; between pure and manly English, meant to be spoken or read, and sugared phrases which seem intended, like lollipops, for suction; to feel yourself going out in joyful admiration for that which is noble and permanent, and freezing inwardly against whatever is pretentious, wire-drawn, and temporary—this is indeed to taste of the fruit of the tree, once forbidden, of the knowledge of good and evil. How are we to set about getting taste? You have, I am sure, heard the story of Dr. Thompson, the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, on being asked whether a certain Fellow had not a great deal of taste, replied, "Yes, a great deal, all bad." The taste we are in search of is good taste.

Bad taste comes by nature, and good by taking thought. To go wrong is natural, to go right is discipline. *Laborare et orare* should be the motto of everyone who desires to cultivate the faculties of taste, which, it must be remembered, are judicial faculties, and involve passing judgment upon human achievements. There is a hateful expression one frequently hears, "unaided intelligence." There is such a thing, and usually it might be better named "impudent ignorance." A stupid but learned judge is far less harmful to the community than a clever *ignoramus*. As between man and man, both judges will probably do a vast deal of injustice, but whilst the learned fool will only err in the application of principles he leaves untouched, the clever *ignoramus* would in five years, were the Court of Appeal to let him alone, let loose upon us the foundations of the great deep.

Good taste, we may be certain, is only attainable by the exercise of the mind, by study, by thought. Healthy exercise for mind and body, that is our ceaseless cry. This is why we attend lectures and ride on bicycles, and do many other strange things.

What is the kind of mental exercise most likely to cultivate taste? Well, first of all you must know something about the subject on which you propose to deliver judgment, and this preliminary knowledge is best gained by the careful study of the great models of perfection existing in the subject you are dealing with. As to what these models are, there is no real dispute. It is said *de gustibus non est disputandum*, meaning thereby that there is no chance of agreement on such subjects, that the jury must be discharged — in short, "tastes differ." The saying is characterized by the usual untruthfulness of proverbs; for a good thumping lie, recommend me to a proverb. As a matter of fact, there is less difference of opinion amongst qualified persons on questions of taste than on any other kind of question. Burke has pointed out that there is more general accord on the merits of any particular passage in Virgil than as to the truth of any proposition in Aristotle. There are some things which are indisputable. We are miserable sinners, that is certain; the tiger and the ape still spring and swing within us; but in spite of that, and by virtue of something ordained or suffered for the human race, we are capable, if rightly trained, of perceiving the difference and maintaining the distinction between things great and things little. Some of our judgments are irreversible, and our first studies should be of those things which *sana mens omnium hominum attestatur*, and which therefore stand on high, never to be pulled down. The remoter these things are from our immediate environment the better they are suited to be studied line by line, and in an atmosphere free from personal elements. Homer, Virgil, Dante are better models of style and diction than any of our own poets, for this reason, if for no other, that we are compelled by what I may compendiously, though feelingly, describe as "the surrounding difficulties," to study them with a severity of purpose and accuracy of mind we might be unwilling to bestow upon Shakespeare and Milton, or even on Spenser or Chaucer.

That we waste a good deal of time over Greek and Latin is very likely, but we ought to remember that we are not taught those languages in order to write commercial letters in them about con-

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signments of Greek wine or baskets of Neapolitan figs, but to purify the springs of taste, to awaken in the caverns of the mind the echoes of perfection, to plant as seedlings in the breast those conceptions of grandeur, dignity, grace, movement, and felicity, which, growing with our growth, may accompany us to the grave, and so possibly prevent us spending all our days admiring the worthless and extolling the commonplace.

Not one boy in a thousand becomes a scholar in the strict sense of the word, but the place of Homer, of Virgil, of Horace in our educational system does not depend upon the out-put of scholars. These great masters play the same part in our æsthetic education as does the Matterhorn, even to the man who never gets beyond the first hut. The rapture of the summit is not for that rudimentary mountaineer, who will, nevertheless, carry down with him into the valleys the knowledge of what a mountain is. No mole-hill need in future ever hope to palm itself off upon him as a member of the great race; that traveller will know better. So, too, he who has once caught the clear accents, learnt the great language of a true master of poetic diction, though his scholarship may be unripe, is not likely to be found wallowing among the potsherds, or, decked out with vulgar fairings, following in the wake of some noisy charlatan in his twenty-fifth edition.

I know names can be cited against me—I could cite them myself, but politeness restrains me—of men who have plundered the schools of their honors, who, once at least, knew Homer and Virgil by heart (when there was something to be got out of them), who have studied the best all their lives, and who yet remain the easy prey. the ready victims of every kind of literary barbarity, and are as incapable of distinguishing between grandeur and rhodomontade, between pathos and hysteric blubbering, as a rhinoceros. It is terrible that this should be so, but we must never let the incorrigibility of the individual destroy our faith in the species.

It is also true that there have been poets and prosemen of fame and lustre who never shed a tear over a *gradus*, or were called upon to construe a verse of Horace. John Keats knew no Greek; John Bright never read Virgil, and yet the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and the speeches made during the American War are classics—pure, beautiful, restrained, noble, all that poetry or speech can be. But we are not concerned with these vagaries. We deal with the average man. Our task is the consideration of how best to educate our own critical faculties. Keats was a resplendent genius (here is a difference on the very threshold); he was also a painstaking student; had he been taught Greek at school he would have purified his diction earlier than he did. John Bright took immense trouble, and, like all true orators, was far more taken up with the turn of his sentences than with the truth of his facts. Had he known Virgil he would have loved Milton none the less, and would have forborne to praise the poems of Mrs. Janet Hamilton and some others.

"It does not matter," says Hans Andersen, in the story of the "Ugly Duckling," "being hatched in a duck-yard if you were first laid in a swan's egg," but I am assuming that we have not only been hatched in a duck-yard, but likewise laid in a duck's egg, and I am considering how best we may become, not beautiful swans, which *ex hypothesi* is impossible, but ducks of good taste and sound æsthetic principle.

Next to the accurate study of some of the great models of perfection I place an easy, friendly, and not necessarily a very accurate acquaintance with at least one other modern European language, and if it is to be but one let it be French. The "Lion and the Unicorn" look very well in our national coat-of-arms—best of all, perhaps, swinging on an elm in front of some ancient but still licensed hostlery—but they are wofully out of place in criticism. Yet it is very difficult to get the lion and the unicorn out of an Englishman's head, or to persuade him to believe that his own way of looking at things is not the only way, nor always the best. A very slight acquaintance with French literature and art is sufficient, I will not say to nip this error in the bud, but at least to varie-

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gate the hue of the flower. To see the excellence of foreign methods and achievements, whether those of Balzac or Hugo, of Millet or Corot, of Got or Coquelin, is in itself an education of the critical faculties, opening our eyes and increasing our just demands. Mr. William Watson, a poet of considerable critical sagacity, has a spirited sonnet, "On Exaggerated Deference to Foreign Literary Opinion," in which he maintains that there is no good reason why we should "doubt of our own greatness till it bears the signet of your Goethes or Voltaires." Mr. Watson is quite right; but though it is a small matter what Voltaire thought of us, it matters a good deal what we think of Voltaire.

Lastly, and confining myself, as perhaps I have done all through, to literary matters, I would urge upon the young people I see before me to form the habit of reading books of sound and sensible reputation. Do not be driven off the beaten track by jokes about "Books without which no gentleman's library is complete." Because the gentlemen of the press have not time to read these books, and, like Lord Foppington, prefer the sprouts of their own brain, is no reason why you should not read them. Your brains, perhaps, are not of the sprouting kind, and where will you be then? The best wines do not effervesce, and to bubble and sparkle are not the highest qualities of literature. Nowadays, unless an author goes off with a pop, nobody orders him. This is a pity, for, depend upon it, in literature as in life Wisdom is justified of her children. It is only from wise and sensible people we can really learn anything, except, indeed, what to avoid, and there can be no true taste without superior knowledge.

To take a single example: There is Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," a sober, sensible, learned work, but not effervescent. It is falling into disrepute, and if you ask why, you will probably be told by some young exquisite, who has never read it, that its author must have been a blockhead because he did not sufficiently admire Shakespeare's sonnets, and calls them remarkable productions, and goes so far as to wish Shakespeare had never written them. To display temper on such a subject is ridiculous. Replace Hallam, if you can, by a writer of equal learning and better judgment; but, till you have done so, the English student who wishes to get a general acquaintance with the course of European literature, will not do wrong to devote a few hours a week to the careful reading of this book, even though it does not bubble or sparkle.

For the same kind of reason we should cultivate the habit of reading authors famous for the clearness of their styles, even though they are not, nowadays, reckoned profound or poetical. I mean writers like Dr. South, Sir William Blackstone (as he wrote his "Commentaries" himself, not the mingle-mangle of subsequent editors). I don't mean we should prefer these authors to Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, De Quincey, or Ruskin. All I say is, don't forget that, "other things being equal," "without prejudice," for you may safeguard the terrible proposition as much as you please, clear, breezy common-sense and lucidity of expression are excellent and enduring qualities in literature. We have now got thus far, the faculties of taste are acquired by exercising the mind, and first by the acquisition of *knowledge*, without which there can be no true taste. There are all sorts of ways of acquiring this knowledge, but I have suggested that, for people of only average susceptibility, there is no better way than the careful study of the admitted models of perfection, and that for this purpose the antique models are better than the modern. To correct the infirmity of a purely national point of view, I have pointed out the wisdom of acquiring an easy acquaintance with at least one modern language, while in order to preserve sanity and clear-headedness I have advised the frequent reading of sound, sensible books.

There is, of course, another kind of mental exercise necessary for the formation of taste, but it needs no time spent upon it. I mean the actual process of making comparisons. This we are always doing. We cannot help it. We are constantly delivering judg-

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ments. Fortunately we have no power to issue execution, though we sometimes think we can.

"Accursed be the heart that does not wildly throb, and palsied be the eye that will not weep over the woes of Mr. Montgomery's 'Wanderer of Switzerland;'" so exclaimed in a fine frenzy a critic in a *Monthly Register* of 1807. His charitable wishes, however, harmed nobody at the time, and now only serve to make us smile. But such folly may teach us a lesson. Most of our judgments are, it is to be feared, sad rubbish. Well did Browning make his Unknown Painter exclaim:

"These buy and sell our pictures, take and give,
Count them for garniture and household stuff,
And where they live needs must our pictures live,
And see their faces, listen to their prate,
Partakers of their daily pettiness,
Discussed of—'This I love, or this I hate,
This likes me more, and this affects me less.'"

Our silly likes and dislikes, our obtrusive and frequently offensive egotisms, our terrible "unaided intelligence" are always leading us astray and setting our heels where our heads ought to be. I read the other day, in a criticism of a picture exhibition, that most of the pictures were extremely well painted, but they were not pictures anyone would wish to possess. One knows what idle talk like this means. It is as when people say, with a silly simper, that though they admit Miss Austen's novels are well written, they prefer Miss Balderdash's because her characters are "nicer." People like this apparently do not recognize the obligation to admire a work of art because it is well done. If anyone rebels at the rigor of this doctrine I cannot help it. If he persists in his opposition he must be turned out. Brawling is forbidden in the Temple of Taste.

By labor and thought, by humility, docility, and attention it is within the power of each one of us to acquire a fair share of good taste. It is important to steer clear between the optimistic vulgarity of those who are so satisfied with themselves as to be content to take their ignorance as a complete touchstone of taste and the pessimistic cynicism of men like Schopenhauer, who maintain that works of genius cannot be properly enjoyed except by those who are themselves of the privileged order. This latter proposition is, I believe, wholly inaccurate. Take our own great poets. Who dare say that Chaucer and Shakespeare, Bunyan, Dryden, Burns, and Wordsworth have only been properly enjoyed by readers of equal intellectual rank with these poets themselves? It is flat blasphemy. The scheme of Providence is, happily, far otherwise. In matters intellectual poor men, if they will but cultivate their one talent diligently, may live like princes on the endless resources of the rich. Where money is concerned I am quite of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that, when all is said and done, it is better being rich than poor; but so far as the enjoyments of the fruits of taste are concerned, the mere consumer is perhaps more to be envied than the producer, who usually endures much anguish and dolor.

Our problem is to eschew the evil and to seek after those things which are of good report. Begin as students; do not rebel against authority; avoid violent judgments and passionate opinions, which only tell the world where you have been educated, in what college or studio, and otherwise leave it none the better informed. Ultimately the good prevails and the bad disappears. It may be an amazing thing that in a world like this, in which folly is, to say the least of it, well represented, great works always win great reputations. But they do. Nothing is more certain than this. There is no need, therefore, to be nervous about genius. The high heavens are on its side. The thing to be nervous about is yourself. How is your little æsthetic force to be expended, and how are your few years to be spent? Whose livery do you mean to wear?

I do not think I can usefully add anything more, but as I do not often get the chance of preaching I will end with a word of warning.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked and written about the consolations of literature, the ministry of books, and I know not what other fine phrases.

To listen to some people, you might

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fancy it within their power to build a barricade of books and sit behind it mocking the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It is all, or nearly all, a vain pretence.

At the most, literature is but a drug for pain, and no very effective one. The sorrowful man will carry his sorrows with him, at least as much into his library as into his counting-house, and will find it as hard to forget them in the one place as in the other. By the time you can doctor your grief with a favorite volume you are already more than half cured. The pangs a romance can stifle must first have become very drowsy.

Being desirous to clear my mind of cant as much as possible, I feel bound to express my conviction that, though I am a very bad player, a game of golf, if I had any luck in my "drives" and any happiness in my "putts," would be far more likely to make me forget for a while the troubles besetting me than my favorite author, although I love many not far short this side of idolatry.

Do not, therefore, be tempted to turn æsthetics into religion. Taste is a charming goddess, whose altars we should keep always decked with flowers; but she is not fit to be the queen of heaven, for her medicine-chest holds nothing potent enough to cure our worst ills. But we are not always in doleful dumps, and when we are not, there is great happiness and much mental discipline to be had and obtained from and by the possession and exercise of that good taste which I hope all here may enjoy for the rest of their lives, coupled with good health.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. HOLMES AS PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY

By Thomas Dwight, M.D.

HO is that young man who said BONE?" asked Dr. Holmes of a student at the close of one of his recitations in anatomy, in the autumn of 1864. Having received the answer, he went to the young man, whom he found lingering in the hall, spoke to him by name, reminded him of how well he had known his father, and made him welcome to the school. Little did that beginner then dream that he was to succeed the distinguished man whose greeting filled him with pleasure. The interest in so trifling a matter as a student's pronunciation, and the kindness which led him to act on the information he received, were distinctly characteristic of Dr. Holmes. In fact, however, pronunciation was to him hardly trifling. A false accent, an awkward turn of phrase jarred on his delicate organization. In his rhymed lesson he had written:

> "Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
> The careless lips that speak of sŏap for sōap;
> Her edict exiles from her fair abode,
> The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad."

"What are you doing?" he once asked another student in the dissecting-room. "Ligating arteries, sir." "Why not say tie?" asked Dr. Holmes, "I find that country practitioners ligate arteries, and that surgeons tie them." The best of this anecdote is that the unappreciative student spread it as a joke against Dr. Holmes. His quick observation of details was one of his most evident traits, joined to the activity of mind which led him to follow up the clues. It is told that he once asked a passing student what relation he was to a certain physician long dead. The student denied all knowledge of him, but Dr. Holmes

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begged him to ask his father, as the similarity of the shape of the head was so striking that he thought there must be some relationship, which in fact proved to be the case.

To return to my own recollections of Dr. Holmes: in my student life, from the time that he spoke to me in the hall he always paid me special attention, which increased as my fondness for anatomy developed. His kindness continued without interruption until the end of his life. During that autumn I frequently recited to Dr. Holmes, and saw the great patience and interest with which he demonstrated the more difficult parts of the skeleton. In November began the dreary season of perpetual lectures, from morning till night, to large classes of more or less turbulent students. The lectures began usually at nine, sometimes at eight, and continued without interruption until two, old students and new for the most part attending all of them. The lecture on anatomy came at one o'clock five days in the week. I lack power to express the weariness, the disgust, and sometimes the exasperation, with which, after four or five hours of lectures, bad air, and rapid note-taking had brought their crop of headaches and bad temper, we resigned ourselves to another hour. No one but Dr. Holmes could have been endured under the circumstances.

For the proper understanding, not merely of anecdotes, but of causes which had their influence on Dr. Holmes's scientific life, I must say a word or two of the plan of the old building in North Grove Street. Above the basement, a long, straight, steep flight of stairs led from the first to the second story, down which, according to Dr. Holmes, the late Dr. John K. Mitchell predicted the class would some day precipitate itself like a certain herd of swine. Directly in front of these stairs was a small room, the demonstrator's, where the dissections for Dr. Holmes's lectures were made. Opposite to it was a similar room, called the professors' room, in which they sat for a few minutes before and after lectures—little used, however, except by the late Professor J. B. S. Jackson, the eminent curator of the museum. The remainder of this floor was occupied on one side by the museum and on the other by the amphitheatre.

A passage ran along either side of the amphitheatre from which a space under the seats could be entered. It should be evident from this description that there was no place which any professor could call his own and where he could study in peace. As Dr. Holmes has since told me, he probably would have done more original work if he had had better accommodations. In later years this want became so urgent that he boarded up for himself a little room under the seats where he kept his plates and his microscopes. It was a poor thing, but his own, and he valued it as such. In his parting address he said: "I have never been proud of the apartment beneath the seats in which my preparations for lectures were made; but I chose it because I could have it to myself, and I resign it with the wish that it were more worthy of regret, into the hands of my successor, with my parting benediction. Within its twilight precincts I have often prayed for light like Ajax, for the daylight found a scanty entrance and the gaslight never illuminated its dark recesses. May it prove to him who comes after me like the cave of Sibyl, out of the gloomy depths of which came the oracles which shone with the rise of truth and wisdom."

In 1887 he wrote me: "If I were a score or two years younger than I am, I might be tempted to envy you, remembering my quarters at the old college, and being reminded of your comfortable and convenient arrangements in the new building. But I do not envy you—I congratulate you, and I only hope that I did not keep you waiting too long for the place. . . ."

The amphitheatre, the seats of which were at a steep pitch, was entered by the students from above, through two doors, one on each side, each of which was approached by a steep stairway between narrow walls. The doors were not usually opened until some minutes after the hour. The space at the top of these stairs was a scene of crowding, pushing, scuffling, and shouting indescribable, till at last a spring shot back both bolts at once, and from each door a living avalanche poured down the steep

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alleys with an irresistible rush that made the looker-on hold his breath. How it happened that during many years no one was killed, or even seriously injured, is incomprehensible. The excitement of the fray having subsided, order reigned until the entrance of the professor, which was frequently the signal for applause. He came in with a grave countenance. His shoulders were thrown back and his face bent down. No one realized better than he that he had no easy task before him. He had to teach a branch repulsive to some, difficult for all; and he had to teach it to a jaded class which was unfit to be taught anything. The wooden seats were hard, the backs straight, and the air bad. The effect of the last was alluded to by Dr. Holmes in his address at the opening of the new school in 1883.

"So, when the class I was lecturing to was sitting in an atmosphere once breathed already, after I had seen head after head gently declining, and one pair of eyes after another emptying themselves of intelligence, I have said, inaudibly, with the considerate self-restraint of Musidora's rural lover, 'Sleep on, dear youth; this does not mean that you are indolent, or that I am dull; it is the partial coma of commencing asphyxia.'"

To make head against these odds he did his utmost to adopt a sprightly manner, and let no opportunity for a jest escape him. These would be received with quiet appreciation by the lower benches, and with uproarious demonstrations from the "mountain," where, as in the French Assembly of the Revolution, the noisiest spirits congregated. He gave his imagination full play in comparisons often charming and always quaint. None but Holmes could have compared the microscopical coiled tube of a sweat-gland to a fairy's intestine. Medical readers will appreciate the aptness of likening the mesentery to the shirt ruffles of a preceding generation, which from a short line of attachment expanded into yards of complicated folds. He has compared the fibres connecting the two symmetrical halves of the brain to the band uniting the Siamese twins. His lectures frequently contained aids to memory which seemed perhaps childish to the more advanced. I can almost hear him say, speaking of the acromion process of the shoulder-blade, "'Now,' says the student, 'how shall I remember that hard word?' Let him think of the Acropolis, the highest building in Athens, and remember that the acromion is the highest point of the shoulder."

All who have seen it will remember his demonstration of how the base of the skull, its weakest part, may be broken by a fall on the top of the head. He had a strong iron bar bent into a circle of some six inches in diameter, with a gap left between the ends just large enough to be filled by a walnut. The ring was then dropped to the floor so as to strike on the convexity just opposite to the walnut, which invariably was broken to pieces.

In my second year, through the kindness of Dr. Cheever, now Emeritus Professor of Surgery, then demonstrator, I was thrown into closer connection with Dr. Holmes. It was the duty of the demonstrator to prepare the dissections for the lectures. One of the features of the Harvard Medical School, from my earliest recollections, was the elaborateness of the preparations for the anatomical lecture. Not only were many hours spent on the dissection itself, but every refinement of neatness and even elegance—clean sheets, careful draping, effective arrangement of specimens and pictures—received the most careful attention. This arrangement of the amphitheatre with an eye to artistic effect, was the combined work of the professor and demonstrator. It is remarkable that the series of demonstrators, from almost the beginning of Dr. Holmes's administration to its close, were men of marked ability and were brilliantly successful in practice. Drs. R. M. Hodges, D. W. Cheever, C. B. Porter, H. H. A. Beach, and M. H. Richardson, followed one another without interruption. Dr. Cheever did me the honor of asking me to help in preparing the dissections. This gave me the opportunity to meet Dr. Holmes behind the scenes and established a charming approach to intimacy. He would appear a little before the lecture, examine the dissection, note any pecul-

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iarities, and praise most heartily. I often ran under the seats after the lecture had begun to hear the public commendation he was sure, in his good nature, to bestow on any originality of the dissection. Sometimes he would consult books on anatomy, saying to me, "You must never tell that you saw me," a prohibition which I do not think he meant very seriously at the time; one which he certainly would not wish me to observe now. Indeed, I shall take a similar liberty in some other matters.

One would think, from Dr. Holmes's wonderful facility of expression, that lecturing year after year on the same subject, the lectures would have been as child's play. But I am convinced that this was not so. "You will find," said he to me at the time that I succeeded him, "that the day that you have lectured something has gone out from you." To his sensitive organization I imagine that the trials incident to the tired, and in early years more or less unruly, class, were greater than his friends suspected. I remember once his telling Dr. Cheever and myself, how exceedingly annoying it is to the lecturer to have anyone leave the room before the close. I often marvelled at the patience he displayed.

In spite of the attention bestowed on dissection, I do not think that he much fancied dissecting himself, though our Museum still has some few specimens of his preparation. Once he asked me which part of anatomy I liked best, and on my saying "The bones," he replied: "so do I; it is the cleanest." Still he usually gave the class the time-honored joke that bones are dry.

Dr. Holmes was in those days Professor of Physiology as well as of Anatomy, though by far the greater part of his course was given to the latter. Indeed, he pretended to give but a sketch of the more important parts of physiology. Dr. Holmes's courtesy in speech and writing is well known. He laughed away homœopathy, phrenology, and kindred delusions with a good nature quite free from bitterness. Of phrenology, he wrote: "I am not one of its haters; on the contrary, I am grateful for the incidental good it has done. I love to amuse myself in its plaster Golgothas, and listen to the glib professor as he discovers by his manipulations 'all that disgraced my betters met in me.'" Nevertheless, in his lectures, with a happy hit or two, he exposed its absurdities. Almost the only topic on which he could not speak with patience was the cruelty often practised in vivisection. Like all sensible men, he recognized the necessity of vivisection. He has called it "a mode of acquiring knowledge justifiable in its proper use, odious beyond measure in its abuse," but I am sure that in his heart he hated it bitterly. But if in physiology he eschewed vivisection, believing, perhaps, with Hyrtl, "that nature will tell the truth all the better for not being put to the torture," he did some work which now would be dignified with the name of experimental psychology. "I have myself," he writes, "instituted a good many experiments with a more extensive and expensive machinery than I think has ever been employed — namely, two classes each of ten intelligent students, who had joined hands together, representing a nervous circle of about sixty-six feet, so that a hand-pressure transmitted ten times around the circle, traversed six hundred and sixty feet, besides involving one hundred perceptions and volitions. My chronometer was a horse timer, marking quarter-seconds." He varied these experiments by having the transmissions made from hand to foot and from hand to head.

He was fond of psychological discussion, but in his lectures could give but little time to it. His reaction from the horrors of old-fashioned New England Calvinism had pretty thoroughly swept away all belief in revealed religion. He may have seemed to go with the current near to materialism, but, in truth, his clear mind saw that there were facts, at all events in the moral and intellectual spheres, which that soulless doctrine cannot account for. So brilliant a writer as Dr. Holmes must occasionally deal in paradox. I doubt if he meant, for instance, that a remark which has shocked many, namely, that early piety is another name for scrofula, should be taken *au pied de la lettre.*

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Here is his definition of life: "The state of an organized being, in which it maintains, or is capable of maintaining, its structural integrity by the constant interchange of elements with the surrounding media."

Dr. Holmes took the greatest interest in the manufacture of the microscope, speaking always enthusiastically of its discovery and successive perfectioning. He was not free from the fault of that time, which was to spend many hours in testing the perfection of lenses rather than devote one's whole energies to the study of nature. Nevertheless, in 1847 he made, or certainly believed that he made, a discovery of cells in bone, which he showed at a meeting of the Society for Medical Observation. "I was on the look-out," he wrote me in 1889, "for bone-cells in the medical journals and books, and found nothing until about two years after my discovery of these (from the cancelli of the neck of a human adult femur) M. Robin described some cells which he had found, not corresponding very well with mine." The last note which I ever received from him, dated May 30, 1894, was to request me to find the pictures which he had had made of these cells. I am in hopes that he may have gone into this subject in memoirs which are yet to see the light.

One interview which I well remember, was my examination by Dr. Holmes for my degree. In those days all examinations were oral, and not severe. But the Faculty having done me the honor of granting me a special examination, it was held with less than usual formality at Dr. Holmes's house. He began by asking me to tell what I chose. Anxious to show the extent of my knowledge, I started at once with a minute description of the cranial nerves. Dr. Holmes stopped me, however, before I had gone very far, and began a series of the most difficult questions. If, in the vanity of youth, I had any idea that I knew about as much as my master, I was speedily undeceived. In a pleasant conversation afterward, I asked my examiner if he usually put such questions. He replied: "Oh, no! When you are examining a man who is to practise where he gets a quarter of a dollar for a visit, you cannot expect great knowledge; so if he does not seem to know much, I ask him about the biceps, and if he answers on that pretty well, I pass him." I think he added: "And so would you, if you have any humanity." It must be remembered that this is long ago, and that for years before Dr. Holmes's resignation the examinations were wholly written.

For many years after my graduation I saw more or less of Dr. Holmes. When in my earlier days I spoke to him about taking private pupils in anatomy, he said: "When you begin to teach you will learn how little you know." He added that it is very instructive to feel forced to keep just in front of one's students.

For a considerable time, occupying a subordinate position in the school, I was a member of the faculty, and often met him in the councils of that body. Modest and quiet, he said very little. He watched the steps of my anatomical career with a kind interest. He wrote me after the event that he always had wished I should succeed him.

In the autumn of 1882, in consequence, it is said, of an offer from his publishers, Dr. Holmes resigned the chair which he had filled for thirty-five years. The faculty requested him to continue until the first of December. Some days before that he reached an appropriate stopping-place, and ended his course without formality. But the pressure for a last public lecture, as the closing scene, was too strong to be withstood. This took place on November 28th. The anatomical room was packed to the very doors by the students, while the faculty filled the amphitheatre. The scene was most impressive as the whole audience arose on his entrance. A member of the first class stepped forward, and in a few words, carefully prepared but rather tremulously delivered, presented a silver loving-cup as a gift of the class and expressed their regret at the separation. Dr. Holmes was so surprised and affected that for once his readiness failed him. He could but utter a few disconnected sentences of thanks, and say that, lest his feelings should overcome him, it were better he should

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keep to the lecture he had written.* He began by saying that everyone is the chief personage, the hero, of his own baptism, his own wedding, and his own funeral; but that there were some other momentous occasions on which it is not out of place to talk of one's self. He then gave the general history of his professional life, dwelling particularly on his reminiscences as a young man of those who had preceded him both at home and abroad. It was on this occasion that he alluded to his early attack of lead-poisoning through the mental contact with type metal. Though there was nothing remarkable in the words, there was a pathos in his voice as he referred to the building he was leaving. Speaking of the long flight of stairs, he said, "I have helped to wear those stairs into hollows — stairs which I trod when they were smooth and level, fresh from the plane. There are just thirty-two of them, as there were five and thirty years ago, but they are steeper and harder to climb, it seems to me, than they were then."

Another memorable occasion when Dr. Holmes addressed a large audience was that of the opening of the new building of the Harvard Medical School, in the autumn of 1883. The lecture was delivered in the large hall of the Institute of Technology. The faculty and government of the College were on the platform, a large and distinguished audience filled the seats. Dr. Holmes did not have all the brilliancy of his prime, but there were bright sparkles. Two episodes in the lecture were to me particularly interesting, both of which require a word of preface. Some few years before, the question of admitting women to the Medical School had been debated at great length. In spite of powerful influence the new movement had been defeated, chiefly through the determined opposition of a great majority of the faculty. Dr. Holmes had inclined to the losing side, but I do not remember that he ever showed much enthusiasm in the cause. On this occasion, after speaking in his most perfect style on woman as a nurse, with a pathos free from mawkishness which Dickens rarely reached, he concluded, "I have always felt that this was rather the vocation of woman than general medical, and especially surgical, practice." This was the signal for loud applause from the conservative side. When he could resume he went on: "Yet I, myself, followed the course of lectures given by the young Madame Lachapelle in Paris, and if here and there an intrepid woman insists on taking by storm the fortress of medical education, I would have the gate flung open to her, as if it were that of the citadel of Orleans and she were Joan of Arc returning from the field of victory." The enthusiasm which this sentiment called forth was so overwhelming, that those of us who had led the first applause felt, perhaps looked, rather foolish. I have since suspected that Dr. Holmes, who always knew his audience, had kept back the real climax to lure us to our destruction. But, if I felt that in this episode the laugh was against me, the other incident brought me a malicious satisfaction. A few months earlier much had been done, by persons I will not name and methods I will not characterize, to arouse popular prejudice against dissection and the Harvard School. The dominant party in the Medical School, with short sighted timidity, looked upon dissection as something to apologize for, instead of to glory in. They had arranged that when the building should be thrown open to the guests, at the close of the address, the dissecting-room should be closed, and had taken special measures to prevent the exhibition of anything of anatomical interest. It must have been a disagreeable surprise to them to hear Dr. Holmes say: "Among the various apartments destined to special uses, one will be sure to rivet your attention; namely, the anthropotomic laboratory, known in plainer speech as the dissecting-room." He then went on to speak at length and with great plainness on dissection and the teaching of practical anatomy, paying a deserved tribute to his demonstrators. There was no help for it; the committee, however unwilling, had to throw open the doors of the dissecting-room to the visitors. The

* Dr. Holmes acknowledged the gift by a letter in his best style, published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, December 7, 1882.

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satisfaction which I experienced is probably of little interest to anyone else; but what Harvard may boast of is, that this old man who had retired from the cares of office, who was a man of peace, who had been but little before the public as an anatomist, should have boldly upheld the honor of the college and vindicated its reputation when younger men shrunk from the subject.

I find it hard to do full justice to Dr. Holmes as an anatomist, or rather as a teacher of anatomy, for my point of view and my methods in almost every detail are radically different from his. Anyone who has experience in lecturing recognizes that he must decide whether he will address himself to the higher or lower half of the class. Dr. Holmes lectured to the latter. It was a part of his humanity to do so. He felt a sympathy for the struggling lad preparing to practise where work is hard and money scarce. "I do not give the best lectures that I can give," he said on several occasions; "I should shoot over their heads. I try to teach them a little and to teach it well."

His knowledge of anatomy was that of the scholar, rather than that of the practitioner. He delighted in the old anatomists, and cared little for the new. He maintained that human anatomy is much the same study that it was in the days of Vesalius and Fallopius. He actually button-holed book agents, little accustomed to be pressed to stay, in order to put them to shame by the superiority of the illustrations in his old anatomies. It pleased him to discuss whether we should say the Gasserian or the Casserian ganglion. His books were very dear to him. He had said more than once that a twig from one of his nerves ran to everyone of them.

Literature was his career. That early attack of poisoning from type was fatal to his eminence in any other. Though I fear many will disagree with me, I venture to say, that while he would have been a great anatomist had he made it his life's work, he could never have been a great teacher of anatomy. Successful teaching of concrete facts requires a smack of the drill-master, which was foreign to his gentle nature. The very methods which did so much to make his lectures popular and charming, at times irritated the more earnest students, hungry for knowledge. It would be ungrateful of me not to add, that the student interested in any point of anatomy who went to Dr. Holmes for help, always received the greatest encouragement and sympathy.

I have said enough to prove his kindness in my own case. The two following notes to the late Dr. George C. Shattuck,* then dean of the faculty, show him in another and equally amiable light.

"21 CHARLES STREET,
September 22, 1864.

"DEAR DR. SHATTUCK: You will be interested in this young man, who wishes to begin the study of Medicine.

"He is wide awake, full of good intent, and always *goes to your church* on Sunday when he is in town.

"He wishes to give his note for lecture fees, and I hope you will accommodate him in this and in such other ways as he may ask with reference to instruction, for he is a youth of promise, and may do us honor by and by.

"Trusting him to the good offices of the Dean, I am

"Yours always,
"O. W. HOLMES."

"164 CHARLES STREET,
September 3, 1868.

"DEAR DR. SHATTUCK: Please make a note of the name of —— as a subject of your well-known benevolent offices as Dean. He gave his note, and is not able to pay it yet, and must be favored for good reasons.

"His father was a noted temperance lecturer, but fell from his high estate and is now a care and a burden to his friends. His mother came to see me with a letter from an old friend and schoolmate of mine in her pocket, which interested me very much, and assured me that this was a case for every consideration and kindness.

"So, most benignant and benevolent of Deans, don't forget the name of ——, but when he comes to you, put off his pay day until late in the Greek Calends,

*I am indebted for these to the kindness of Dr. George B. Shattuck.

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or get him on the free list and make the worse than widow's heart sing for joy.

"Faithfully yours,
"O. W. Holmes."

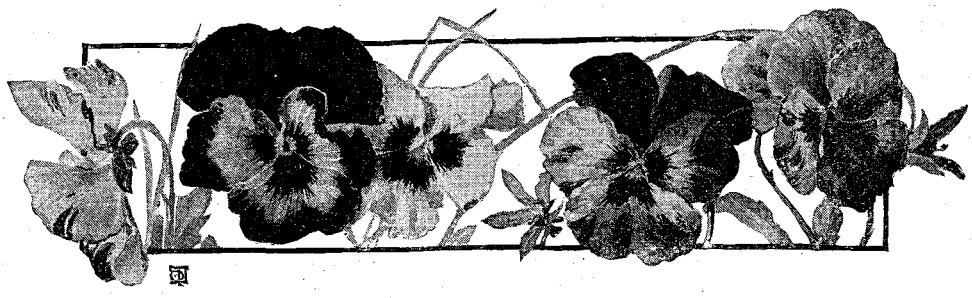
None who knew Dr. Shattuck will doubt that he did his utmost to further both of these suits.

Dr. Holmes's relations to the class were always most pleasant. They could not be otherwise. For years I have tried to take to heart the remarks he made on the relations of teacher and students in his introductory lecture of 1847. It would be a good rule to oblige every teacher to read them once a year.

"There are intrinsic difficulties in the task of the lecturer, whatever may be his subject or capacity. There are days, for instance—I appeal to every expert in this art and mystery—when some depressing influence takes the life out of one's heart and the words away from his lips, as there are others when his task is a pleasure. He lies at the mercy of fits of easy and of difficult transmission, controlled by subtle influences he cannot withstand. . . . A long course of lectures tries all the weaknesses of teachers and pupils. There is no little trick of the one, and no impatient habit of the other, which will not show itself before they part company. The teacher will have his peculiar phrases, which soon become notorious and characteristic; his gestures and movements more or less inelegant; his bodily infirmities, it may be, which he cannot disguise in the broad daylight and the long hour. He will get the wrong word for the right, and so confuse the student of slow apprehension amidst the whispered corrections of the more intelligent; he will fail to be understood when he thinks he has been clearest, and apologize when no one has suspected him of failure.

"The student will have his hours of disgust and lassitude; the cramped muscles will sometimes stretch out in ominous yawning, or some favorable corner will invite him to repose, and his senses will dissolve away in the sweetest of all slumbers, whose lullaby is the steady flow of didactic expatiation. All these weaknesses must be mutually pardoned, and for this both must have a permanent sense of the true relation of teachers and pupils, as friends, a little separated in years and in some points of knowledge, pursuing a common end which one sees more clearly than the other, and therefore takes the lead in following, but which both see imperfectly, and which neither of them will ever completely attain."

To have left these wise and kindly words as a guide to one's successors, is to have done a service to education. One values them all the more that they recall Dr. Holmes so strongly. He was very human and very lovable. His chief characteristic as Professor of Anatomy is expressed by calling him the students' friend.



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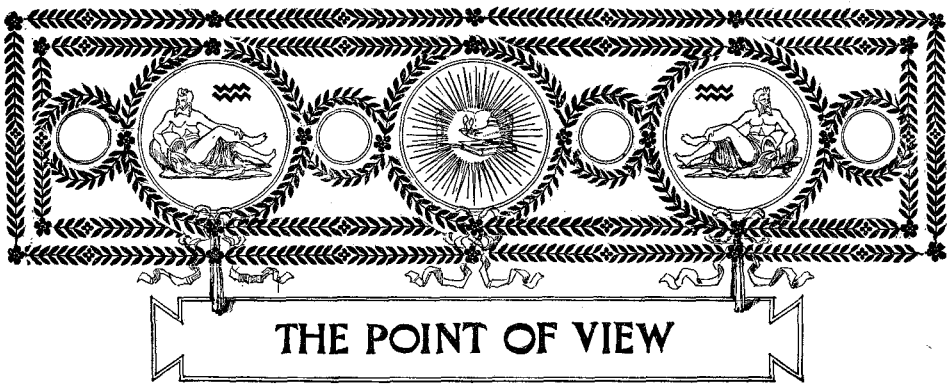

THE POINT OF VIEW

In his once famous essay on "Characteristics," Carlyle amplified the thesis that the healthy man knoweth not of his health, only the sick, and predicated unconsciousness of all elevated and successful activity. On the other hand, a writer in The Point of View some time ago maintained, with equal skill and enthusiasm, that nothing is more pleasing and profitable than to think and talk about one's self. He coupled one's friend with one's self, to be sure, but the friend was clearly a sop to Cerberus—one's self and one's friend in this sphere being as mutually exclusive as Codlin and Short. Carlyle's contention is rather extreme, perhaps, and fails to distinguish between consciousness and self-consciousness; one may certainly have his "eye on the object" and be advantageously conscious of doing so at the same time. But what struck me at the time, about the Point of View's advocacy of thinking and talking about one's self, was the fact of its needlessness, even if sound, since everybody nowadays is everlastingly doing just this.

No phenomenon associated with the modern development of the individual and the withering of the world is more conspicuous, I think, than what may legitimately be called egocentricity. What a man does now concerns him rather less than his attitude toward it. Everyone appreciates this in him and anxiously reassures him. There is hardly a conversation, unmarked by flippancy, in which the subject does not speedily drop out of sight, to rise to the surface again or not as the participants succeed or not in persuading each other of what they do not mean. What do I think of this or that now, depends a good deal on what I thought of it last week or last month. And it is not this or that but I that is, but should not be, in question. Intercourse was never so personal. Your friend or acquaintance is constantly engaged in courteously inspecting your ego or modestly considering his own. Compliment has reached a directness that, however mechanical, is peculiarly intense, and it is aimed between the eyes. No interest is evinced in the accomplished fact, which is a mere excuse for enthusiasm that it is you or I who accomplished it. "Men" have taken the place of "principles" with a vengeance. Even children have caught the infection. Once, their interest in themselves would have taken the form of brag, but at present it is comically real and unaffected, and their experiences revolve around the ego with naïf and wearisome endlessness. Other egos can look out for themselves, but what will happen to the external world if this is kept up is mere guess-work—probably extinction, if Berkeley's view that it depends upon us is sound.

It is difficult to believe this state of affairs, directly due to thinking and talking about one's self, a salutary one. Self-examination is a good thing beyond doubt, at stated intervals and to specific ends. But self-admiration, or self-reprehension, or self-study implies an importance that the subject does not possess. The soul's relation to its problems it is incumbent upon it—under grave penalties—scrupulously to examine. But its own constitution is too much like that of others to reward attention in any degree exclusive, and its points of difference are not very idiosyncratic. Almost anyone might reasonably echo Henry Esmond's

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exclamation about himself: "Gracious God, who was he?" At all events, even if salutary, egocentricity lacks satisfactoriness, to my notion. Possibly good may come of introverting one's mental vision, though as a matter of fact it has not and does not. *Circumspice.* All the same the process is enervatingly uninteresting. Why care how the Old Man of the Sea is anatomically constructed? The thing to do is to dislodge him (by other than vinous means, of course) and proceed on one's way toward the acquisition of a philosophy somewhat more universal, and the attainment of a prospect broader and more bracing.

When I was a child, I was the silent but deeply protesting victim of an institution which, at that time of limited observation and smaller experience, I believed to be peculiar to our household, but which I have since come to know is a revered and established part of the theory and practice of every well-ordered and respectable family. Namely, the Family Party.

The Family Party is an association of kinsfolk, into which it is held to be blasphemy to admit an outsider, and in which the revel of family affection and fond remembrance is supposed to be unrestrained. I have never been able to discover the origin of this institution, nor have I yet found any logical reason for its present existence, as I shall hope to show farther on. But as it is well sometimes to show a safe respect for things one is not able to understand, I may indicate that I think the Family Party may possibly be the last expression of that ancient ancestor-worship (still devoutly practised in many parts of the world) which John Fiske associates with the earliest ideas of a God.

In the family about which I am best informed, it was considered binding upon each matron to celebrate this high and solemn festival in her own home about twice a year. As there were in the family (on both sides) fourteen distinct households with conscientiously disposed heads, it is readily to be seen that the occasions of this function in my life were like the language of Truthful James, "painful and frequent and free." We seemed to be existing in a continual state of Family Party, in consequence of which there was neither time nor strength left for other social privileges. Perhaps that is why, to this day, I have never been reconciled to the necessity for such occasions at any time or under any provocation.

The truth is that family life may be defined very much as Byron defined love—as an institution very honorable, and very necessary to keep the world a-going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned. Daily living along in the same relations with the same persons is distinctly trying to the frail stuff that even the best human nature is made of. There is nothing to be gained by concealing the fact that we are all glad upon occasion to get away from the people who know our faults, and to sun ourselves for a time in the approbation of those who think us always as charming as we feel sure we are sometimes. Nor is there anything to be deprecated in this desire. Whether it be simply an expression of the dramatic instinct which inheres in us all, in varying degrees, or whether it is only the healthful instinct to get rid of our own persistent ego and be somebody else for a little while, it makes much of the charm of social life, and is therefore not to be condemned.

Just here is where the Family Party crosscuts human nature. Its members being familiars, it offers no opportunity for humbug, however charming and harmless. Its laws are those of reality, and successful social contact is built on ideality. In one of the clever new plays, some one asks, "Are we all friends here?" "Most of us are friends," is the answer, "the rest are relations." This sentiment is not to be approved, except for its humor, since it seems to cast an unwarranted reflection on the situation in most families. The trouble with the Family is, not that it is not friends, but that it is too much friends. There is no questioning the worth of relations. It is positive and persistent and satisfying, and doth the heart good like a medicine. But there are times when one's taste reaches out toward confections, however sure one may be of the value of the drug. Social occasions are such times. Then one wishes to make excursions into new fields, and to pluck the flowers of fancy. He wants to wear his own bit of purple and find his friend wearing

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his. It is a time for self-pleasing expansion, and he does not wish his next of kin to be a witness thereto. The eye of the relation is wonderfully sharp to see, and his ear to hear, and his brain to understand!

The celebration of the Family Party is always supposed to be specially indicated at the holiday season. Perhaps there is something peculiarly self-satisfying in drawing about the Christmas log with one's own and none beside. Perhaps, too, that is why it is a bit stupid; self-satisfaction is the stupidest thing I know. Certain it is that the Family is frequently known upon these sacred occasions to get sleepy and bored, even in the very quick of the revel. Such is the unfortunate influence of a full dinner, much family affection, and a total lack of inspiration to vanity.

In view of these sad but undoubted facts, I am moved to suggest a small, even a tentative reform in families where the Christmas Party is a function sacred to itself. Into the pudding of holiday happiness (I regard the homely figure as extremely appropriate) inject the occasional plum of a stranger. You will be surprised to see what a new flavor he will impart to the family dish, and how your appetite will be quickened by his presence. What the sparkle is to champagne, what the whiff of powder is to the soldier, what the sound of the violin is to the dancer, the presence of a stranger will be to the Family Party. He will bring life into dulness, interest into indifference and earnestness into ennui. He will give you something to shine for. And the special delight of this arrangement will be, that at Christmas-time, this Man Without a Family will be sure to need you even more than you need him.

A THOUGHTFUL woman, to whose international criticism I was listening the other day, insisted that the talk of clever Englishmen was more attractive—to women like her at least—than that of clever Americans, because it had "an absence of anxiety and strain" about it which was restful and did not "keep your nerves on edge." "The cleverest American men all posed to a certain extent," she said; they were obviously interested in their "effects," had an attitude of justifying themselves, of playing the game rather for profit than amusement, which made their superior alertness produce a sense of fatigue. Whereas your corresponding Englishman seemed to care so much less what you thought about *him*, to be so free from a nervous dread of being "stupid," to be so unhaunted by doubts as to whether the whole thing were worth while, and especially to be so much more interested in what he was talking about than in how he talked about it, that you forgave him the absence of a few epigrams for the sake of the quality that made him willing to do without them.

These classifications by sharp national lines cannot be carried too far; they are always embarrassed by everybody's host of exceptions, and I myself remember with some amusement that perhaps the cleverest Englishman I know is a rather self-conscious talker and *diseur de mots*, while one of the cleverest Americans chats with the unconsciousness of a brilliant child. But taken by and large there is a good deal of truth in what the thoughtful woman said; and it is proverbially wise to learn from what we may in this case certainly call the enemy—for who has any business to be more attractive to even one American woman than an American man? Whether it be a modicum of that national trait of self-satisfaction and contentment which in large masses is one of the chief aggravations of the Englishman to other races, or only an absence of that painful sense of responsibility for things in general that sits so hard on the American mind, there is something that we can acknowledge, if we are quite frank, and take a lesson from, in the British type she had in view. A freedom from fussy anxiety about exact adjustment to their environment, an objective interest in other things, combined with a disposition to take themselves somewhat for granted, a healthy tendency to value what they observe by its entertainment or its importance instead of by the way they can dress it up into exhibition material, these have been great strengths of Englishmen always, and offset some of the defects of their qualities—inconsiderateness, immobility, insularity, and everything else (as Alice in Wonderland might say) that begins with an *in*, except incapacity.

The suggestion of the thoughtful woman's

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point extends beyond the field of talk, to which she applied it. We abound, in our intellectual activity, in adepts in the art of putting things—from promoters to analytical psychologists; we do not perhaps greatly abound in objective observers—in Darwins or Lubbocks;—but that is another Point of View. We have grafted on the qualities of the old race a great many acutenesses and alertnesses and subtleties; there are some traits we do not want to lose in the process.

"And out of old bookes, in good faithe," said Geoffrey Chaucer, "cometh al this new science that men lere." Yet also out of the old books comes the discarded science at which men jeer. There is great refreshment in coming upon an old book, too humble for a classic, and finding in it the delightfully positive, autocratic, indisputable theories of a previous day, whose wisdom is being eagerly refuted in our present. In 1834 some inspired Philadelphian wrote "A Young Ladies' Own Book;" in it he warns his readers, his delicate, retiring "Young Persons," against indiscriminate reading as follows: "But of all reading what most ought to engage your attention are works of sentiment and morals. Morals is that study in which *alone* both sexes have an equal interest, and in sentiment yours has even the advantage. The works of this kind often appear under the seducing form of novel and romance, here great care and the advice of your older friends are requisite in the selection."

And he further advises them stanchly: "The mere suspicion of irreligion lowers a woman in general esteem. It implies almost a reflection on her character, for morality cannot be secure without religion. A woman must hold no converse with the enemies of either. She knows that the romance which invests impiety with the charm of sentiment, must not lie upon her table; nor must she be supposed to be acquainted with the poem which decks out vice with the witchery of song." Among the "female" authors mentioned by this authority as unlikely to exercise a pernicious influence are found Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Barbauld. If he still lives in an honorable old age, I cannot but wonder if this Triton of the minnows heads the lists against "Trilby," and if "The Heavenly Twins" have made him apostate to his own beginning-of-the-century convictions.

There has been much said about woman the past year, and her ability, from the management of municipal affairs to the management of a chafing-dish; but few have ventured to sum up her accomplishments with such candid condescension as is shown in the following: "It is quite different with women and with the other sex. Many a weary step must a man take to gain the laurel, and often is his meed withholden, even when fairly earned. But the female *bel-esprit* flutters from one fancy to another, writes a sonnet, skims a periodical, deciphers an alphabet, divides a crystal, glitters in a souvenir, and the crown of Corinne is by acclamation placed upon her brow."

Somewhere else the author objects to having women take tables at fairs, as he does not enjoy seeing them "barter their gay wares in a public mart." A dingy little book is this "Own Book," firm with conviction, condescending to a pliant public, and with lavender-scented memories of our grandmothers about its marred pages—our grandmothers who have long been "indolent house-wives in daisies lain;" nevertheless it brings its present belated reader to a realizing sense of the tremendous step women have taken across a chasm of tradition, since the day when they were seriously counselled to "correct that propensity to gadding, that disinclination to the retired occupations of home which too many have evinced from the days of the apostle to the present time."

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From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

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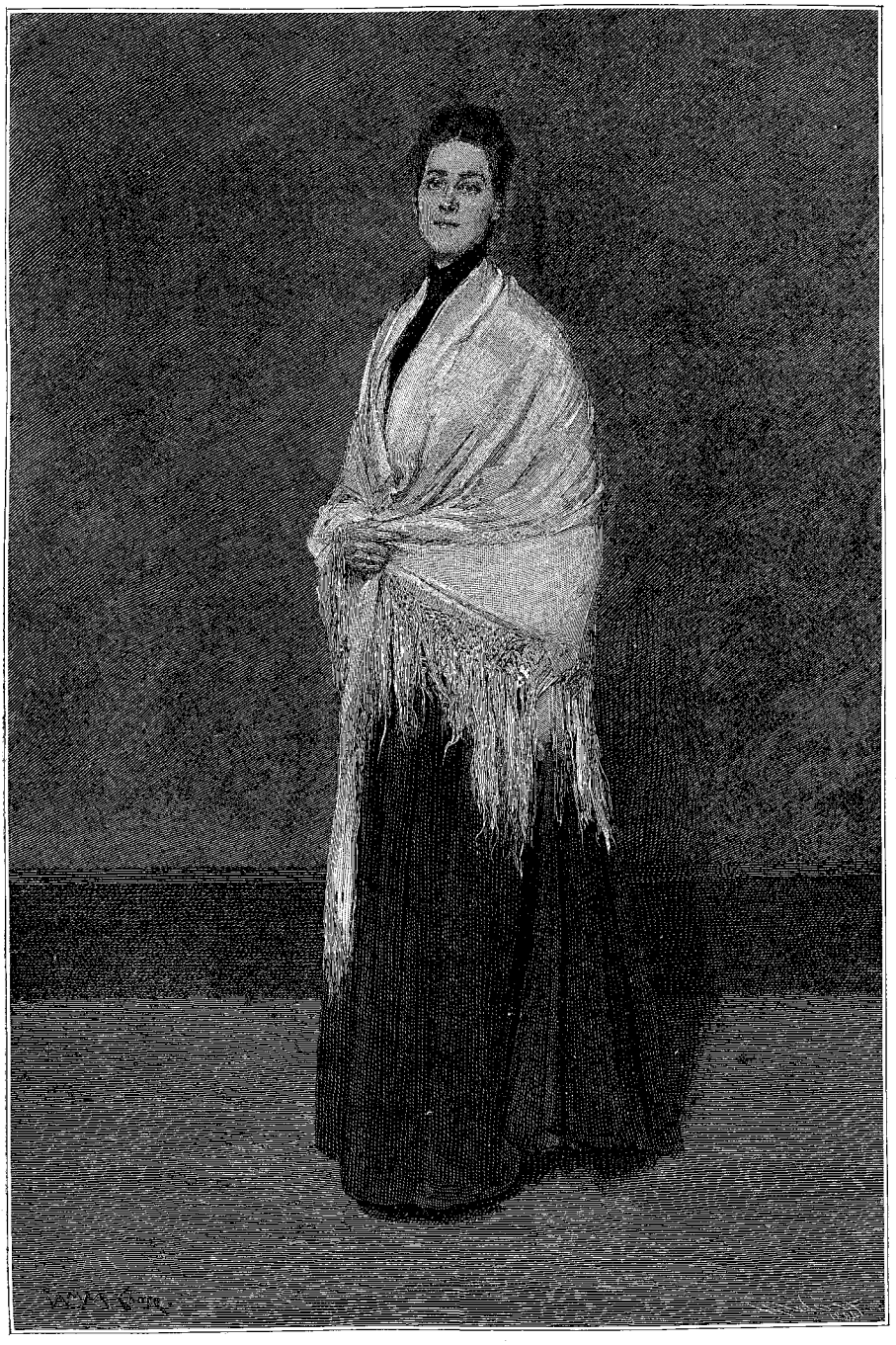

PORTRAIT OF MRS. C——

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

From the painting by William M. Chase.

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